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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Full of Northern promise

ABC

FRY'S GOLDEN DELIGHT

by Gavin Martin

BOWIE IN BAAL

HALLOWEEN 2

ALEXEI SAYLE

LEISURE PROCESS

METHOD ACTORS

WHITE BROS

THE JAM

PIGBAG

LOU REED

MARTIN FRY
PHOTO: ANTON CORBIJN

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**TOWN CALLED MALICE**	**Jam (Polydor)**	4	1
2	2	THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT	Tight Fit (Jive)	4	2
3	7	LOVE PLUS ONE	Haircut 100 (Arista)	6	3
4	6	CENTREFOLD	J. Geils Band (EMI)	3	4
5	18	T'AINT WHAT YOU DO (IT'S THE WAY THAT YOU DO IT)	Fun Boy 3 with Bananarama (Chrysalis)	3	5
6	4	SAY HELLO, WAVE GOODBYE	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	4	4
7	17	MICKEY	Toni Basil (Radial Choice)	2	7
8	24	SEE YOU	Depeche Mode (Mute)	3	8
9	3	GOLDEN BROWN	Stranglers (Liberty)	7	2
10	11	I CAN'T GO FOR THAT	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)	5	10
11	5	MAID OF ORLEANS	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	7	4
12	(—)	DEUTSCHE GIRLS	The Original Adam & The Ants (EG)	1	12
13	22	FOOL IF YOU THINK IT'S OVER	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	4	13
14	(—)	STARS ON STEVIE	Starsound (CBS)	1	14
15	9	ARTHUR'S THEME	Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	7	4
16	14	CARDIAC ARREST	Madness (Stiff)	3	14
17	21	RUN TO THE HILLS	Iron Maiden (EMI)	2	17
18	(—)	CLASSIC	Adrian Gurvitz (RAK)	1	18
19	28	GO WILD IN THE COUNTRY	Bow Wow Wow (RCA)	2	19
20	15	NEVER GIVE UP ON A GOOD THING	George Benson (Warner Bros)	6	15
21	8	SENSES WORKING OVERTIME	XTC (Virgin)	6	8
22	(—)	THEME FROM HILL STREET BLUES	Mike Post (Elektra)	2	22
23	(—)	SOME GUYS HAVE ALL THE LUCK	Robert Palmer (Island)	1	23
24	12	OH! JULIE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	8	2
25	27	POISON ARROW	ABC (Neutron)	3	25
26	23	HEAD OVER HEELS	Abba (Epic)	2	23
27	(—)	SHOWROOM DUMMIES	Kraftwerk (EMI)	1	27
28	13	DEADRINGER	Meatloaf (Epic)	8	6
29	(—)	I WON'T CLOSE MY EYES	UB40 (Dep Int)	2	29
30	25	EASIER SAID THAN DONE	Shakatak (Polydor)	6	9

Pigbag in at No. 16 *Pic: David Corio*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**LOVE SONGS**	**Barbra Streisand (CBS)**	7	1
2	3	DARE	Human League (Virgin)	19	1
3	4	PEARLS	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	15	3
4	13	DREAMING	Various (K–Tel)	2	4
5	2	ARCHITECTURE AND MORALITY	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	16	2
6	8	ENGLISH SETTLEMENT	XTC (Virgin)	3	6
7	7	NON STOP EROTIC CABARET	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	12	5
8	6	PRIVATE EYES	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)	4	6
9	9	FRIENDS OF MR. CAIRO	Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	5	7
10	21	ALL FOR A SONG	Barbara Dickson (Epic)	4	10
11	12	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	18	9
12	14	DEADRINGER	Meatloaf (Epic)	16	1
13	5	THE MAN MACHINE	Kraftwerk (Capitol)	5	5
14	29	QUEEN GREATEST HITS	Queen (EMI)	16	1
15	17	PHYSICAL	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	2	15
16	(—)	MESOPOTAMIA	B52's (Island)	1	16
17	18	TRAVELOGUE	Human League (Virgin)	9	15
18	(—)	PELICAN WEST	Haircut One Hundred (Arista)	1	18
19	11	FOUR	Foreigner (Atlantic)	10	6
20	10	LA FOLIE	Stranglers (Liberty)	6	10
21	24	THE VISITORS	Abba (Epic)	11	1
22	16	CHRISTOPHER CROSS	Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	8	8
23	30	PERHAPS LOVE	Placido Domingo/John Denver (CBS)	5	23
24	(—)	FREEZE FRAME	J. Geils Band (Warner Bros)	1	24
25	23	GEORGE BENSON COLLECTION	George Benson (Warner Bros)	7	23
26	(—)	TONIGHT	Four Tops (Phonogram)	1	26
27	25	PENTHOUSE AND PAVEMENT	Heaven 17 (Virgin)	10	12
28	(—)	FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK	AC/DC (Atlantic)	8	3
29	(—)	WORD OF MOUTH	Toni Basil (Radial Choice)	1	29
30	28	SOMETHING SPECIAL	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	7	7

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**See You**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	(3)	**Getting Up**	Pigbag (Y)
3	(7)	**Jet Boy, Jet Girl (EP)**	Chron-Gen (Secret)
4	(4)	**Never Surrender**	Blitz (No Future)
5	(6)	**I Won't Close My Eyes**	UB40 (Dep Int)
6	(2)	**Streets Of London**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
7	(15)	**Object, Refuse, Reject, Abuse**	Dirt (Crass)
8	(9)	**Love Song**	Damned (Big Beat)
9	(5)	**No Survivors**	GBH (Clay)
10	(14)	**Everything's Gone Green/Mesh/Cries And Whispers**	New Order (Factory/Benelux Import)
11	(10)	**Drowning In Berlin**	Mobiles (Rialto)
12	(16)	**In Britain**	Red Alert (No Future)
13	(18)	**Party Fears Two**	Associates (Situation 2)
14	(8)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag**	Pigbag (Y)
15	(12)	**Vicious Circle**	Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
16	(11)	**Do You Believe In The Westworld**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
17	(20)	**Saturday Night Special**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
18	(28)	**Atmosphere**	Joy Division (Factory)
19	(—)	**A Bunch Of Thyme**	Foster & Allen (Ritz)
20	(21)	**Banned From The Pubs**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
21	(25)	**Mellow Love**	Marc Bolan (Marx On Wax)
22	(—)	**Revolutionary Spirit**	Wild Swans (Zoo)
23	(29)	**This Is Your Capt**	Capt. Sensible (Crass)
24	(30)	**Yesterday's Heroes EP**	4 Skins (Secret)
25	(—)	**Chaos UK**	Chaos (Riot City)
26	(13)	**Beat The Beat**	Mari Wilson (Compact)
27	(23)	**Sweetest Girl**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
28	(—)	**Got To Get Out (EP)**	Cort Martial (Riot City)
29	(24)	**Spirit In The Sky**	Cheaters (Albion)
30	(19)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead 12"**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)

Courtesy New Musical Express

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(2)	**Sextet**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
2	(5)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
3	(8)	**Contradictions**	Thomas Leer (Cherry Red)
4	(1)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
5	(3)	**Two Bad DJ**	Eastwood and Saint (Greensleeves)
6	(9)	**Not To**	Colin Newman (4AD)
7	(4)	**Fourth Drawer Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
8	(6)	**Still**	Joy Division (Factory)
9	(14)	**Machine Gun Etiquette**	Damned (Big Beat)
10	(7)	**Best Of The Damned**	Damned (Ace)
11	(13)	**Wa Do Dem**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
12	(16)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
13	(12)	**Incontinent**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
14	(20)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
15	(10)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dep Int)
16	(—)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
17	(23)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)
18	(22)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
19	(18)	**On Stage**	Exploited (Exploited)
20	(28)	**Present Arms in Dub**	UB40 (Dep Int)
21	(19)	**Crumbling The Antiseptic Beauty**	Felt (Cherry Red)
22	(11)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
23	(17)	**LC**	Durutti Column (Factory)
24	(—)	**Live In London — Tape**	Fall (Cherry Red)
25	(25)	**Live At The Factory**	Slaughter And The Dogs (Thrush)
26	(26)	**Fresh Fruit**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
27	(21)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Factory)
28	(—)	**For Madmen Only**	UK Decay (Fresh)
29	(—)	**Drunk On The Pope's Blood**	Birthday Party/Lydia Lunch (4AD)
30	(—)	**Prayers On Fire**	Birthday Party (4AD)

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**I've Fallen In Love**	Donna Rhoden (Ital)
2	**Open Up The Door**	Charisma (King and City)
3	**Never Gonna Let You Go**	Eleta Homer (Castro Brown)
4	**Come On Over**	Derek Lara (Hawkeye)
5	**Stormy Night**	Rolands (Rockers Plantation)
6	**My Baby Don't Care**	Alethia Rosemarie (SS)
7	**That's What Friends Are For**	Friends and Lovers (S&G)
8	**Don't Want To Lose You**	Eddie (PC)
9	**The Way We Were**	Prediction (Student)
10	**You Bring The Sun Out**	Janet Kay (Black Roots)
11	**Turn Your Love Around**	Raymond Simpson (JB)
12	**Never Love Again**	Sandra McFarlane (Paradise)
13	**Rubadub Partner**	Jimmy Cliff (Oneness)
14	**Love Power**	Davina Stone (Ariwa)
15	**Where Are They Now**	Erika Gail (Ital)

REGGAE LPs

1	**Wah Do Dem**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
2	**Look How Me Sexy**	Linval Thompson (Greensleeves)
3	**Toyan**	Toyan (J&L)
4	**Rose Marie**	Lone Ranger (Black Joy)
5	**Changes**	Mighty Diamonds (Music Works)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2

US SINGLES

1	**Centrefold**	J Geils Band (EMI-America)
2	**Open Arms**	Journey (Columbia)
3	**I Can't Go For That**	Hall & Oates (RCA)
4	**Shake It Up**	The Cars (Elektra)
5	**That Girl**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)
6	**Sweet Dreams**	Air Supply (Arista)
7	**Harden My Heart**	Quarterflash (Warner)
8	**The Sweetest Thing**	Juice Newton (Capitol)
9	**I Love Rock 'n' Roll**	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
10	**Leader Of The Band**	Dan Fogelberg (Epic)

US LPs

1	**Freeze-Frame**	The J Geils Band (EMI-America)
2	**Escape**	Journey (Columbia)
3	**Beauty And The Beat**	The Go Go's (IRS)
4	**4**	Foreigner (Atlantic)
5	**Private Eyes**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
6	**Ghost In The Machine**	Police (A&M)
7	**Hooked On Classics**	RPO/Louis Clark (RCA)
8	**Quarterflash**	Quarterflash (Warner Bros)
9	**I Love Rock 'N' Roll**	Joan Jett And The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
10	**For Those About To Rock**	AC/DC (Atlantic)

Courtesy 'Billboard'

ISRAEL

1	**Don't You Want Me**	Human League (Virgin)
2	**The Voice**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)
3	**It Must Be Love**	Madness (Stiff)
4	**Young Turks**	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
5	**Spirits In The Material World**	Police (A&M)
6	**I Could Be Happy**	Altered Images (WEPIC)
7	**Down Under**	Men At Work (CBS)
8	**I'll Find My Way Home**	Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)
9	**One Of Us**	Abba (Epic)
10	**Waiting For A Girl Like You**	Foreigner (Atlantic)

Courtesy IBA/Reshet Gimmel/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Chanson D'Amour**	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)
2	**When I Need You**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
3	**Boogie Nights**	Heatwave (GTO)
4	**Romeo**	Mr. Big (EMI)
5	**Torn Between Two Lovers**	Mary MacGregor (Ariola)
6	**Sound And Vision**	David Bowie (RCA)
7	**Don't Cry For Me Argentina**	Julie Covington (MCA)
8	**Knowing Me Knowing You**	Abba (Epic)
9	**Don't Leave Me This Way**	Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes (CBS)
10	**Sing Me**	The Brothers (Bus Stop)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Without You**	Nilsson (Decca)
2	**American Pie**	Don McLean (United Artists)
3	**Son Of My Father**	Chicory Tip (CBS)
4	**Got To Be There**	Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
5	**Mother And Child Reunion**	Paul Simon (CBS)
6	**Look Wot You Dun**	Slade (Polydor)
7	**Storm In A Teacup**	Fortunes (Capitol)
8	**Blue Is The Colour**	Chelsea F.C. (Penny Farthing)
9	**Beg Steal Or Borrow**	New Seekers (Polydor)
10	**Poppa Joe**	Sweet (RCA)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Release Me**	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
2	**Penny Lane/Strawberry Fields**	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	**This Is My Song**	Petula Clark (Pye)
4	**Here Comes My Baby**	Tremeloes (CBS)
5	**Edelweiss**	Vince Hill (Columbia)
6	**On A Carousel**	Hollies (Parlophone)
7	**Detroit City**	Tom Jones (Decca)
8	**Snoopy v. The Red Baron**	Royal Guardsmen (Stateside)
9	**There's A Kind Of Hush**	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
10	**Georgie Girl**	Seekers (Columbia)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**March Of The Siamese Children**	Kenny Ball (Pye)
2	**Let's Twist Again**	Chubby Checker (Columbia)
3	**Wimoweh**	Karl Denver (Decca)
4	**The Young Ones**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	**Tell Me What He Said**	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
6	**Wonderful Land**	Shadows (Columbia)
7	**Can't Help Falling In Love**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
8	**Rock-A-Hula Baby**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
9	**Stranger On The Shore**	Acker Bilk (Columbia)
10	**Crying In The Rain**	Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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Cure tour for the sake of 'Pornography'?

THE CURE are being lined up for a major concert tour. Their schedule is still being finalised, but it's known that they open at Reading Hexagon on April 19 and climax at London Hammersmith Odeon on May 1.

Among dates already set are Bristol Colston Hall (April 20), Brighton Dome (21) and Guildford Civic Hall (29). The rest of the dates will be announced in a week or two, and *NME* understands that they'll include further prestige venues such as Birmingham Odeon and Manchester Apollo.

The outing ties in with the release of a new Cure album on the Fiction label, through Polydor. It has the working title of 'Pornography', but as a Polydor spokesperson observed this week: "Whether or not it will actually go out under that title remains to be seen."

Queen facing throne annexation by Pope

QUEEN'S projected open-air concert at Manchester United football ground on May 29, for which the granting of a licence was regarded as little more than a formality, is now in serious jeopardy — mainly due to the lack of adequate toilet facilities. And the Pope, it seems, is to blame.

It seems that the Old Trafford venue has ample amenities for men, but — perhaps not surprisingly for a soccer ground — isn't so well endowed with such accessories for the ladies. And this was regarded as an important issue, because it was assumed that at least half the estimated 40,000 crowd would be female.

So it was decided to satisfy requirements by bringing in portable chemical toilets and position them around the ground. But that's when the promoters encountered a major obstacle — because, apparently, there isn't a single chemical loo anywhere in the country available for hiring on the date.

The reason is that the proposed Manchester event coincides with the Pope's visit to Britain and, many months ago, every chemical toilet was earmarked to follow His Holiness on his travels around the country.

Which leaves Queen in the invidious position of trying to find alternative means of relief, which would meet with Trafford Council's approval. And even if they do, there's still no guarantee that a licence will be granted because other snags have now arisen.

Councillor Jack Humphreys, chairman of the licensing committee explained: "There are also problems with traffic and catering. We have to be satisfied that everything will be all right, and the trouble is that no-one has ever held a major concert like this in the Manchester urban area."

It's also understood that over 350 local residents have signed a petition opposing the concert, on the grounds of noise and other disturbances. In view of all these considerations, the committee is likely to take two or three weeks before deciding if the concert can go ahead.

Prospects for Queen's other planned outdoor show — at the Arsenal football ground in North London the following Saturday, June 5 — look considerably brighter. But any official announcement will be withheld until the Manchester decision is known.

Polish live LP smuggled out

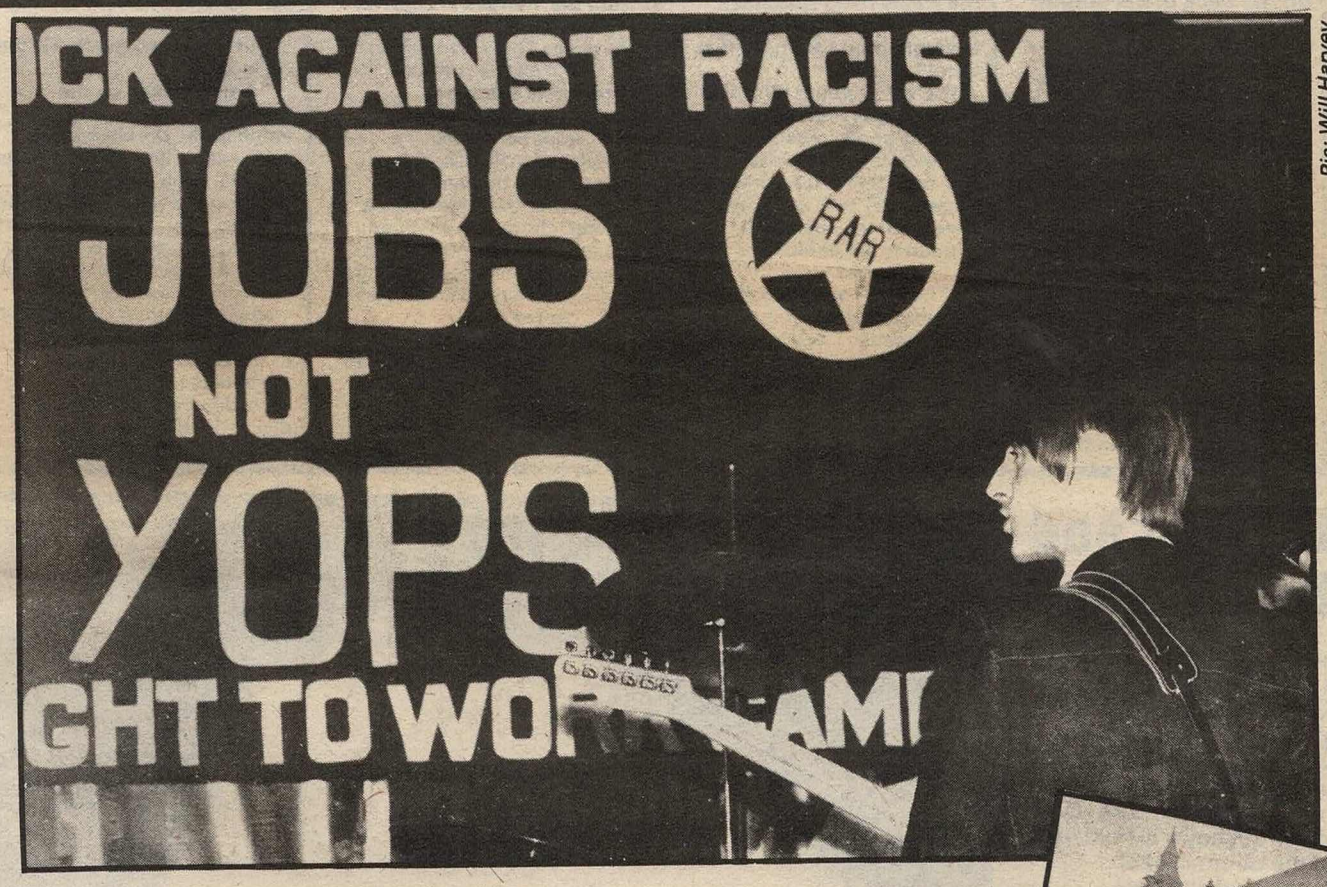
FIRST NEWS about Polish group Brygada Kryzys, who were featured on the special NME/Solidarity back cover in January, comes in the shape of a live LP about to be released by Fresh Records.

Chances are that the group themselves don't even know about the release, as it was recorded at a concert shortly before the December military coup — since then nothing has been heard from them. The recording was smuggled out of Poland and transferred to disc by Fresh, who'll be releasing it with an English lyric sheet.

Before the takeover sent the Polish new wave into hiding, Kryzys were considered to be the country's leading group. With one LP already released in France, the group — which had undergone a slight metamorphosis from Kryzys into Brygada Kryzys — were set to bring out their first official Polish LP, but the putsch put paid to all that.

Fresh are donating a percentage of the price to the 'Rock For Poland' fund.

X. MOORE sees the Jobs Not YOPS march through London climax with a gift of a gig from The Jam



Pic: Will Harvey

ON THE MARCH IN A TOWN CALLED MALICE

LAST WEEK The Jam made all the rest look second-best.

The mob from Woking played a secret gig at the Polytechnic of Central London at the end of the Right To Work march and, together with a thousand unemployees, struck back in style at the bigots.

The last day of the march saw a lobby of Parliament by unemployed youth, followed by a rally of three thousand in the Festival Hall addressed by MPs Tony Benn and Dennis Skinner and Right To Work campaign leader John Deason.

At the lobby of MPs the unemployed kids on YOPS made four demands: No to Tebbit's proposals; trade union rates of pay for YOP trainees; a 35-hour week and five weeks holiday; and a guaranteed job for all trainees.

At the rally, speakers from the floor and onstage talked about organising the unemployed and fighting back against the Tories.

That evening the RTW Campaign had billed a gig featuring Babylon's Rebels and Fast Relief, but Rock Against Racism had been organising a surprise appearance by The Jam — and at 8.30, just after the doors opened, the rumours that had been going round the march were confirmed when compere Attila The Stockbroker announced Weller, Buckler and Foxton.

The band played four or five songs, including the new

■ *Continues page 5*

Pic: Peter Cogram

Above: YOPS marchers queue to lobby Parliament. Top: Paul Weller of the Anti-Complacency League

Break the sound barrier.

maxell

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ADRIAN THRILLS meets Toni Basil — singer, dancer, video director, choreographer, stage designer and brain surgeon. No last name. Just Toni Basil . . .

SO WHAT DO YOU DO FOR AN ENCORE?

Basil — record not on Fawlty Products shock

TONI BASIL is a singer. And a songwriter. And a dancer, stage designer and video director . . .

In her hometown of Los Angeles she is a cult choreographer of some stature, respected in Stateside dance circles for her work with David Bowie, David Byrne and Bette Midler. In Britain, she is already much more, being touted as the first video superstar, a new dance sensation — and all on the back of her single 'Mickey', a strident, staccato blast of arcane Pop Americana currently residing in the lower reaches of our Top Ten.

Toni Basil is also some talker, as she proves to me in one of the opulent suites of London's Savoy Hotel, surrounded by the unfamiliar trappings of her rapid and remarkable chart success.

It is not unheard of for a slightly left-field performance artist to crossover into the pop mainstream — remember Laurie Anderson's 'O Superman' hit late last year — but Basil's brush with the pop charts is particularly unusual in that 'Mickey' was not originally conceived as a potential pop single, but as part of a much wider video showcase directed and choreographed by Toni.

"I suppose I have come into all this through the back door," she says excitedly. "But I wouldn't go as far as to say that it's been an accident. The record company were obviously aiming for a hit.

"The idea of doing a video and record album came to me about two years ago, so a lot of hard work has gone into the whole thing since then. Most artists would have gone through three albums in that time!"

The video album 'Word Of Mouth' was released last year but only began creating commercial ripples after a half-hour television special, screened by BBC 2 in January, gave Basil the chance to announce her abilities to a wide audience.

"The BBC took a big chance in giving me half-an-hour like that, because I was completely unknown to that audience, but as soon as people saw what I was doing they picked up on it."

Basil's pedigree is an impressive one. Ten years ago she was the leader of The Lockers, a radical west coast dance faction who blended ballet with black ghetto dancing. Later, as a choreographer, she worked in films such as *The Rose*, with Bette Midler, and *American Graffiti*, also helping Bowie with the staging and choreography on his *Diamond Dogs* tour. And last year, as a video director, she helped David Byrne complete the two excellent Talking Heads videos for 'Once In A Lifetime' and 'Crosseyed And Painless' from the 'Remain In Light' LP.

And so Basil is now being touted as The Video Artist, although all the current cacophony about her supremacy in the rock video stakes seems a little misplaced. After all, the videos are only there to expose her true talents as a dancer, choreographer and singer; and the emphasis on them in Basil's press cuttings seem to relegate her music to a poor second.

Naturally, she disagrees.

"I know it might seem that way, but it isn't like that at all. The music is there *beside* the video. Just because I give you a heavy dose of visuals doesn't mean that they are necessarily more important to me. It is the whole concept that is important. I feel that they go hand in hand. The music can stand on its own, but the video just gives it something more."

But will it eventually kill the radio star?

"It all depends on the artists. I think the advent of video is like the changeover from silent films to the talkies — a lot of the silent stars went by the wayside but a lot crossed over. I think you will get a lot more artists moving into video, even the ones that are not particularly strong visually. But their success will all depend on their directors. In the same way that the producers like Giorgio Moroder were the stars of disco, the directors like Russell Mulcahy will be the stars of the video thing."

The most impressive thing about Basil is the way she manages to mix radical dance routines with her crisp and quirky, but otherwise unremarkable, rock music. The 'Mickey' video, screened on last week's *Swap Shop*, showed her choreography at its best, utilising a dynamic group of genuine American girl cheerleaders. The original inspiration behind Toni's interpretation of the breezy Chinnichap song came from her days as the lead cheerleader at Las Vegas High School, so it's an art she knows well.

"I wanted to do a song based around a cheerleading rhythm, with the cheerleaders providing the rhythm, the echo, the stomping, the dancing, the whole basics of the song. It's very high school, very Americana, but not insipid Americana . . . that's not where I'm coming from at all!"

Although classically trained as a dancer, Basil is more interested in the vitality and exuberance of street dancing than the drilled routines of the ballet schools. The ghetto dancers in the funk clubs of her native LA, the West Coast equivalent of The Breakers of New York's South Bronx, are a particular inspiration.

"Black street dancing in America has evolved to the level of an art form. People look upon it as kids' stuff, but some of these dancers are really staggering! These dancers can improvise in the same way that a musician improvises.

"I don't consider what I do as showbiz. It's not slick insipid Broadway stuff. It's rock and roll! I won't choreograph Broadway because it's not my style of music or dancing. I am a rock person, but just because I play rock doesn't mean it has to be sloppy or dirty. It's about time someone gave it a different perspective.

"I just make the sort of stuff that I love . . . that I'd want to go and see myself."

Dissent and be killed

THERE ARE enough horrors in the world to keep old troopers like Michael Foot and the TUC's Alan Sapper permanently encamped beneath the feet of the Trafalgar Square lions. On March 28 they will hold forth on the traumas of El Salvador as the final set-piece in a march/rally beginning, as always, at Speakers' Corner (12.30).

The bloodshed and insane brutality of the ruling Salvadorean junta has already been well documented. But, by way of a point of focus, consider the fate of the country's young people.

Autumn 1980 saw the launch by Government forces of an initiative called Operation Herod, whose intention was to wipe out strapping youth — particularly those living in areas where guerillas operated in strength.

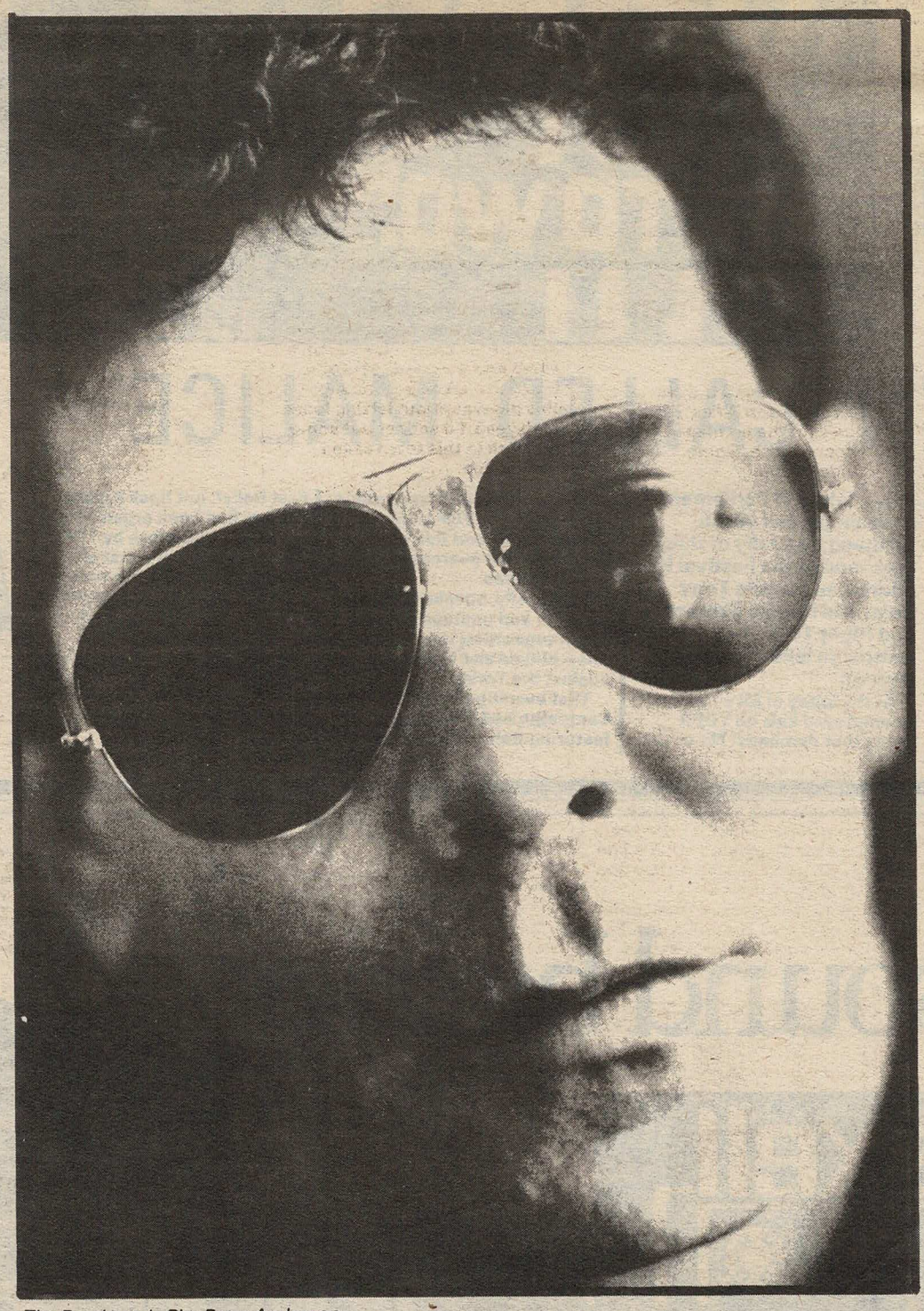
The official view is that *all* youth are potentially State enemies and, wherever a shred of doubt exists, they must be killed.

Operation Herod has now been officially terminated, but the philosophy continues. The educational sector has been singled out for especially grave treatment.

The most salient fact is that much of the population of 4.3 million is in any case illiterate.

The Trafalgar Square rally coincides precisely with Salvador's sham elections to which Britain, alone among EEC countries, is sending official observers. Also alone among Community nations, we refuse to recognise the FDR/FMLN opposition and instead support the US in its economic and military aid to a brutal, nutcase regime.

—ANDREW TYLER



The Reed mask. Pic: Peter Anderson

CHRIS BOHN joins the press gang as Lou Reed holds forth on 'The Blue Mask' and the glory of love

CLEAN LIVING AND DIRTY LOOKS

FLANKED BY his wife Sylvia to his right and his management on his left, Lou Reed lords it over the press gathering from a sofa dead centre. Knowing he has just 20 minutes to consume in the present company, he sinks back and eases into a lengthy, somewhat guarded resume of his immediate past, fleshed out by digressions further back.

His reasoned, politician's tone and measured sentences proscribe interruption from all but the most ill-mannered lout, and anyone who has the temerity to do so will have to meet The Man's intimidating stare. If it's not already apparent from the lay of the room, Lou Reed is not about to take chances.

By calling a press conference he's fulfilling his promotional obligations for his brilliant, schizoid new LP 'The Blue Mask' in the most painless way possible. By limiting journalists to an audience of eight at a time, he's correctly gambling on a writer's fear of opening up before the competition. The level of questioning remains resolutely on the surface, especially as there is no dark corner to slink into or a crowd to hide behind once an impertinent question has been fired. And in keeping with Reed's present clean-living sensibility there's no liquor available to loosen tongues — either his or his guests'.

By all accounts Reed is a changed man. Not only does he look physically well — close-cropped hair accentuates his lean face, the pot-belly's gone — but also the songs from 'The Blue Mask' suggest a final renunciation of the ugly caricature Reed image that has persisted since the early '70s when he publicly lived down to the dissolutes and derelicts he wrote about. Since then, his plaintive plea that he only ever *invented* characters and never wrote about himself directly has always been interpreted as crying wolf. But the twists of 'Average Guy', and his paeans to women in general ('Women') and his second wife Sylvia in particular ('Heavenly Arms'), support his claims that the psycho of 'The Gun' and the masochist lover of 'The Blue

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

THE ASSOCIATES

BILLY MACKENZIE

RECORDS
The Good The Bad & The Ugly, Hugo Montenegro
Grooving With Mr Bloe..... Mr Bloe
You've Changed..... Billie Holliday
To Sir With Love..... Lulu
Golden Years..... David Bowie
Somethin' Stupid....Frank & Nancy Sinatra
Here in Heaven.....Sparks
Harlem Nocturne ..... Drowning Craze
Killing An Arab ..... The Cure
The Girl From Ipanema.....Herb Alpert
Summer In The City.....Lovin' Spoonful
Can't Take My Eyes Off You Andy Williams
Girl Don't Come ..... Sandie Shaw
Give Me Back My Man ..... The B52's
Look Of Love ..... Dusty Springfield
Can't Stand My Baby ..... The Rezillos

Pic: Sheila Rock

MOVIES
Heaven Can Wait (1978)
Kes (1969)
Midnight Express (1978)
Viva Maria! (1965)
Imitation Of Life (1959)
Goodbye Mr Chips (1939)
The Sound Of Music (1965)
Bus Stop (1956)
The Vikings (1958)
Geordie (1955)
Barbarella (1968)
The Day Of The Jackal (1973)
Johnny Got His Gun (1971)

ANIMALS
Whippets
Cheetahs
Dolphins
Peregrines
Falcons
Mongeese

ACTORS/ACTRESSES
Lucille Ball
Gregory Peck
Jacques Cousteau
Simone Signoret

TV
The World About Us
MASH
Horizon
Stanley Baxter Picture Show

CLOTHES
Black cotton socks
Italian casual wear 1952-59

PASTIME
1984 Olympics in Los Angeles

STAR SIGN
Aries

ALAN RANKINE

RECORDS
Spacer..... Sheila B Devotion
Young Americans ..... David Bowie
Theme From Summer Of 42 Bobby Goldsboro
Summer, The First Time.Bobby Goldsboro
Remember Me.....Diana Ross

ACTOR/ACTRESS
Robert Mitchum
Gregory Peck
Julie Christie

FILMS
Heaven Can Wait (1978)
Grease (1978)
Alien (1979)
Gregory's Girl (1981)
Midnight Express (1978)

VICES
Taxis

STAR SIGN
Taurus

Mask' are pure fiction.

Of course, stories often spring from personal experience and occasionally represent a writer's view, but the limitations of a press conference prohibit one getting anywhere near close enough to finding out where fiction and fact meet — what the host might really think. Lou nevertheless helps as best he can.

"I don't get into philosophy, or moralising or anything that I consider pretentious, like telling you what to do, or telling you what I think," he offers. "I never tell you what I think, I always tell you a little story. It's not always my story. So I don't know how to tell you how much 'My House' (from 'The Blue Mask') is all me. 'The Gun' is none of me. 'The Gun' is as opposite as you can possibly get. The guy in 'The Gun' is a vicious, stupid, mean so and so. But I know people like that, and I wanted to act it out for you people who might not know somebody like that, so you can see what it's like.

"It's like going to a horror movie," he continues in a soothing school ma'am voice. "You get scared but it's safe. It's just a record, you can take it, break it in half and never buy a Lou Reed record again. It's all on you — it's never on me. I just write these things because I think they're very beautiful — even if it's ugly."

Shifting from the realms of the senseless into the realms of the senses, Reed describes the title track of 'The Blue Mask' — a blistering account of S/M rites that might've made Mishima shudder — with something resembling relish, hamming slightly through a series of gestures designed to shake up and shock. At the very least he entertains.

"I was interested in the idea of people dealing in extremes of behaviour, of physical violence — as opposed to 'The Gun', which is just a stupid idiot going out to commit violence. Here are two people engaged in violent behaviour towards one another and it's an attempt at a salvation that they know can't occur and a redemption that doesn't exist, where psychotherapeutic terms are thrown around because they're meaningless. Like SPIT! STIFF! DEAD! It's too much for them, they're past that, they're torturing each other, they're wearing dark blue masks.

"He puts a pin through his nipple and says 'I'M A SAINT'. He thinks he's a saint" (Sebastian?) "but he knows he's not a saint. A bit twisted and demented. It's very scary, but they're not stupid; the guy in 'The Gun' is very stupid. These people aren't supid, but they're *bent outta some kind of shape.* They're a different kind of human that you might not meet in your life, but I through the courtesy of Lou Reed bring these people into your homes . . ." Etc.

To reassert the balance on the side of normality, and with just two questions to go before the next shift, I prompt that elsewhere on the LP he writes about the redeeming power of love. Despite the prevailing myths, Reed has always stated that the likes of 'Pale Blue Eyes' are closer to him than, say, 'Heroin'. (Not that his present frame of mind has altered his assessment of his legacy: "I love all my songs, every single one of them, I don't think of

■ *Continues over*

JAM FOR YOPS

■ *From page 3*

number one and the old stormer 'Eton Rifles' ("This one's for the privileged!") and encored with 'Going Underground'.

The audience of young unemployed went overboard, stunned by a band that puts its muscle where its mouth is and (like The Specials playing the Leeds Carnival with 'Ghost Town' at number one) actually backs up the protest in a song like 'Malice' with concrete action. They walk it while others talk it.

The Jam were followed by another surprise set, an unbilled appearance from The Alarm who powered along with acoustic attack and militant harmonising . . . and if they sound like *"Socialist Worker* in musical shorthand" that's fine by me — thank christ they don't sound like *Vogue!*

As for the rest of the evening, the gig kept shuffling with Fast Relief and Babylon's Rebels slapping out the rhythms and Attila and Little Brother slipping in the poems between sets. Some line-up for 50p on a UB40 and a suitably uplifting finale to a week's marching — this gig was about letting loose and, yeah, I'd sooner put some joy back in this town called malice, too.

In fact, both the week's march and the final gig of the 'Jobs Not YOPS Bops' sharply parallel the new Jam album. The message of 'The Gift' is one of real hope, of uplifting protest and angry pride; from the dance-clatter of the title track and the funk-stab pressure of 'Precious' to the revolutionary observation and lyrical suss of 'Running On The Spot' or 'Trans-Global Express', the album is alive and brilliant.

Down in the bunker, it's now too serious to ignore the shit/wallow in it. Like Weller says: *"Intelligence should be our first weapon / And stop revelling in rejection"* ('Running On The Spot').

If it's not getting through you're not listening hard enough.

"This the way to page three?" The sound system arrives for the YOPS opening night. Pic: Peter Cogram

NEXT WEEK IN NME

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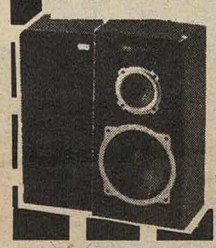

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NME

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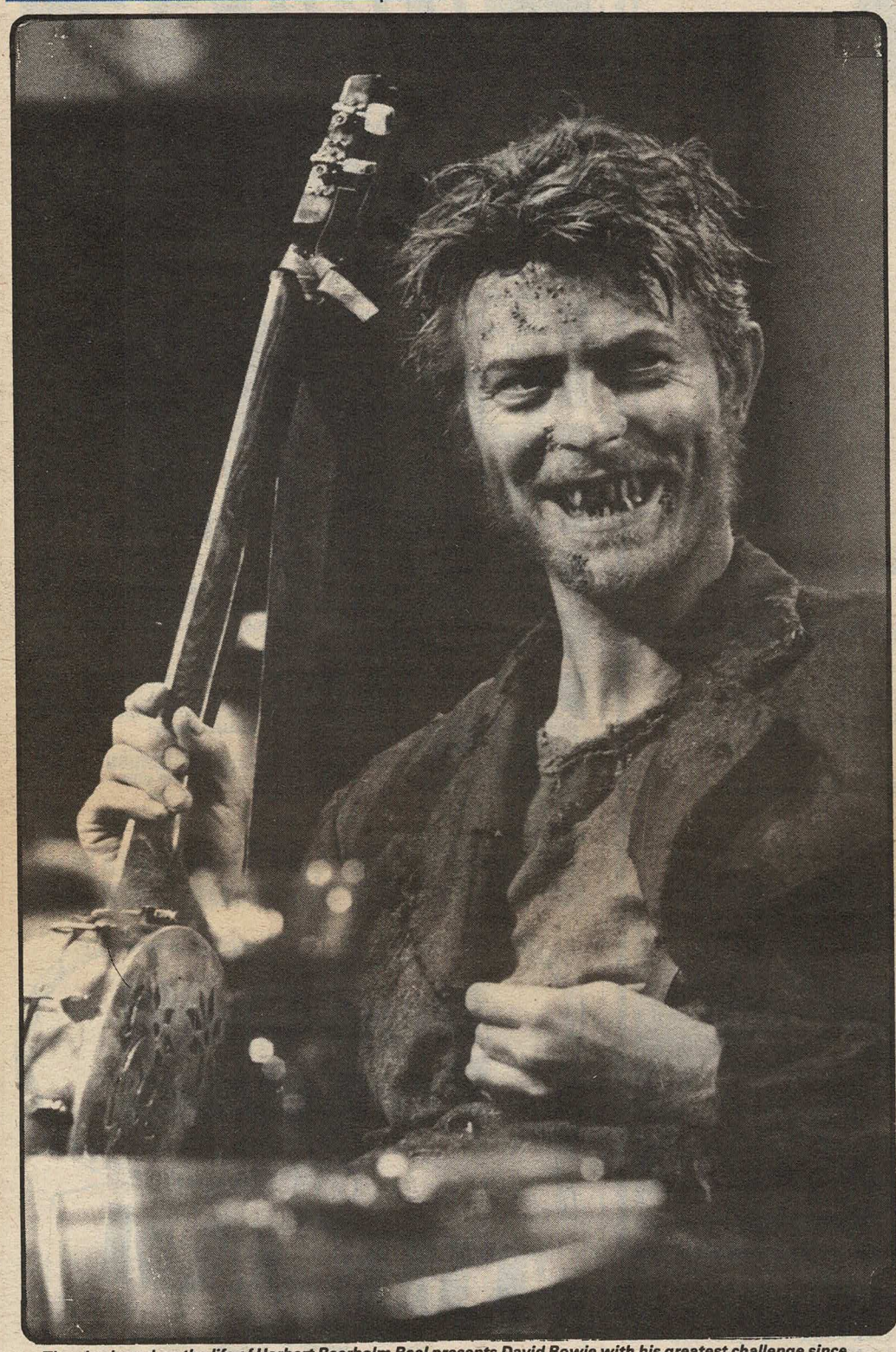


The play based on the life of Herbert Beerbolm Baal presents David Bowie with his greatest challenge since avoiding Brian Eno in Frankfurt. Here Bowie, as Baal, shows his heiress lover Naomi Loans (Wendy Holt) that even though he looks like he has lost all, he still retains the novelty barometer that hung on the staircase of Baal Mansion in better days. (Alternative caption: Bowie after another encore of duelling banjos. The banjo won).

IN *Baal*, David Bowie finally shed his skin and played the part of someone else.

The analysis of his past acting scars you've heard before. Nicolas Roeg used him successfully as a brightly altered xerox image in *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, and something or other happened in *Just A Gigolo*, an atrocity that only really *deserved* mumbled lines. Perhaps the disciplinary experience of Broadway's six-month run for *The Elephant Man* has purified Bowie, or perhaps he just got fed up playing dopes . . .

Bowie is still not entirely free of Bowie (although he probably never will be), for *Baal* pivots around the character Baal, and Alan Clarke's BBC production pivots equally around the fact that all four of them are bound up together. The opening credits bulge with DAVID BOWIE, and it is clear that the unearthing of this relatively obscure little play is occasioned not by a particularly strong urge to recondition or recontextualise Brecht, nor to plunge an old artefact into contemporary appetites — as was recently the case (and a pretty anti-climactic one) with Arthur Schnitzler's *La Ronde*. There's nothing much controversial or topical about *Baal* — it's all pinned down perfectly well, a satisfying but inherently *safe* academic exercise.

***Baal* was Brecht's first play, and whilst lacking the suggestive scope of later work is still luxuriously scripted. The devil's helpmate Baal has all the best lines — some of them improbably well enunciated for a character who is meant to be a death's door alcoholic wretch — and the autobiography is always an irresistible itch just beneath the surface, as is usually the case with an author's first dive into literary work. Clarke (who directed *Scum*) alternates between standard BBC costume drama and a**

DANGEROUS VISIONS

IAN PENMAN sees Bowie as Baal — the existentialist, anarchist, amoralist, and spottiest

playful intersection of video-brash split-screen commentaries. At times the characters stroll over blank studio sets, where trees and babbling brooks should be; faces are frozen, and scenes are linked by written prompts — "Baal is unscrupulous in his abuse of divine gifts", Baal abuses this, Baal abuses that — but the jolt is more aesthetic than the 'Brechtian' distancing we theatre-goers are accustomed to. Baal is selfish, and *Baal* is his fable — it succumbs to his ragged metaphysical charm, happy with the limited circumference.

In that sense, *Baal* needs a Bowie. This production wasn't really a *Play For Today;* it was a respectably translated copy of a crinkled fable, which had the feel (enforced by its hour-long duration) of some of the Open University or Schools Television productions of forgotten theatrical classics — taking the ellipticity and historical blasphemy of playwrights like Brecht or Alfred Jarry, making them malleable for discussion. Interesting if you like Bowie and/or Brecht — otherwise it will have remained just a cute curio.

Baal is an existentially brusque vagabond, who over-indulges drink and poetic syntax in order to free himself from the bonds of bourgeois gentility; he abuses everything and everyone, cannot abide pretence or pessimism or praise. Yes folks, he's an existentialist — bearing in mind that Brecht cobbled this demon together in the early '20s, predating post-war philosophical nausea.

Baal isn't 'alienated' in the Penguin Modern Classics dustcover sense — rather than someone isolated in introspection, he dwells outside, taking great delight in smudging social expectations. Bowie manages to get Baal's greedy grin just right — pleasure isn't a chance catharsis, but wholly connived; everything begins again the moment it has reached its withered end. Baal is one stanza ahead of his peers, out of tune not so much with 'his time' as with moral constraint of any kind. He is Brecht's reversed version of the romantic wandering minstrel figure — instead of bringing a twinkling tale and innocent wisdom into people's lives, Baal brings seductive dissipation and intimate disorders. Some of the lines dwelling on his insatiable self-destruction are almost too good to be trustworthy: "You look like a washed-out intellectual!" — oh, I *know*. Baal believes that all vices "have their useful side — it's the men who practice them he can't abide", and — what a beguiling epitaph — "nothing is harder than the quest for fun".

Bowie is dressed down, and looks sufficiently debilitated, but one fault of the production is that we don't get a really convincing impression of either his bodily deterioration or his supposed intellectual brilliance. But the point is more Baal's unceremonious way with spectators, the violence he inflicts upon the social habits of upper and lower classes alike; he is a free-travelling germ, and the only tension in Brecht's narrative is over the question of Baal's ruthless misanthropy — *can* he discard *everyone?*

***Baal* bodes well for Bowie's acting career; as far as television is concerned, *Baal* wasn't a landmark of any kind . . . and it's a shame that more important productions have disappeared without trace, obviously for want of a NAME selling point.**

LOU REED

■ *From previous page*

them as a legacy, just a collection of songs which if you played them in order, you'd have a trip right through the '60s, right through the '70s and through into the '80s from my point of view . . . or points of view of people that I know . . .")

But to get back to the glory of love. Reed visibly warms to the topic: "I . . . well, this sounds so corny. I think that if you're capable of it, love is the most redeeming thing that exists on earth. I know that ruins the Lou Reed image forever, but I have always thought that. I don't know how people can exist without love. I mean, I know they can, but *I* wouldn't want to be one, not to have a loving relationship, a loving situation." And anyone who's listened to Reed right from the first Velvet Underground LP (check 'I'll Be Your Mirror') through to the present will know he's not just saying that because Sylvia's sitting next to him.

A final question leads Reed into a favourite theme of (rightly) justifying rock and roll writing as a legitimate form with its own set of standards and values; there is thus no time for inquiries as to the stabilising effect Sylvia might've had.

His obligations fulfilled, Reed retreats behind his light-sensitive shades and leaves, phalanxed by wife and management. Other than what he'd often said before and what he came to say — no tours or gigs except maybe across the street in New York — nothing has been revealed. Did you really expect it to be any other way?

Orange Juice do the Bhagwan Boogie.

Get down Edwyn! Oz fanzine RAM spotted looking sheepish by Trudi Demont.

Killer back to life

JERRY LEE LEWIS is back in circulation, giving his first interviews since he found himself "lyin' on the bathroom floor actually feelin' the life leave my body."

On June 30 last year the then barely-living legend was rushed to intensive care in Memphis where he underwent hours of surgery for his ruptured stomach and assorted ulcers. Now, interviewers report, his gaze wanders from Bible to bottle and back while he speaks with plenty of the old bravado.

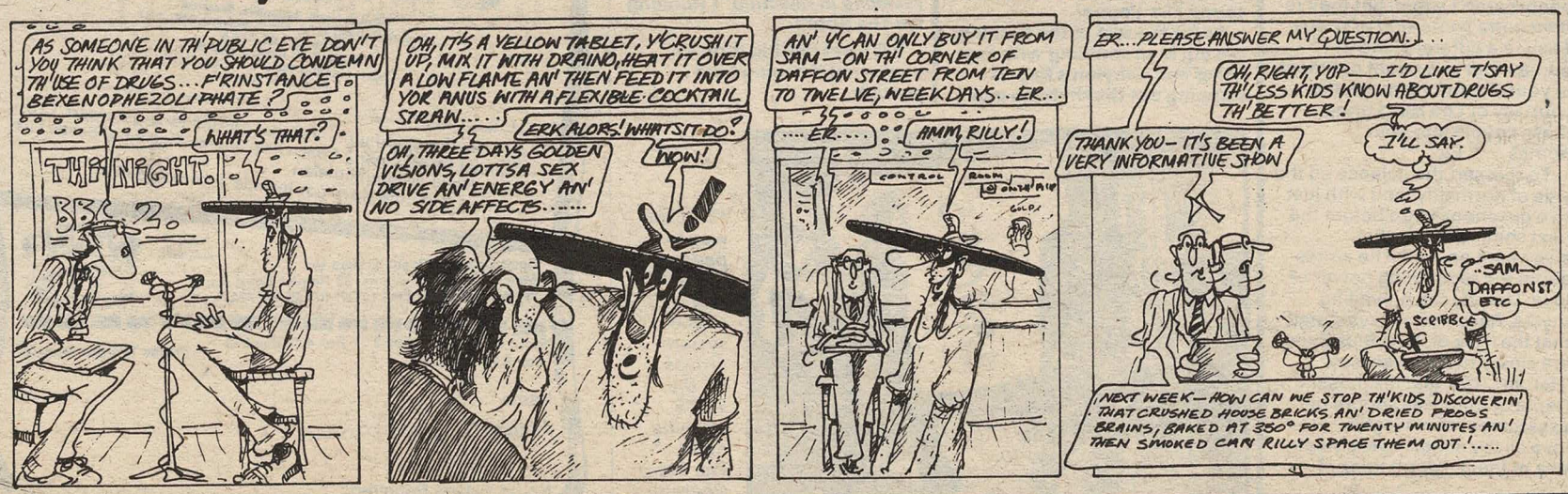
"What should I do — live to be 300 years old?"

Pentecostalist Lewis *has* made it to 46 with three divorces (he's in the throes of a fourth) along the line.

He's also been suspended from the "Southwestern Bible Institute of Waxahachie, Texas" for playing a boogie-woogie version of 'My God Is Real'. Jerry of course claims his God is "damn real . . . you know, when you find yourself layin' on your floor and about as close to death as you can come, you do some thinkin'. I'll be honest — I prayed; I prayed *real quick.*"

Did The Killer find any new peace in intensive care during his own serious sixty-one day stint? "No, but I found a some new nurses."

The Lone Groover — Benyon


AS SOMEONE IN TH' PUBLIC EYE DON'T YOU THINK THAT YOU SHOULD CONDEMN TH' USE OF DRUGS... F'RINSTANCE BEXENOPHEZOLIPHATE?
WHAT'S THAT?
THE NIGHT.
BBC 2.
OH, IT'S A YELLOW TABLET, Y'CRUSH IT UP, MIX IT WITH DRAINO, HEAT IT OVER A LOW FLAME AN' THEN FEED IT INTO YOR ANUS WITH A FLEXIBLE COCKTAIL STRAW.....
ERK ALORS! WHATSIT DO?
OH, THREE DAYS GOLDEN VISIONS, LOTTSA SEX DRIVE AN' ENERGY AN' NO SIDE AFFECTS.....
KNOW!
AN' Y'CAN ONLY BUY IT FROM SAM — ON TH' CORNER OF DAFFON STREET FROM TEN TO TWELVE, WEEKDAYS.. ER...
.... ER....
AHM, RILLY!
CONTROL
ER... PLEASE ANSWER MY QUESTION...
OH, RIGHT, YOP — I'D LIKE T'SAY TH'LESS KIDS KNOW ABOUT DRUGS TH' BETTER!
THANK YOU — IT'S BEEN A VERY INFORMATIVE SHOW
I'LL SAY.
SAM — DAFFON ST ETC
SCRIBBLE
NEXT WEEK — HOW CAN WE STOP TH' KIDS DISCOVERIN' THAT CRUSHED HOUSE BRICKS AN' DRIED FROGS BRAINS, BAKED AT 350° FOR TWENTY MINUTES AN' THEN SMOKED CAN RILLY SPACE THEM OUT!.....

Felt like . . . Lawrence (left) and Gary. Pic: David Corio

Feel like dancing? We'll soon put a stop to that

"I DON'T KNOW. . ." mutters Lawrence. Squinting through his fringe, he always looks puzzled. Talking in a soft Birmingham accent, his sentences trail off and upward, like apologies. Most things he says, he ends with "I don't know. . ."

What he *does* know is that he, Lawrence, is half of a group called Felt, who've just made an LP for Cherry Red Records ('Crumbling The Antiseptic Beauty'), who aren't very well known, but who are liked intensely by the few that do. Gary Ainge is his drummer, his other half. They've just split from Maurice Deebank, who used to be Felt's third, and the split was not friendly. But Felt, the two-piece, are going to go on, and even hope to start selling records. Musically and commercially, it's said, Felt are "making the transition from the Velvets to The Monkees".

Lawrence knows something else: "I *detest* dancing," he says, a man after my own heart. Felt music, which is nearly all guitar, is the stuff you sit down and listen to, and enjoy: music to be taken internally, not to flail your limbs around to. He's not guilty about using the despised guitar, because he thinks it can be a beautiful instrument for expressing emotion — meaning used with feeling, none of your crass heroics. Felt music is delicate, and moody: Lawrence's lyrics are strange, but sung so softly they fade inside the total sound. Admittedly, titles like 'Crumbling The Antiseptic Beauty' can suggest pretentiousness: "But I'm not, not when you meet me. I've had no education, I'm just ordinary . . . I don't know."

Ideally, Lawrence would have liked Felt to be on the Elektra label: home of Tim Buckley, Stooges, Doors (we worry about whether Jim Morrison used to dance, finally agreeing yes, but only in a ritual sort of way), but Cherry Red are decent enough. Some have said Felt are "psychedelic", so Lawrence looked the word up: it still means nothing to him.

—PAUL DU NOYER

Morning View

A town called malice

On a wall on one of Belfast's main streets someone has written the inscription "A town called malice" — that inevitably causes some shock and arouses pensive reflections in the minds of passers-by.

The phrase is, of course, a slightly altered version of the title of one of a popular author's best-known books, and of a film and a TV series based on the story.

But the changing of one letter makes a radical difference in the meaning, and the wall inscription has a sad relevance to the state of mind of many ill-disposed people in various parts of the world, including Northern Ireland.

In John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," he made his pilgrim flee from "the city of destruction" and from "the wrath to come".

This was the lesson taught almost 2,000 years ago, and it should be the rule today.

The need for its re-emphasis is stressed afresh when we think of "the writing on the wall" in Belfast, and reflect also on the flaming legend "Theatre of hate," expressing the same grim verdict that we saw printed on the back of a brass-studded leather coat worn by a youth in the city last week.

Can we not give the young a society to inspire them, and not face them with a sick milieu wherein they tell us that they perceive only "malice" and "hate?"

The perturbed readership of Ulster's newspaper the *News Letter* — found at every good Bogside — must have wondered just how they might aid the frustrated, confused, sloganeering youth of their locality on reading this heartrending editorial last week.

The *News Letter* was established in 1737. It is notable for retaining its original staff *in tactum*.

Clipping sent in by N. K. Doran.

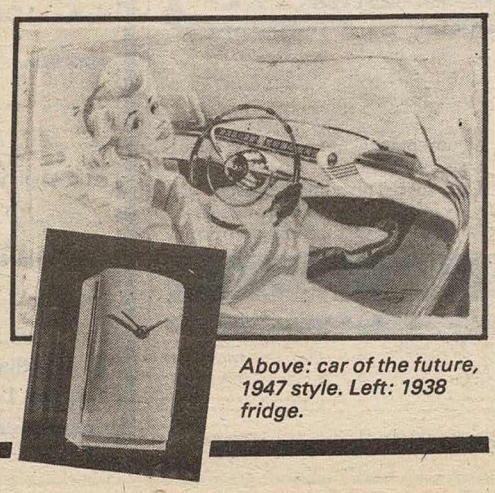
A Cure For An Ugly Environment

WE TEND to take for granted the appearance of the consumer goods that form an inextricable part of our lives.

Art And Industry — A Century of Design in the Products we use, which finished on March 2, marked the opening of the Boilerhouse Project. The product of the Conran Foundation (that's Conran as in Terence ... Mr Habitat), it was the first of a series of exhibitions demonstrating that the objects we use every day and fill our homes with, do not come about by accident. Rather than being created anonymously, in a void, they were designed by somebody, for somebody.

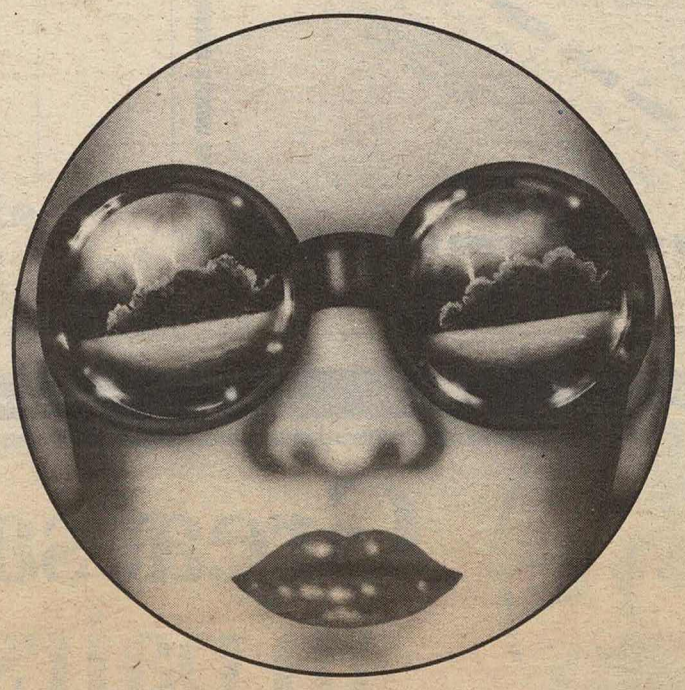
The Boilerhouse Project is at London's Victoria and Albert Museum and will probably house four exhibitions a year. The next, beginning on March 24, will be dedicated to the history of Sony.

— RICHARD KRZYZAK



Above: car of the future, 1947 style. Left: 1938 fridge.

THE BEAT OF WINGS OVER THE SILICON AGE



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NME1

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HERE'S THE SECOND of three opportunities to stake a place in the big shoot-out of *NME's* first Annual Photographic Competition. Those shutterbugs who devoured last week's *NME* will already know the game plan, for those late-comers who didn't here's the scam: read *all* the rules carefully, submit (no more than three) entries of *the kind of photographs you'd expect to see within the boundaries of NME's familiar pictorial content — music or related youth culture subjects,* mail them off as instructed and a special panel of hand-picked, keen-eyed, house-trained professional experts made up from representatives of *NME,* Photomarkets, Olympus Optical and *Amateur Photographer* will select the top of the shots.

RULES OF ENTRY:
1) The competition is open only to *amateur* photographers — those who *don't* make their living as photographers.
2) All entries must be submitted in the form of 10" × 8" black & white prints. *No* Polaroids, colour transparencies, contact sheets or negatives will be considered.
3) Entries are only valid if accompanied by an official entry form which *must* be fixed to the back of each print submitted. A maximum of three prints from each entrant is allowed.
4) We regret we are unable to return entries. *NME* reserve the right to keep any entry photographs that might be suitable for publication on their files for up to six months. If used, payment will be made at our usual rates.
5) Whilst every care will be taken, no responsibility can be accepted for any entries lost, delayed or damaged in the post or elsewhere.
6) Copyright remains the property of the entrant but *New Musical Express,* Photomarkets (UK) Ltd, and Olympus Optical (UK) Ltd, reserve the right to reproduce any entry at the usual rates of payment. If an entry has won a prize, no fee will be paid.
7) The decision of the judge is final and no correspondence can be entered into during and after the competition.
8) The competition closes on April 19, 1982 and *no* entries will be accepted after that date.
9) All entries must *not* have been published or offered for publication elsewhere or entered in any current competition.
10) The competition is open to all readers in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines, the printers of *NME,* Photomarkets (UK) Ltd and Olympus Optical (UK).
The Editor's decision if final and the results will be published in a future issue of *NME.*

IMPORTANT NOTICE — PLEASE READ CAREFULLY
Entry to this competition does *not* automatically grant photographers official *NME* privileges to obtain photo passes for any concerts held at any venues either here or abroad.
Furthermore, *New Musical Express* cannot, under any circumstances, obtain any official photo passes on behalf of any would-be competition entrants.
If, for any reason, an entrant takes any photographs during a public performance without first obtaining permission from either the artists or the promoter, then *NME* cannot be held in any way responsible for any cameras, equipment or film impounded as a result.
Neither correspondence nor telephone conversation will be entered into concerning the aforementioned subject.

— The Editor

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DOMINANCE/SUBMISSION/AND A DARK DEBUT

LYNN HANNA shares the champagne and drinks in an emotional cascade from Leisure Process / PETER ANDERSON pops the pic

THE BLACKEST look at sex between *Body Heat* and *Bad Timing* is a song called 'Love Cascade' by a group called Leisure Process. Poised at a point where lust turns towards loathing and loathing changes to lust, it documents the sour denouement of a destructive affair; the ashes of an obsession stripped of everything except a dark greed fuelled by suspicion.

Leisure Process is the partnership of Ross Middleton, formerly of Positive Noise, and Gary Barnacle, ex of The Ruts and scores of sessions. Tonight they're celebrating their debut with a bottle of champagne and an exchange of tipsy banter, through which it is occasionally possible to consider their achievement.

"It's a very spiteful song. The first person singing it is pretty unpleasant," says Ross. "Eroticism and sexism are not the same thing at all. In the bedroom all the normal rules are suspended. I think the character in the song, and it's only about fifty percent autobiographical, has got quite a lot of problems because he's torn between grovelling submissiveness and the urge to dominate."

Couldn't the single's poisonous atmosphere be misconstrued as misogyny or a vicious sort of cynicism?

"I don't think it's misogyny, because whoever it is in the song has just been defeated and the other person in the relationship, who isn't necessarily a woman anyway, has obviously walked away triumphant. It's just like the burst of spite you get when you know it's all over and if you can't win them over you've got to hurt. It's not cynical, because cynicism implies that you never really cared anyway."

Gary and Ross first met while working in adjoining studios on different projects. When Ross left Positive Noise in July they started writing together, took a demo to CBS who signed them, and began a collaboration which both see as taking a different direction from their previous careers.

Saxophonist Barnacle had recorded with Kim Wilde, Robin Scott, The Teardrop Explodes, Perry Haines and Rusty Egan. "I'd just been doing sessions until I discovered that you didn't get bottles of champagne that way. I was playing a lot but not getting any credit or money, or a combination of both!"

Ross meanwhile decided to work with Gary, and on the next single both are collaborating with the rhythm section of Level 42, because he wanted a standard of musicianship which Positive Noise couldn't provide. A former student at the Sorbonne, he's acquired a reputation for intellectualism that he's now applying to more personal politics.

"To me an intellectual is someone who makes a living from his thoughts, like Bertrand Russell, not a pop singer. But people do so much like musicians to be 'off the street, man', who will write songs about the right things, be it unemployment or the riots, and who won't talk out of turn and will let the journalists get on with the thinking, thank you very much. Anyone who talks remotely articulately about themselves is automatically labelled as a poseur. We can all think of people like Jobson or Richard Strange who, whatever they do now, have been permanently nailed as pseudo 1930s cabaret artists.

"Lyrically there was a shift between Positive Noise and Leisure Process because I knew I'd have to work a lot harder. In Positive Noise I was writing songs about arms manufacturers, things that I didn't really know anything about, things that, if I was honest, didn't mean very much to me at all. Whereas the stuff I'm doing now is very personal and emotional and close to me.

"It's strange that most of the lyrics I've written so far seem to reveal a deep, fundamental dislike of women which I don't really feel. It's as if there's another character. Maybe you get rid of all the bad things in yourself in lyrics. The LP's much more genuinely cynical. It's about particular people I know. It's also about how the world isn't run by easy targets like Reagan and Brezhnev, it's run by multinational corporations like ITT and ICA."

Leisure Process was established less as a deliberate bid for a more flexible concept for the future than as a congenial way of working. At the moment neither partner is keen to play live with the assistance of backing tapes like that other individualistic, Rushent-produced orchestrator of emotional electronics, Pete Shelley.

"The reasons for going to see a live act are different from buying a record. You want a bit of mystery, drama, theatre, and at the moment we wouldn't be able to supply that. But in a band you're very, very lucky if you can produce good music and get on with each other — whereas with me and Gary, whatever our disagreements, when we're writing together we get on really well. It's economical and restful. I wouldn't do a Heaven 17 and say this is the way thing are going to go: small, highly mobile units. It's just us."

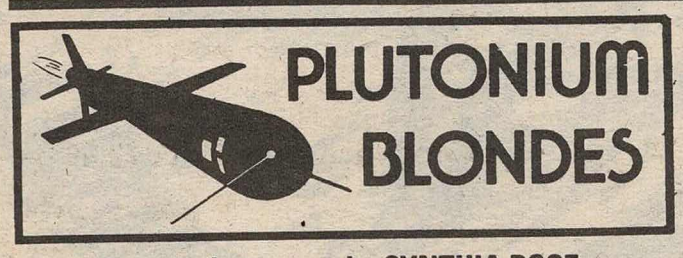
Part of 'Love Cascade's' catalogue of surprises is the contrast between the fluid sax and acid sex, the taut electro-pop setting and the vicious dissection of its subject.

"I like the idea of having a tune that's commercial and poppy and subject matter which isn't, because who says what pop songs are about? Who makes these rules?"

"It's X-rated stuff. *News Of The World* material really," adds Gary.

"It's a song about sex and death," says Ross. "What more do you want? It's a hit right away."

"Hey Gary — try sucking it..."



Anti-nuclear news by CYNTHIA ROSE

LAST WEEK we mentioned the findings of American Carl J Johnson — which proved there was an increase in cancer around the sites of three US nuclear weapons plants. As a result of their publication, Johnson has now lost his job as director of the Denver, Colorado department of health.

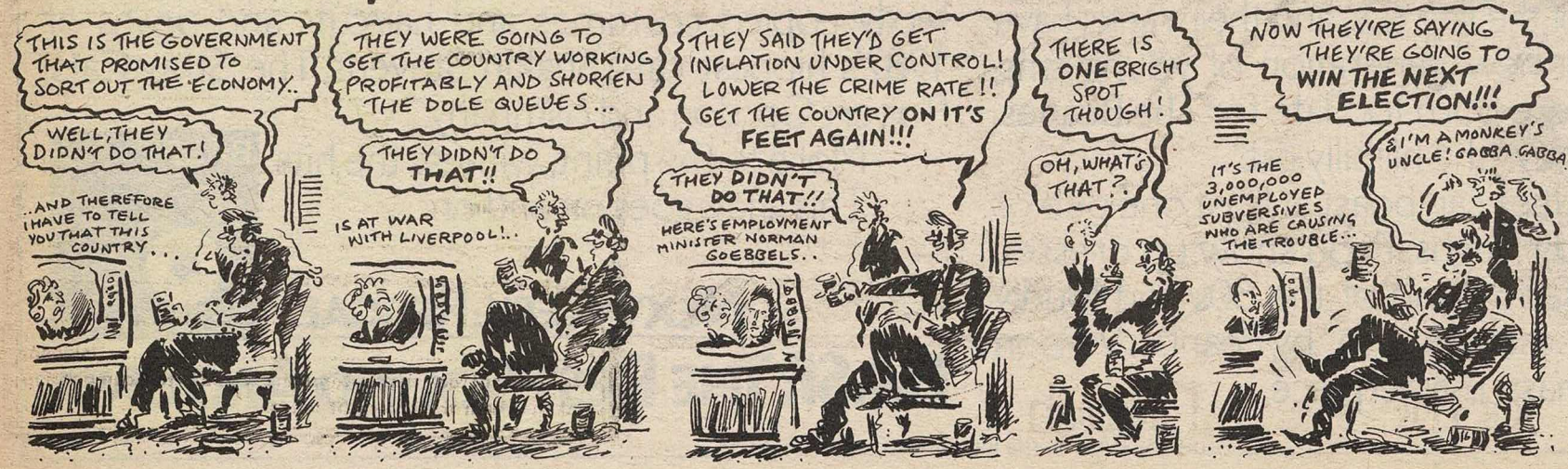
Johnson wanted his disclosures to prove one point: that research conducted by bodies without vested interests in nuclear proliferation were liable to be more 'accurate'. And ironically, since he got the axe, a spokesman from the US Department of Energy (whose interests could not be *more* vested) has conceded that his findings were statistically correct. It's just that the DoE have "ruled out" the possibility that cancer increases in the Colorado area bear any relation to the plutonium leaks from the Rocky Flats weapons plant. The DoE man now says the "causes are unknown."

□ By CONTRAST, Lambeth Council has declared this month a 'March for Our Future'. During it, they are sponsoring numerous events including a CND Cycle Parade from the town hall next Saturday, March 6, to be followed that night by a No Nukes Music benefit headlined by Ruts DC, Roddy Radiation and the Tearjerkers, and The Outskirts, at Brixton Town Hall. There will be another NNM gig (starring Black Slate supported by Attila the Stockbroker and Seething Wells), on Thursday, March 11, also at Brixton Town Hall. There is also an unusual production by anti-nuke theatre troupe Category Three: *The Eurovision Bomb Contest* which premieres tonight (Wed) at Battersea Arts Centre, but will also be performed at Nettlefold Hall, West Norwood, SE27 on March 13.

Groups supporting Lambeth's multi-faceted month of action range from the six local CND groups through churches to the Lambeth Federation of Tenants and Trades Council. Info on any aspect of the events is available from James Joughin on 01-405-7943.

□ THE WOMEN'S Peace Camp which has occupied the proposed Cruise site at Greenham Common since September last year, was this week threatened with eviction by the local council. To support them, SANE (Students Against Nuclear Energy) have decided to hold their national conference from March 19-21 *at* the camp — and March 21 is still the date of the camp's scheduled Festival for Life. Information on the SANE conference can be obtained on 01-486-4634 or 031-667-6203.

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry


THIS IS THE GOVERNMENT THAT PROMISED TO SORT OUT THE ECONOMY..
WELL, THEY DIDN'T DO THAT!
..AND THEREFORE I HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT THIS COUNTRY...
THEY WERE GOING TO GET THE COUNTRY WORKING PROFITABLY AND SHORTEN THE DOLE QUEUES...
THEY DIDN'T DO THAT!!
IS AT WAR WITH LIVERPOOL!..
THEY SAID THEY'D GET INFLATION UNDER CONTROL! LOWER THE CRIME RATE!! GET THE COUNTRY ON IT'S FEET AGAIN!!!
THEY DIDN'T DO THAT!!
HERE'S EMPLOYMENT MINISTER NORMAN GOEBBELS..
THERE IS ONE BRIGHT SPOT THOUGH!
OH, WHAT'S THAT?
NOW THEY'RE SAYING THEY'RE GOING TO WIN THE NEXT ELECTION!!!
IT'S THE 3,000,000 UNEMPLOYED SUBVERSIVES WHO ARE CAUSING THE TROUBLE...
&I'M A MONKEY'S UNCLE! GAGGA GAGGA

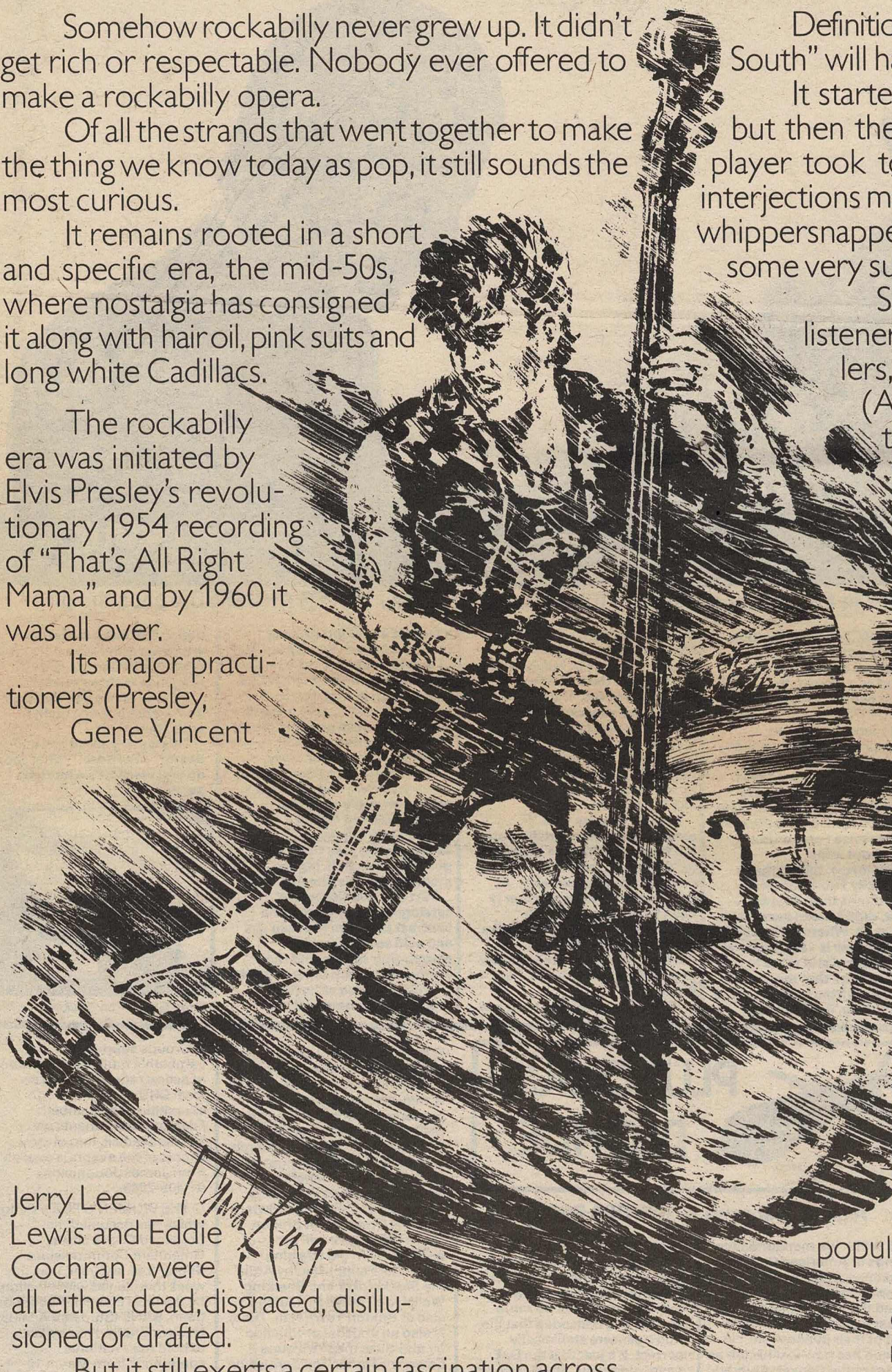
New rap for Lord Denning

Above: Lord of the Rock and Rolls? Seen in the Liverpool Daily Post by Les Williams.

Below: a Love match? Taken from The Times by Steve Masters.

Arthur Lee improves in second half

AROUND THE SOUNDS WITH BASF.



2. ROCKABILLY

Somehow rockabilly never grew up. It didn't get rich or respectable. Nobody ever offered to make a rockabilly opera.

Of all the strands that went together to make the thing we know today as pop, it still sounds the most curious.

It remains rooted in a short and specific era, the mid-50s, where nostalgia has consigned it along with hair oil, pink suits and long white Cadillacs.

The rockabilly era was initiated by Elvis Presley's revolutionary 1954 recording of "That's All Right Mama" and by 1960 it was all over.

Its major practitioners (Presley, Gene Vincent Jerry Lee Lewis and Eddie Cochran) were all either dead, disgraced, disillusioned or drafted.

But it still exerts a certain fascination across the years and nowhere more so than in Europe today.

The original devotees have never hung up their blue suede shoes, even during the dark days of the late 60s, and their ranks have been swelled by a new generation of young fans, many of whom were born too late for The Beatles, let alone Elvis Presley, "the hillbilly cat."

Most British cities can boast at least one pub or club where nobody laughs if you show up dressed like an Arkansas farm hand of the 50s and loudly demand to hear "Cast Iron Arm" by Peanuts Wilson or some similarly nasal masterpiece.

Definitions? "Up-tempo hillbilly music from the South" will have to do.

It started life as toe-tapping hoedown music, but then the beat got louder, the stand-up bass player took to slapping the strings, the guitarist's interjections more forceful and, to cap it all, the young whippersnapper doing the singing began throwing some very suggestive shapes.

Soon the vocals were coming at the listener through a clamour of hoots and hollers, animal noises and bizarre hiccups. (A good rockabilly singer could render the word "baby" unrecognisable).

On record this was accentuated by the liberal application of echo, the only "effect" available in crude studios like Sun in Memphis, home of Presley, Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, Roy Orbison and many lesser lights.

At its best, on a record like Jerry Byrne's "Lights Out," rockabilly was a dazzling balancing act, wobbling precariously between breathtaking slickness and utter chaos.

Nevertheless it was pretty easy to pick up, the instruments were cheap and available and the songs dumb but awfully catchy.

It's that very nursery rhyme quality that guarantees the continued popularity of rockabilly.

At the beginning of the 70s Creedence Clearwater Revival adapted its rambunctious appeal to devastating commercial effect.

But if you're going to play the music it seems only proper that you should wear the clothes as well. Witness the perfectly copied costumes and haircuts and poses of 1982's hippest cats: Shakin' Stevens, The Stray Cats, Robert Gordon and company.

More to the point, witness the hits.

This affair goes on and on.

NEXT WEEK: REGGAE.

BASF. THE BEST SOUND AROUND.

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WHITER THAN WHITE

L-R: Glenn Carmichael, Kevin Evans, David Liddler.

Paul Tickell investigates the dubious politics and philosophies of The White Brothers.

Photo: David Corio

TAKE SOME rap of the Last Poets' communal chant and answer-back variety, dress in leathers of the gay SM order, sing about the Big Themes (society, self, sex, race and the work ethic) and what you have is a trio of swinging boys (sometimes helped by tape operator Gaynor) who call themselves The White Brothers.

Some rejoice in the cocktail (first shaken at Cabaret Futura last May) of bass, guitar, singing-rapping and drum machine, others feel sick.

Either extreme is OK by the Bros: they just love provoking a reaction.

Their live performance is meant to move at such a mounting pace (no frills, all hard-hitting essence) that you find yourself too dumbstruck to even move for a drink. Seeing the act I certainly didn't experience such a state of *in extremis* that I couldn't place an order at the bar. I fact, I consider the Brothers mostly dull and flat — and sometimes rather dodgy.

Dodgy is a word that vocalist Glenn Carmichael himself uses to describe a song called 'Muscle Power', which is about gay beefcake camaraderie. The Bros see such buddiness as merely a heightened form of that found amongst male heterosexuals.

This is Kevin Evans, Glenn's fellow vocalist speaking.

"There's an element of homosexuality, say in the way schoolboys will look up to older kids and hero-worship them. The same could be said about the over-the-top way macho men react if they're asked about ever having homosexual feelings".

It's not this interface between gays and straights which I find dodgy (on the contrary, I'm all for it, as is a deviant tradition in rock 'n' roll starting with Little 'Mr Chiffon' Richard and working its way up through Jagger and Bowie to Marc Almond), but the great smugness with which the Bros approach their subject-matter.

Glenn: " 'Muscle Power' is far superior to 'Glad To Be Gay'."

There is a similar complacency about the way in which the band speak of their Big Themes.

Kevin: "We're not saying think this or that, but *think* . . . other bands haven't faced the reality of that — not giving people the answers but exposing the questions."

BUT WHAT questions?

In nearly two hours of conversation with the Bros I never found out. The talk remained as abstract and nebulous as their music, which is distinctly lacking in imagery. For example, John Cooper Clarke's 'Adonis' says more about sexuality and naricissim than 'Muscle Power' or 'Sex Thing' ever could.

Kevin ascribes the lack of images to the fact that the songs are all conceptual,bone. He writes down some of the lyrics of 'No 1', supposedly an ultimate statement about self-reliance.

These lines don't so much carry concepts as thought-bubbles worth nothing but a pricking.

The same could be said about 'Law 'n' Order', a number which attacks authoritarianism from the inside while asserting the need for self-discipline if you're to make a success of life. The contradictions posed by the song aren't dealt with satisfactorily: it's a dialogue in mono, all controversy and no tension. Glenn assures me that the newer material is much better.

"Once you start asking questions — like, Why don't people admit that they really aren't satisfied by the partner they're living with? — then you have to start looking at yourself."

Kevin: "People won't stretch themselves, they avoid questions."

Those hazy questions again, which only those honest scapegoats the Bros can cope with. I find their post-Laingian in-band knotted psychotherapeutics romantic, evasive, and superior.

TIME FOR some career details, and some bathos.

Kevin works for the Ministry Of Agriculture And Fisheries, and he's particularly strong in his union, the Civil And Public Servants Association. He used to be in Cardiff punk outfit The Tax Exiles whom Glenn managed when he was at art college. Originally from Darlington, Glenn now works as a decorator. Bassist and guitarist Dave Liddler is a general maintenance man at the Rock Garden. He was once in The Photons with Steve Strange and before that ("possibly" according to Kev) The Moors Murderers.

Out of context of the Bros I can like Kevin. He's not daft as he berates the Reagan hypocrisy over Poland while the US has the blood of El Salvador on its hands.

Plain daft he is, though, when he explains that White name.

"We're proud to be white in the way black people are to be black. We've played with black groups and they know what we're doing. White people are more hung up about us because they're. . .too civilised."

By asserting their whiteness the Bros hope to expose racism from the inside — "inverting cliches", Kev calls it. Fine in theory but potentially very dodgy in practise?

Kevin: "It's like jokes about the mentally handicapped; you have to laugh about that area or block it out. With humour we can put over hometruths so that people can laugh yet look at things seriously."

Kevin obviously thinks that laughter can serve as a psycho-political release or unblocking mechanism which is inherently radical and progressive. Not so: to laugh at taboos is not always to break them, just as making a fetish of home truths (look at us, we're so upfront and honest) may only lead to the creation of more little boxes — and the reinforcing of someone else's dungeon.

The White Bros have about as much direction as black comedian Charlie Williams when he gets up in a working men's club and tells a racist joke.

Ha ha, say the clowns.

Kevin: "We aim at targets which in turn makes us easy targets."

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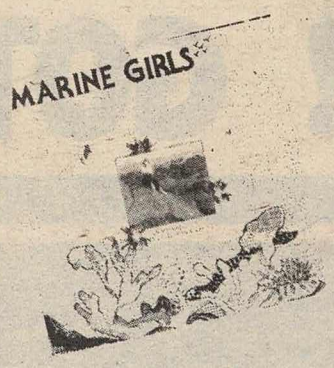
SINGLES

REVIEWED BY ADRIAN THRILLS



CATCH OF THE WEEK

THE MARINE GIRLS: On My Mind (In Phaze).
Ain't that peculiar! Just when everyone down to the last kid on the block and his baby brother are busy performing the last rites on a seemingly redundant and slowly rotting independent singles scene — and I've been as guilty of hauling in the hearse as the next man — up pops a magnificent shot of soulful angst that positively reeks of garageland and the supposedly discredited DIY ethic.

The Marine Girls — Alice, Jane and Tracey — hail from Hatfield in the unhip heart of Herts and record their songs in a garden shed but still manage to produce a single that is bright and bittersweet and quite bewitching.

'On My Mind' is a lovesick lament that lies midway between The Shangri Las and Nico's Velvet Underground. It deals with the hung-up side of love, the protagonist's melancholy yearning being carefully counterpointed by the sharp scepticism of a friend's advice. The vocals are sweet and soulful with the instrumental backcloth suitably sparse and barren — just a chiming guitar undercut by some sand-shuffling bass. The Marine Girls take some time out for love and convey its darker moments as if they were holding a conversation, so relaxed is their hold on the song.

Of course, the Marines are a glorious exception to the general standard of garageland gunge and it isn't every week that the independent pile throws up a single like this. But, with pop in a strange sort of limbo at the moment and too many of its observers looking a little too keenly at the national chart rather than passionate hearts like these, 'On My Mind' is a warm and welcome bolt out of the blue. Catch the cod!

MARC AND THE MAMBAS: Fun City/Sleaze (Some Bizzare).
The Odd Couple — Soft Cell's sturdy Dave Ball and vulnerable Marc Almond — make an unscheduled stop-off on their path towards domination of the American chart with 'Tainted Love' to release this mail-order-only disco-mix. Together with a couple of sidekicks from Leeds — bassist Tim Taylor and pianist Anne 'Hunk' Hogan — they don the mantle of Marc And The Mambas, but their song remains pretty much the same.

A fascination with the sleazy lowlife has always been a slightly dubious infatuation of the boy in the patent leather pants and Marc lurches even closer to the bounds of public acceptability on the two cuts here: 'Fun City' is the lament of an innocent northern lad lured south by the bright lights of London only to wind up in a world of sordid sex and scandal, while 'Sleaze' is simply voyeuristic trash of the highest order, redeemed only by the customary compassion in Almond's vocal delivery.

At their best, Ball and Almond make synthesiser pop at its most passionate and appealing, bum notes and all. Their very irregularity provides a raw and ragged alternative to pop's current obsession with production values and studio perfection, and sometimes you can love them for that. Not here, however, where they extend and indulge themselves something rotten. Some judicious editing might tighten electro whizz-kid Ball's rambling dub fragments into something approaching a decent seven-inch single. But this is strictly fan fare only, available for £2 from Some Bizzare at 17 St Anne's Court, Wardour Street, London W1.

ADAM AND THE ANTS: Antmusic EP (Do It).
Another rank and grisly reminder of just how *bad* The Ants were back in the days before Adam grew up to discover the charms of pantomime and family entertainment. To His Antdom's eternal chagrin, his former record companies Do It, Decca and Polydor seem forever hellbent on embarrassing him.

This five-track EP features previously unreleased and remixed versions of 'Kick', 'Physical', 'Cartrouble' and 'Friends' and parades Adam at his most distasteful: *"I dreamt I was a spastic but my boots are clean . . ."* and *"I saw a man with one arm / One day, two men, one arm . . . kick!"* There is already one sloppy reminder of Adam's unhappy past crawling up the charts in the dull 'Deutscher Girls'. Don't let Do It make it two.

VISAGE: The Damned Don't Cry (Polydor).
In which Steve Strange fires his camel and returns to the dance floor with a wispy wedge of pop electronique not a million miles away from the fine 'Fade To Grey' in terms of mood and melody.

Strange's voice might have its obvious limitations, but musicians of the calibre of Egan, Ure, Currie, Formula and Adamson are inventive enough to compensate for such shortcomings and keep a song bubbling and fidgeting with the occasional hairpin twist along the way. If Abba had made this record, it would probably be hailed as a pop masterpiece. As it is, the high camp clotheshorse and his cohorts will have to content themselves with the hit that this is sure to become.

XAVIER: Work That Sucker To Death (Liberty).
George Clinton and Bootsy Collins — the two prickly pioneers in the middle of this raucous rumble — have never been great favourites with the armchair funkateers of this world, their particular potion being engineered almost exclusively for the discos.

This latest juicy gem is no exception, featuring a female rapper and a gruff male chorus trading a series of warnings, witticisms and insults over a venomous rhythm track, their tongues firmly in their cheeks. Fulsome and funky, beefy and bassy, routine and repetitive, 'Work That Sucker' is packed solid with every cliche in the Clinton-Collins almanac . . . and it is still quite magnificent. Suck it and see.

FRANKIE SMITH: Double Dutch Bus (WMOT/Virgin).
A massive Stateside disco hit in the autumn, the belated British release of this witty-wacky 12-inch slice of slang nonsense is the latest result of Virgin's recent policy of picking up on hot black American dance music as well as pushing the more homogenised white European version that is their speciality.

'Double Dutch Bus', with its inspired use of children's chants and sidewalk slang, is wonderfully reminiscent of those cookie caveman raps that Jimmy Castor once made his trademark, while Frankie Smith's gravel-coated vocal chords make him seem like he's been suffering from the throat bug that's been croaking around the *NME* office for the past week.

Alongside the bruising Clinton-Collins effort above, this is clean and controlled dance fare, the key here being the measured restraint of the band. Check your funky bus fare.

ALPHONSE MOUZON: Don't Want To Lose This Feeling (London).
The estimable London label, onetime home of Hi and other assorted American greats and more recently the domicile of Funkapolitan, returns once more to the racks with the mysterious Mr Mouzon.

Apart from the classy 'By All Means', a collaboration with Herbie Hancock, I am not too familiar with the activities of 'Alph', though he seems to be revered in the 'right' circles. This one bristles and bustles, the guitarist cutting across the beat like some demented jazz-funk Wilko, but ends up nowhere rather fast.

IMAGINATION: Just An Illusion (R&B)
DECOUPAGE: Puerto Rico (R&B)
The independent UK soul label R&B achieved some notable successes last year in denting the Top 50 with each and every one of its single releases by Imagination and Savanna, but they will be hard pushed to repeat such a coup in '82 on the evidence of these two efforts.

After two beguiling bursts of string-driven soul sensuality in 'Body Talk' and 'In And Out', Imagination hit new depths of lyrical inanity with 'Flashback' and continue the decline with 'Illusion', yet more washed-up acid-happy nothingness: *"Searching for a destiny that's mine/There's another place another time."* Exactly!

Decoupage are obviously being groomed as some kind of female counterpart to the Imagination lads, sharing the same Jolley-Swain production team, although they will have to do much better than this weak-kneed stab at cosmopolitan salsa to emulate the successes of last year.

KOOL AND THE GANG: Take My Heart (De-Lite)
In the afterglow of the great and gritty 'Get Down On It' — only Kool or Maurice White could make such banal words seem so profound — the New Jersey swingers slip into a slower, more sophisticated groove on 'Take My Heart'. The band step back and allow crooner James Taylor to give full vent to his smooch-stained balladry, moving one more step away from the jungle funk that was once their crowning glory. When they do this MOR stuff, they undeniably do it well. What they once did, however, is still so much better.

CHARGE: Destroy The Youth (Kamera)
Six years on and the ramalama legacy of The Ramones still lingers on. And on and on and on . . . and it makes you wonder what a graphic artist as original as Neville Brody is doing designing sleeves to shroud this sort of thud and bluster in a mystery that it hardly warrants.

SPIZZENERGI 2: Work (Rough Trade)
The 'zany' and 'irrepressible' Spizz returns to the scene of his finest moments — The Rough Trade Home For Oddballs Wackos And Fruitcakes — in a belated bid to recapture some of his former glories, even reverting to a slight adaptation of the band name that he was using back in 1979. He has also re-recruited his old cronies Pete Petrol, Jim Solar and Brian Benzine in a bid to forget that he blew it badly after his big money transfer from Indie City to A & M and back again.

Now he is reversing into tomorrow. Surprisingly, the stunt actually comes off: "Work' is the most confident and compact Spizz single since 'Captain Kirk'. It is leagues ahead of anything he did for A&M and proves that the maverick midget is best suited to the more orthodox approach of an independent. The majors tried to turn him into a rock star. Rough Trade, for better or worse, just let him be Spizz.

MAXIMUM JOY: White And Green Place (Y)
The second single from another of those Pop Group offshoots. The footloose bass, discordant guitar, rasping saxes and stream of consciousness vocal rants seem like par for the course, but Dick O'Dell's tight production pulls the whole thing together quite nicely. Light and airy where one would have expected it to be intense and overbearing.

ZOUNDS: Dancing (Rough Trade)
Not exactly the floor-filler that the title might indicate to some folk, but certainly a far cry from the hopelessly derivative Crassrock that these anarcho-corps were touting only a couple of singles ago on their 'Can't Cheat Karma' debut.

Produced by Mikey Dread, this brooding piece catalogues the build up through the '30s towards World War Two, its eerie organ motif growing to almost Spectoresque grandeur at the climax. An anti-war anthem that makes its point far more forcefully and effectively than a dozen of the usual cloned buzzsaw rants put together.

DAVE EDMUNDS: Warmed Over Kisses (Arista)
3P SWEAT: Too Close To The Moon (Record)
Cajun 'n' country corner, neither being a musical mode that appeals to me. Edmunds turns his attention from souped-up quiffabilly to down-home hillbilly, adding a spoonful of country and stirring at breakneck speed, although I still find this dance a square one. London's 3P Sweat opt for a more bouyant quasi-cajun feel and make it sound pleasant without being particularly thrilling.

CUDDLY TOYS: It's A Shame (Fresh)
THE SINATRAS: You Make Me Feel Like I'm Wearing New Clothes (Transmanor)
BIM: Factory (Swerve)
Three bands who pull all the right modern moves but never sound anything more than empty and impoverished. A couple of years ago, this type of mundane rock music wouldn't have been given the time of day by a speaking clock, good reason to ignore it now.

Cuddly Toys, of course, were once Raped, a name that their current press handout informs us was tongue-in-cheek. Funny how they never mentioned that at the time. Like Adam, the histrionic Sean Purcell has a past that he'd rather forget. Unlike the goodly Prince, though, he doesn't have a particularly glamorous present to consider either on the evidence of this dull and derivative sub-Bowie nonsense.

The Sinatras are less offensive, but their synth rock becomes cumbersome with time, despite its snappy title. And so to Bim, who can at least boast a sprightly horn arrangement, though their visions of factory Armageddon are a little wearisome, their song sounding like a watered down version of 'Westworld' minus the Brandon hunger and vocal grandiloquence.

THE LAUGHING APPLE: Precious Feeling (Essential)
Southern-based Scots who shun fashion and place their faith in a barrage of scratchy, tinny guitars somewhere between The Fire Engines and the Famous Flames. The single is supposedly about 'the valuation of love and the individual's conscious realisation of being able to give and receive love' — pretty heavy stuff, although you would never have guessed so from the scrappy vocal delivery. Still at the core of the Apple, there is promise, the best way to round off a dismal week for singles . . . well, the best way next to another incredibly elitist playlist.

THIS WEEK's PLAYLIST: THE PAXTON ROAD RADICAL ROCKING DIRTY DOZEN . . .

Precious	The Jam (Polydor)
Coffee Club	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis 12")
Theme From The Boiler	The Special AKA (2-Tone)
Tell Me That I'm Dreaming	Was Not Was (Ze 12")
Study Long You'll Study Wrong	J. Gale Gaymon (Alton 12")
Hey Now (I'm In Love)	Vic Godard (Club Left)
Way Over There	The Temptations (Tamla Motown)
Poor Old Soul	Orange Juice (Postcard)
For The Love Of Money	O'Jays (Philadelphia)
(You Keep Me) Hangin' On	Ann Peebles (London)
Beechwood 45789	The Marvelettes (Tamla Motown)
Transmission	Joy Division (Factory)

'ULLO ALEXEI! GOTTA NEW

Red Sayle on the TV set — was Alexei subversive or just an *Over The Top* failure? Charles Shaar Murray poses the question and invents the answers. Pennie Smith illuminates the subject.

ALEXEI SAYLE describes himself as "an unpleasant fat man with a mohair suit and a cropped head".

He introduces himself variously; it has varied from, "I'm an alternative comedian: that means I'm not funny . . ." to "I'm a Marxist comedian: that means I'm non-sexist and non-racist. What I'm doing on *OTT* I don't know, except that they held a cheque over my eyes while I was signing the contract."

On every edition (up to and including last Saturday's) of Central Television's heroic attempt to demonstrate that chaos is in itself hilarious, the concepts 'adult comedy' and 'tits' are in some way interchangeable and mutually validating, and that most people watch the show in a condition which would render them eminently suitable for inclusion in Ken Livingstone's private zoo . . . into this weekly farrago of *Sun*ny humour strides a man seemingly in the grip of a towering rage, a rage so profound and so contained that it has magically inflated him to something which surely cannot be his normal size.

His suit is buttoned up all the way. It is much to tight for him. In fact sod the bloody suit: this man's entire *skin* — and, make no mistake, I am indeed referring to all of his epidermal layers — is much too tight for him. Certainly the TV screens seems too tight: the studio in which he works is similarly confining. Maybe the entire world is too tight for him.

This man just doesn't fit. On *OTT* he once did four minutes: "either a rant or a song — see the funny fat man dance", bulging and bristling and trying hard not to exceed his swearing quotient (he was allowed 'two bollocks and a shit'. Squeezed into a show which makes the term 'infantile sexism' seem like a compliment, Alexei Sayle is a character in search of an audience. No way is he going to make a cult of himself.

"I WANT A far broader-based, more working-class audience," he says, and he is approaching said audience on several fronts.

This month, *The Secret Policeman's Other Ball* opens, and it features a large slice of Sayle in blistering form, set alongside the *Not The Nine O'Clock News* crew and the *Python* mafia like a steak pie amongst canapes and sherry. Spluttering, bellowing and contorted, he exudes shock waves and spittle, face and body pulled and twisted this way and that with the force of his indignation.

Simultaneously, he consolidates the inroads which his *OTT* efforts have made into the public consciousness by appearing in another TV series: LWT's *Whoops Apocalypse*, a wildly mordant sitcom about international politics and the imminence of the annihilation of the human race (which makes a change from curmudgeonly lodgers and language schools filled with funny foreigners). Sayle, disguised only by a singularly foolish blond wig, appears as Commissar Solzhenitsyn (no relation) of the KGB, sporting a fine line in Mittel-European nonsense and a gaze both intimidating and ingratiating.

His first real single has just been issued by Springtime Records, a label owned by his manager Martin Lewis, who has the dubious honour of holding *The Secret Policeman's Balls*.

"'Ullo John! Goota New Motor!" is an extended improvisation based on a routine that he's been performing for over a year and a half set to a foolproof electrofunk backing track concocted by Clive Langer and Alan Winstanley. Sayle had already issued a single called 'Pop-Up Toasters' under the name of Alexei's Midnight Runners, but the less said about *that* the better. With a record, a film and a TV series on the go, Sayle can relax and take off for Australia for a couple of months without worrying about collapsing back into obscurity in his absence.

Movies and TV are the customary display-cases sought by comedians going up-market, but Sayle favours live performance, radio and music as personal vehicles. His radio work — specifically his second series for Capital, ponderously entitled *Alexei Sayle Community Detective in The Dutch Lieutenant's Trousers* and performed entirely by Sayle and his guitarist/co-writer Richard Stafford, a quiet mustachioed character who Sayle claims "writes just like me" — is, to my knowledge, the only left-wing Dadaist detective radio serial with more than

AUDIENCE?

six false endings.

Featuring Sayle attempting to unravel the sinister mystery of the mass suicides in the new town of Milton Springsteen, *Trousers* includes fragments of old routines (including the 'wine bar' joke, currently worn so thin as to be virtually inaudible), variations of current ones and the seeds of a few new ones. The radio series is Sayle's research and development lab.

We therefore find Alexei Sayle perched on the edge of Household Namehood. Will this pudgy Liverpudlian lefty ever be clasped to the collective bosom of the nation? For this and another unanswered questions, be back after the break . . .

THERE! HERE we are again. When you meet Alexei Sayle, you do not find a raging behemoth in an ill-fitting suit and a baleful glare. You meet a plumpish man with warm, tired eyes and a nose like Mr Punch. He is beginning to go bald, and he is one of those men who are so hairy that they have to decide where to stop shaving every morning, above or below the collar.

It is in this guise that he returns to Chelsea Art College — his almer mater — to deliver a guest lecture. Since he left, he's been in a theatre group, answered an ad — at his wife's suggestion — requesting improvising comics to present themselves, become compere at the Comedy Store and later at the Comic Strip, acquired his coterie of admirers and become a celebrity.

The lecture hall is an archetype: it is built on carefully graduated levels, with rows and rows of desks and benches all seemingly designed to be sufficiently uncomfortable to keep their occupants awake and conscious through even the most tedious of lectures. All but the first two rows — the ones nearest the dais — are packed. Latecomers file in, notice that the only vacant positions are right at the front, and express muttered consternation.

"Fuckin'ell. Right in the firing line," mumbles one.

"We're really gonna get it now," his mate replies with a certain amount of gloomy relish.

They are expecting to have their appearances, their lifestyles and their philosophies held up to deafening ridicule. In fact, nothing of the sort occurs. Even a young man with an upside-down cross pinned to his overcoat lapel escapes unscathed.

Sayle shambles in, amiable and bear-like. He is wearing a white short-sleeved shirt and black pants, *which fit.* He reminisces about Art Skule and requests questions. Drop in anywhere . . .

". . . the other reason I did *OTT* is that I am primarily a live comedian, a stand-up comedian and that is what I want to remain, but I wanted audiences to come and see me and I wanted them to be *large.* Large in terms of . . . (laughter) . . . not 'sing if you're glad to be fat' . . . and I wanted them to know who I was. I also wanted them to be broader.

"The thing about The Comic Strip was that it was very, very trendy and it was mainly a *Time Out* audience. Now that's great when you're getting started, but — and the same is true of a band — you either stay with a cult audience or you broaden it out and get to a much larger audience. That's what I wanted to do, and television seemed like a short cut to doing that.

"Billy Connolly did it by just going round the folk club circuit for years, but I didn't want to wait that long and I *certainly* didn't want to go round the folk club circuit . . ."

Wind forward.

". . . when I was at The Comic Strip I'd never do anything that was particularly agitprop, any kind of political didactic leftwing whatever, but I did a lot of taking the piss out of the Left. On the first couple of *OTT* shows, I'd written a lot of gags about the Government, which didn't really work completely, but my response to doing television is to try and become more agitprop, more political than I was at The Comic Strip. If you've been on television, they'll come and see you live, and when I go out touring I'll have a broader audience and I'll make it more political.

"I used to get great reviews from the reactionary press like the *Daily Telegraph.* I was the *Evening Standard's* favourite comedian, and if you're scrubbing around in a little club in Soho that's all right, but once you're on television they immediately turn on you. They started saying . . . very hurtful things, actually. There are a lot of pitfalls to television: you start getting invited to charity dinners and you meet the Home Secretary and Alan Minter and all that kind of thing, y'know, the head of WEA Records, and you start feeling *these people aren't so bad after all, they're very decent really* . . . and then you start deciding to take the piss out of the railwaymen instead.

"If you do something like *The Secret Policeman's Ball* . . . there are millions of people there who've got a lot of money and a lot of power. You're sitting there talking to Graham Chapman or somebody and you say, 'What are you doing?' and he says, 'I'm making a film in New Zealand and you can have a part in it if you want'.

"So you say, 'Alright, I'll do that, I'll go to New Zealand', and then Sting's there and he says, 'Do you want to support me on my next tour?' and you say, *'Yeeeaaaahhhhh!'* and there's Eric Clapton and . . . it's *sick!* It's *awful!*

"If you've gone down well, you just talk to the 'other stars' and they're all really attractive people. You don't spend any time talking to the fuckin' people who are doing the sets and the scenes and the lighting. And you spend more and more time mixing with those kind of people. It's like the classic syndrome of the singer-songwriter where the first album's good because it's about all the suffering of the last eight years, and the next two are about living in LA and the price of cocaine.

"That's a real pitfall: you start hanging around with all the people who get into the papers all the time. So if you see Pamela Stephenson, don't talk to her. She will *separate you from your roots . . .*"

Laughter. Applause.

ALEXEI SAYLE lives on the twelfth floor of a tower block in Fulham. One can almost hear him mimicking one of his favourite Hampstead or Stoke Newington characters describing, "Oh it was really *'tastic,* y'know, really *authentic.* It's *just* where you would *expect* him to live, y'know, there's piss in *all four corners of the lift . . .*"

There is a Genesis album at the front of the album pile, but there are no plants in wicker potholders suspended from the ceiling and a refreshing shortage of pine scatter cushions. Sayle is discussing 'Ullo John!' and related points. It's not yet four o'clock, but the room is getting darker and darker.

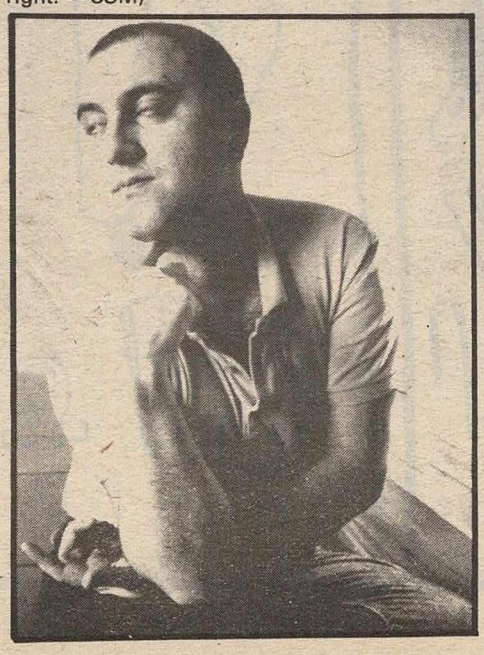
"I do like the unrelated phrase, because I believe you can say more with a good choice of words. I hate explaining things . . . I went down to this fuckin' rapping club the other day, the Language Lab and it was fuckin' *horrible.* Apart from the atmosphere, which gave me the heaves anyway, the thing that pissed me off about what they were doing was that they were either doing the reggae thing about *the uptown sound, the ranking sound* with a couple of *bap-baps* and a *ptooo* and the same tune going on for half an hour, or else they were doing funk and just going 'Say what!' all the time. No one *ever* says 'Say what!' in England. Why doesn't he say, 'Do what!' "

Sayle considers himself to have more to do with the post punk entertainment such as is provided by the likes of John Cooper Clarke, Ian Dury and Madness than he does with either the theatrical/variety tradition of British humour or the Oxbridge wits. He feels that musicians have handled comedy considerably better than comedians have handled music. He doesn't even have 'favourite comedy'.

"The biggest laughs I've ever had just come from being around people, like when we were touring with The Comic Strip, Rik (Mayall) was just such a fuckin' scream sometimes. I mean, I hate being on tour, but . . . I get more of a laugh from being around my mates than I ever do from anybody on television."

Alexei Sayle is 29 years old. He is a Marxist, a cyclist and he has got about as far as anyone can get on one set of brilliant gags. He is incredibly funny, vastly talented and he knows that standup comedy means that you get a laugh *every 30 seconds,* or else. I just hope that the thin man inside him never gets out.

(Actually, Neil, I must admit that I invented most of this, including all the quotes. I went to see Alexei Sayle and I asked him what all this New Wave Alternative Comedy was all about and all he said was "Fuck off you nosy parker." Now you can't do a whole feature off that, so I cobbled this together. Hope it's all right. — CSM)



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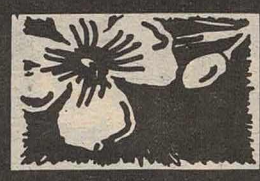

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A BRAINY NIGHT IN GEORGIA

When descriptions like "cerebral muscularity" are applied to The Method Actors, then it's clear there are brains behind the college-boy brawn. Barney Hoskyns visits Athens, Georgia, to meet Dave Gamble (left) and Vic Varney.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, birthplace of Coca Cola and setting for *Gone With The Wind,* has never been renowned as a musical capital.

True, from off its usually sunbaked streets have come such deep soul classics as Jimmy Lewis' *Totally Involved* (1974) and such commercial miracles as the S.O.S. Band's 'Take Your Time (Do It Right)' (1980), but over the last two decades more great black music has come out of Hialeah, Florida than out of Atlanta.

As for white music, not until the phenomenon of Athens, its college town satellite, did it so much as exist on the rock'n'roll map.

Athens was the hip young South's belated and below-the-(sun) belt recognition of itself. 'Rock Lobster' was its proclamation of jovial lunacy and '52 Girls' its heartbreaking highschool anthem. Athens gave Atlanta a new business and an extended youth.

Originally Atlanta was known as Terminus. It only existed because a railway line stopped there. Today it's the second fatest growing city in America, a vast spread of open spaces and rising buildings, a playground of real estate that stretches almost to the foot of the Appalachian Mountains.

Its growth cannot, however, dispel the hangover of its less than noble past. However publicly and efficiently its "gracious Southern heritage" has been repackaged in the form of museums and souvenirs, the more enlightened denizens of the "World's Next Great International City" will tacitly inform you that the Civil War, contrary to popular belief, never actually ended.

Out in the backwoods of redneck country, the Ku Klux Klan are recruiting and training young fascists for a renewed campaign of "terror", while back in the city the unlikely figure of Wayne Williams has just been convicted, for two of last year's murders, in what looks to most people like a large-scale cover-up.

If the new south is, as someone put it, Faulkner's rather than Gregg Allmann's country, the land of the former's 'Pylon' rather than of *Gone With The Wind,* the rednecks haven't as yet been written out of the story. And the worst rednecks are the phoney ones: the *first generation* bigots in the suburbs. You don't really need to tell Neil Young the southern man don't need him around.

Nonetheless, good old capitalism has somehow won out over the "old values". The past decade of Atlanta's history has seen an enormous influx of new business which has turned the city into what is by southern standards a fairly cosmopolitan environment. The terminus is no longer terminal.

IN AMONGST this growth came our very own Virgin Records, who saw the city, geographically, as a perfect base for their American distribution, and although, in the event (excuse the word!), they failed to gain a proper foothold in the American Market, their presence in the sunbelt scheme of things coincided happily with the first sightings of the B-52's.

When Virgin's Atlanta reps were prematurely relieved of their duties, they joined forces with Danny Beard of DB Records, who first released 'Rock Lobster', and established Armageddon.

The B-52's may be holed up in upstate New York, only reaching the world through Compass Point dance mixes and

OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Warner Bros 12-inchers, but Armageddon and DB are determined that the Georgia scene should not simply fade away. They remain a resolutely unfashionable label who continue to experiment in the face of compromise which smiles down at them from the skyscrapers of the corporations.

Imminent Armageddon releases of quality include Love Tractor, a kind of spiritualised Raybeats: a solo album, 'It Happened One Night', from the great Jody Harris himself; and Crash Course In Science, who take hi-tech satire beyond your wildest imaginings. To top it off, a single at last, and a magnificent one, from Pylon, due for UK release around April. This group has been so inactive for so long people have forgotten their existence, but 'Crazy/M-Train' is even better than 'Cool/Dub'. That's a promise.

Behind all of these, however, stands one major album release on the label — in the UK it's a double — by a two man group which has been making more consistently thoughtful and compulsive rhythmic music than any other group in Athens. The Method Actors' 'Little Figures' seems far removed from the customary Athens pop sounds, whether they be 'Party Out Of Bounds', 'Gyrate' or, more lately, R.E.M.'s 'Radio Free Europe'.

VIC VARNEY may have surfaced from the same art department at the University of Georgia as the result of those connoisseurs of Great American Trash, but The Method Actors have never collaborated on the soundtrack to the party life of their proverbial "sleepy college town". Barring their name, which refers to a spurious "discipline" of "character-identification" that all but ruined the art of Hollywood screen direction, The Method Actors stand for something altogether less cute.

'Little Figures' is a disturbingly compact round trip of rock'n'roll, a ground-breaking sweep of forms and structures whose combined effects do not require the criterion of simple pop pleasure. PiL may have initiated the wholesale destruction of Rock As We Knew Her, but since much of their music may, with a minimum of fuss, be traced straight back to 'The Gypsy Plays His Drums' by The Seeds, the aura of their authority in the "field" wanes somewhat.

When Vic and Dave Gamble, a jolly green giant of a hick from Alabama, teamed up to starve rock of its supernumerary stuffings — the luscious and almost tangible substance if its narcosis — they were gunning for a far more uneasy revision of their subject than were PiL. (After all, isn't Keith Levene simply the post-independent era's Eric Clapton?)

This double album, a turbulent, sometimes maddened play of forces freed of their familiarity, is like a stream of cut-ups or out-takes. Each track is the capture of a form snared in its own presumption. Sound is quickly stripped of excess fat, leaving the hard, dry bones of a rhythm that can only be described as rock-funk. The rhythm is like a workout, it is the slightly grotesque death of reliable beat. Gamble weighs down on, in, and around his tempo in a madly excessive way that gives his kit another dimension, another plane of surfaces. Perhaps the secret of this is that he has too many muscles to "keep" a beat in the correct sense.

Outside the homogenized club circuits of New York and London — although it was recorded in the latter during the Methods' somewhat inconspicuous sojourn in this country last year — 'Little Figures' breaks through conventional sound barriers as an ebullient backwoods abrasion, a provincial formalist's love affair with damage. What Glenn O'Brien might really hurt himself to describe as, say, a desynthesized heavy metal funk Suicide.

Unlike Pylon, who claim to be "artists", The Method Actors don't pretend they aren't musicians. While everyone else on campus was kept busy ironing T-shirts, fixing pins in beehives, and organising rent parties — and all this in the name of "art" — Vic Varney was playing guitar to his television.

"For myself," he says, "if it hadn't been for Channel 17, I don't think I'd be playing guitar today. TV is a link with the twitter of the world, there's nothing better than playing your guitar along to some old movies."

The B-52's boom town aesthetic would probably have stretched to accommodating this mild aberration — indeed, they were all good friends — but Varney wasn't to be coaxed outside his living room. To this day he retains mixed feelings about the fabled Athens "scene".

"A scene is defined by people sticking together, and for a while Athens had an ongoing scene which was totally unlike any other, far bigger than Akron or any place like that. The trouble is, people get sick of people, and now everybody's gotten real domestic, they just stay at home and play. Which at least has the effect of separating the musicians from the people who're just along for the ride."

Inevitably, Varney's distance from the scene has its disadvantages. Dismantling the order of rock'n'roll doesn't usually make for unqualified accessibility, especially in Atlanta. While jangling Undertones/Byrds hybrid R.E.M., the town's current darlings, are busy selling out the Mudd-style 688 Club, the Methods are having a hard time pulling even 20 of their own *friends* into new wave hole-in-the-wall dive The Bistro.

With Michael Richmond of Love Tractor recently added for local live dates on guitar, The Method Actors' performance is breathless and disarmingly unself-conscious, but even allowing for the weather — Atlantans haven't seen snow for years — it could hardly be claimed that an audience of 20 familiar faces (save my own) is sufficient reward for traversing the 70 open and consequently very icy miles between Athens and Atlanta.

"We're a little bit alienated from the scene," Vic reminds me. "Nobody in the band is any longer captivated by rock'n'roll. When you gravitate towards doing something for non-social reasons, you come up against a real mafia scene. At least in New York there's room to get lost.

"The secret is to get insulated against friendship. When I started out, I just wanted to have fun. I thought if I could just be in a band, I would be happy for the rest of my life.

"It's funny, because Pylon when *they* started out were far more austere than us, but *we* ended up as the iconoclasts. When they were trying to establish an aesthetic point, we were still trying to be a red-hot rock'n'roll band."

To an extent, The Method Actors' reduction of rock and funk to their lowest common sound factors was determined by material limitations.

When Vic's "real crummy" stereo refused to take bass guitar without blowing the speakers, bass guitar was dropped. The simultaneously sparse and chunky bash of 'The Method' — what Max Bell called the duo's "cerebral muscularity" — was the result. For 'Little Figures', Vic does in fact switch to bass, but the same principle holds good: where formerly a bass line was implied, now the bass itself — a crazy old Hofner like McCartney played — is strummed to supply the missing textures of rhythm guitar.

"Rock'n'roll has become such a cultural thing, but to me it's still essentially physical. I think about things formally, though I don't directly apply that formality to the music. What interests me is how you put a particular sound together, not how you write the perfect love song.

"At an early stage I came to the decision to give David a greater melodic territory. We felt a great need to make our sound different, so I toned down the obvious melodic power of the guitar with some pretty strange tunings.

"For most bands, drums are *only* there to keep the beat, with us they were conceived melodically, equal to everything else. In terms of live performance, that's essential. You can't just stand there and play your album.

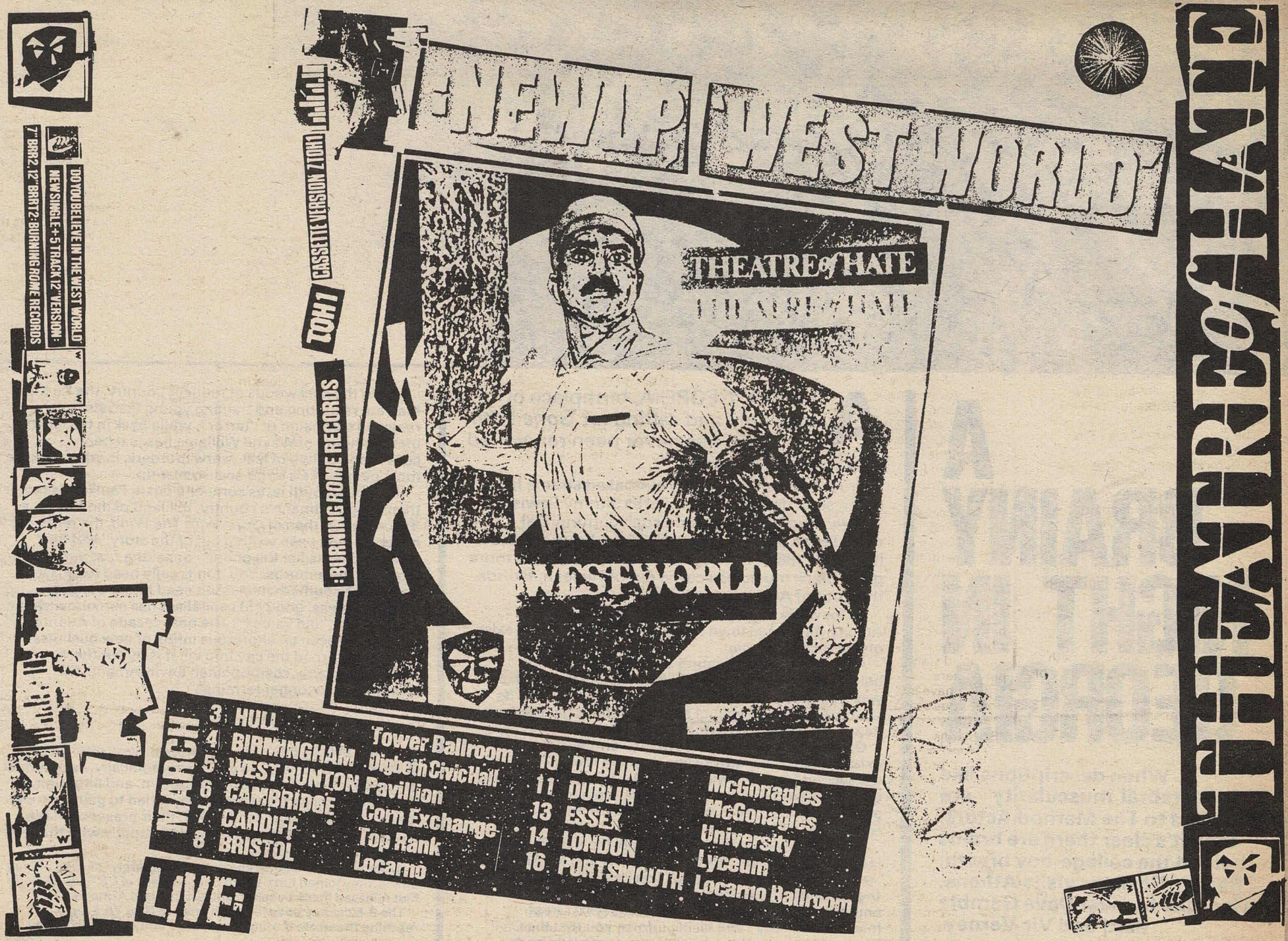
"The ideal is the combination of good ideas — and some real peculiar angle on them — with the ability to play. Music right now needs another Wire. What scares me about English bands is that they're all sucked into a focus of style. That's why I was impressed by Joy Divison, and why I'm still impressed by PiL.

"And as for the Method Actors, I don't honestly think we'll ever fit into anything."

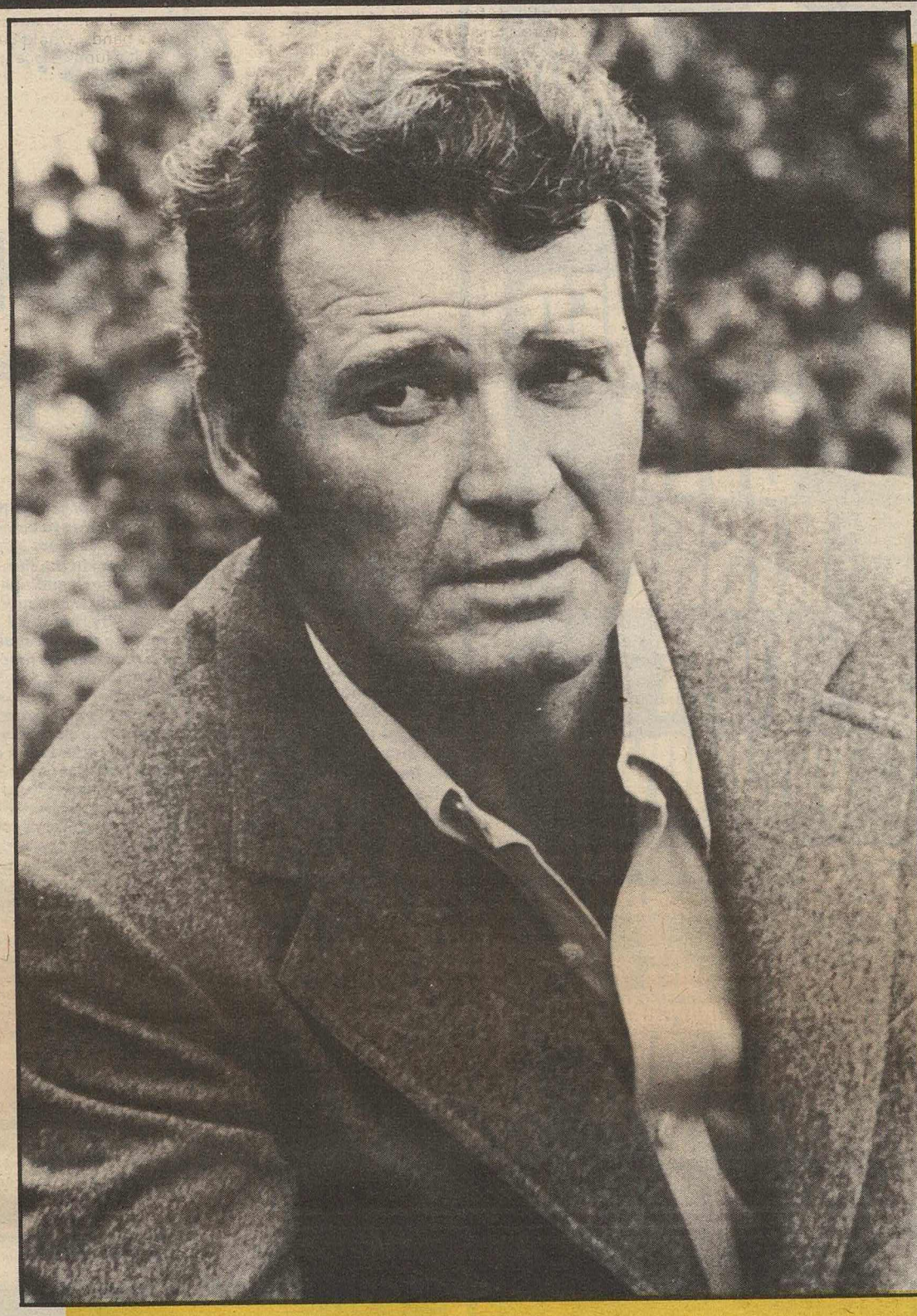
AS I WRITE this, the Methods are changing shape.

The Incredible Hulk David Gamble, whom, since he was apparently jogging back to Athens or something, we could not track down for a serious discussion on drum kinetics, is taking up with an intriguing entity known as Boat Off, the ringleader of which is well-known in southern circles as a Sylvia Robinson fanatic. He could go far, being a better if more reluctant singer than Vic, as well as being a great drummer. Should anyone doubt this, or any other aspect of his talent, let them seek out a very rare version of 'Sex Machine' recorded in London with, of all people, Thomas Dolby and Matt Seligman, or a similarly rare live rendition of 'Burning Love' with Kevin 'Hot Licks' Dunn laying down the James Burton guitar part like it was Rick Nielsen all along.

As for Vic Varney's method acting, perhaps his employment of more orthodox elements — clear, fluid guitar playing from Michael Richmond, and simpler beat-keeping from ex-Swimming Pool Q's Robert Schmidt — will see a greater measure of acceptance by American youth that 'Little Figures' cannot but militate against.



DANGEROUS VISIONS



JAMES GARNER — EYEBROWS FOR HIRE

IAN PENMAN gets to grips with the charismatic chins of Jim Rockford and Bret Maverick, and discovers some cheeky signifiers. Good fun? You bet.

"THIS IS Jim Rockford. At the tone leave your name and message. I'll get back to you. . ."

Each *File* opens with Rockford's whereabouts unkown, his answering machine filling in. The camera eye rolls over his desktop — game of solitaire, framed photo of Dad, coffee cup — to rest upon the Private Investigator's crucial telephone. Jim Rockford: (area code 3111) 555 2368.

The caller's message usually has little or nothing to do with the imminent story, everything to do with Rockford's character, with — forgive the pun — the tone of the series: remindered bills, refused credit, food waiting to be picked up, girls waiting to be picked up, clients waiting to be called back. . .

"This is Shirley from the bank. The answers are no, no and yes. *No* we won't loan you money. *No* we won't accept any co-signers. And *yes* your account is overdrawn. I get off at 4.30. . ."

The familiar theme starts up over one of the best speed-read constructed opening sequences on TV. If you're in the know, it's a perennial treat, if you're new it's a map: HOLLYWOOD sign, highway, Jim's car, Jim's profile, Jim on the street, police patrol car, phone booth leads, Jim defined waiting whilst others blur past, BEL AIR sign, binoculars, laughing over a meal with a girl, wearing shades, questioning, being booked in the squad room, languishing overnight in the cells, bailed, perched over a supermarket freezer's TV dinner menu, fishing with Dad, and — chop-change montage as the theme tune concludes with a flourish — Los Angeles street sign: 400S, a jogger's silhouette at sunset, beaches, bodies, cars.

Before you know it, an archetypal file's gone by. In 49 seconds.

"This is Mrs Lynch. Three times this month I've come to clean and it always looks like people been fightin' in there — furniture broke, things tipped over . . . I'm sorry, but I quit."

JAMES GARNER is now 54 and — recent squabbles between production company and network notwithstanding — his face is a million dollars. In the incorrigible image-reservoir of the USA Import TV Junkie, his face — especially the top third of it: many furrowed brow, infinitely resourceful eyebrows — is the uncut and uncloying stuff of addiction. Preferable to a million others. . .

The James Garner face — its facets, the messages it misinterprets, the errands it runs for jaw, shoulders, fists, legs — is neither a lexicon of cool-guy consistency, nor a larder of low-life mystery. The wounds it so expressively communicates are seductive because tangible, because never fancy-far away. James Garner as Rockford, as Maverick (although there is, I shall claim, scant difference between the two) is never quite the lovable loser, nor the worshipful winner. He's got quite rotten luck, yet consolidates it with an almost masochistic acceptance of failure.

The career of the lithesome eyebrows began with the original *Maverick* series on American TV (1957-'62) — the story of two nomadic no-good gamblers roaming along the Wild West's heyday. Garner left its popularity behind for ten years' unrewarding work in Hollywood and Disney movies.

When he returned to TV, he did so with the business sense to set up his own production company, Cherokee. The first product forthcoming was *Nichols* — a kind of twisted *Maverick* xerox which is, by all accounts, to Garner what *The Prisoner* was to McGoohan.

Seeing as how *Nichols* was set in 1910, it can also be seen as a portent for the current *Maverick* update, with its undertow of historical observations on turn-of-the-century America. *Nichols* apparently packed up its final episode with the eponymous hero shot dead, only to be replaced near the programme's end by Garner as — wait for it — his twin brother. Boy, I'd like to see that.

The Rockford Files started in '74 and clocked in five series — each marked by an exploration rather than repetition of form(ula). Garner gathered around himself an Altman-like circus/cottage industry of producers, directors and writers (with some people moving freely between each task) and maintained a high, and often humorously flavoured standard for cameo performers.

BBC1 have just finished screening a generous selection of episodes from (they say) the first series (and also, I think, the second series) of *The Rockford Files.* They've also just begun to broadcast (Mondays, 7.20pm) the new *Maverick,* shaped by the same TV production big guns as *Rockford* — such as Meta Rosenberg, William Wiard and Roy Huggins.

Speaking as someone who never saw the original *Maverick* comparisons between *TRF* and the new *Maverick* are tempting and easily accommodated; what's already obvious from the feature length pilot and three episodes of *Maverick* so far screened . . . is that it is essentially *The Rockford Files* in Western garb. The constant point of reference — the viewer's bullseye view — is that Garner face, with the perpetual cycles of exasperation, alliance, cunning and submission, scurrying around its features like a sluggish electric current.

History has kept apace with television: Bret Maverick is older, not necessarily wiser, but packing an itch in his saddle-sore bones to settle down in something approaching pastoral retirement. *Maverick* shares with *Rockford* a circumference of characters, or character-types, whose recognisable counterparts make the programme all the more pleasurable for seasoned *File* fans.

It's the turn of the century, and the old moral grid of the Wild West is fading out of use. *Maverick* is set at a time when the past is under siege from the shock troops of the new fangled — railroads, emancipation and votes for women, photography, all the ol' famous bad guys dying off or losing their touch.

Bret Maverick turns up at a little town called Sweetwater for a "big (poker) game" — possibly his last. He subsequently wins said game and — despite a wicked web of obstructions too complex to detail — finds himself with the lease to a saloon and enough money to snap up a local ranch.

The ranch comes complete with familiar figure number one: ranch hand Elijah Crow, a grizzled old seen-it-all played by Ramon Bieri, doing for Garner what Noah Beery (ain't that assonance eerie?) does in *TRF* as Jim's Dad, Rocky. Sweetwater's hardy, tight-lipped sheriff is ousted by a slick speechmaking, fork-tongued, baby-kissing dandy — who is more mayor/politician than law enforcer. Law and Order, for so long embodied in the gunslinging, solemn, solid-as-John Wayne archetype, is being superceded by a voice versed in wheeling and dealing, fixing and bribing; the new 'natural' way.

Rockford's female counterpoint is usually his lawyer Beth Davenport (Nancy Malone). Maverick's is M. K. Springer, chief writer/photographer on Sweetwater's local newspaper. So far a sparring partnership — he dislikes her wearing trousers, she dislikes his wearing an intolerant grimace: stalemate — it's obviously bound for 'will they/won't they?' territory; headed off towards the pass, as it were.

I haven't gotten entirely acclimatised to *Maverick* yet, but I can see the future clearly. Last week centred around hospitality for a wounded Billy The Kid, but the secondary plot concerned Bret's mail order barn being erected; it turned out to be a chapel.

MAVERICK WILL obviously hinge around the same narrative see-saw *Rockford* used most frequently — the labyrinthine journey between a delightful scheme and a perplexing (anti) climax. Garner's chin-bolstered grin blooms at the best and worst of times, trailing a Cheshire cat-like ebullience; a cheeky signifier. It's a pure pleasure of recognition — and theoretical killjoys could doubtless object to it as a passifying weekly reassurance.

But it doesn't really work like that; it isn't that strictly applicable. Jim Rockford's girlfriends and old buddies end up dead, he winds up broke (although never broken), but more than these arguably traditional variations, the *type of speech* (as Barthes once defined myth) *Rockford* delivers can often wriggle out of the constraints drawn around it.

Rockford is so much better than other American imports of its kind (tight-schedule, conveyor-belt thrillers) because it is both more professional *and* more personal. There is a flint edge of poignancy in the human touch it so carefully cultivates — an added resonance inasmuch as a writer's or director's or actor's own pleasure is very much evident.

American TV presentation scythes and bazookas programmes out at its audience, but we can sit back and appreciate both the speed *and* the substance of something like *Rockford.* There are scripts that bristle with classic lines and sequences — triggers of syntax that can make you hoot, sweat and look to the mirror all in the same instant.

"You work so hard at being Cary Grant. Life just isn't that fascinating."

Jim turns up at a lavish Bel Air party one week, and a blue-rinsed socialite engages him in poolside chat. Did he meet the host — supposedly a Countess — in Europe?

"I met her at Marineland."

"Oh. How strange."

"I run the hot dog concession, next to the Killer Whale exhibit. The Countess loves my foot-longs — I make 'em great, lots of chilli and hot mustard. 'Course I have a secret, y'know. I pre-cook the hot dogs and wrap them in cellophane. That's the secret — the cellophane, keeps 'em from getting tough."

"Would you excuse me. . ."

It's a sensibility that returns the potential of the TV series to itself. Not quite the width, the depth, the jolt of cinema — but not a poor second cousin either, not feeding off it, not denying it, not a filling, but . . . full of itself.

Never spectacular, it's a cheap and cherishable intimacy, a dependable appointment, a poetry of the prosaic. The tears and trysts, old pals and old flames in *Rockford* can be overwhelming because they are never overplayed, never dwelt upon, *transient* — therefore 'genuine', and genuinely affecting. Script, in train with the symmetry of facial sympathies, can take you by surprise; and isn't that the most striking kind of pleasure?

It's an honest speech that admits the reality, even the desirability, of untruth. . .

At the end of that week, Jim is as bruised as ever. The Countess' secrets are out, her husband dead, life temporarily crushed. She turns to Jim:

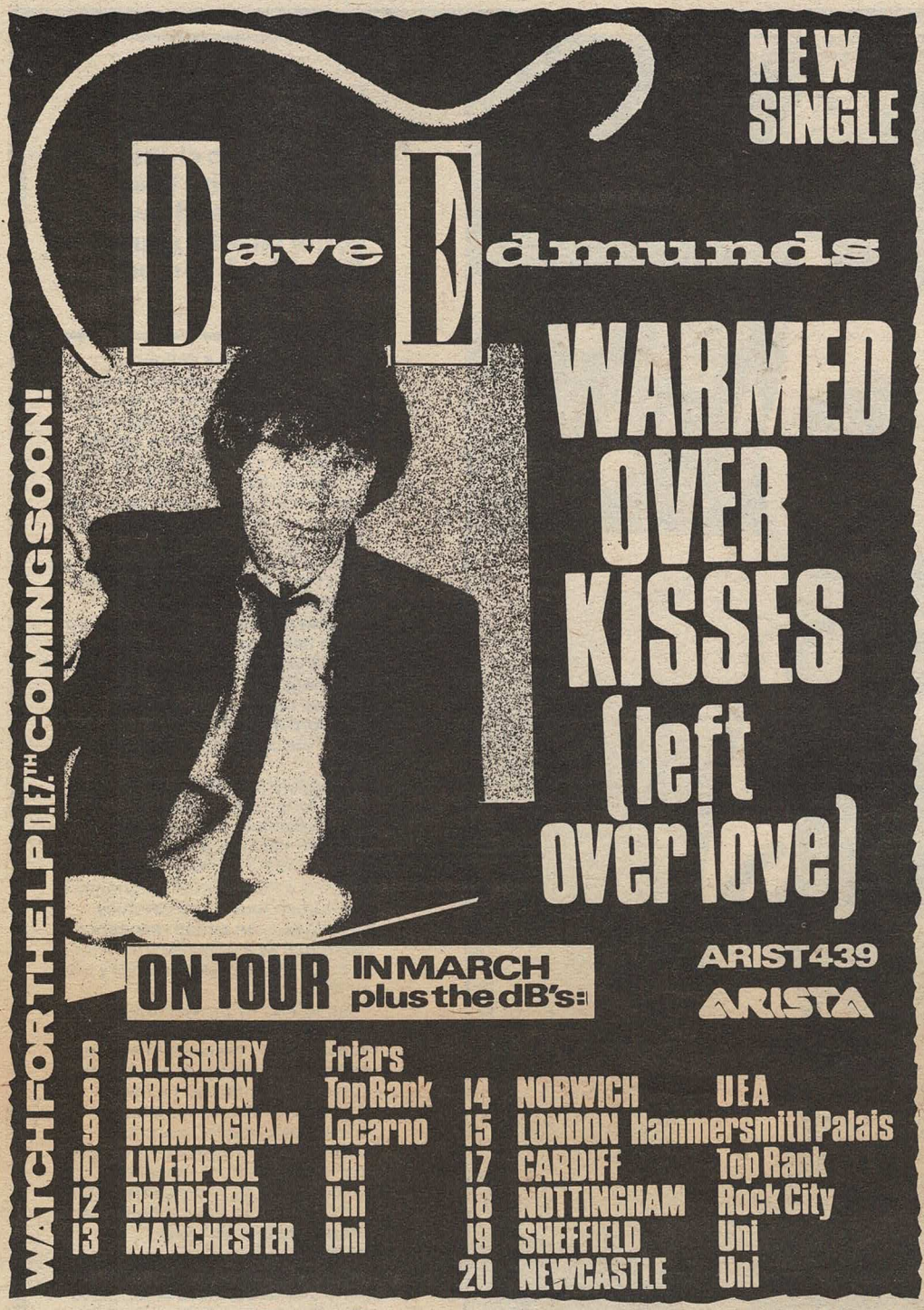
"They keep fooling you, don't they? Think everything's real. Then when you get close enough so you can see, it's just made of plastic. Mike was the only genuine article around. But he got .. . hooked on a plastic countess. How do you deal with that?"

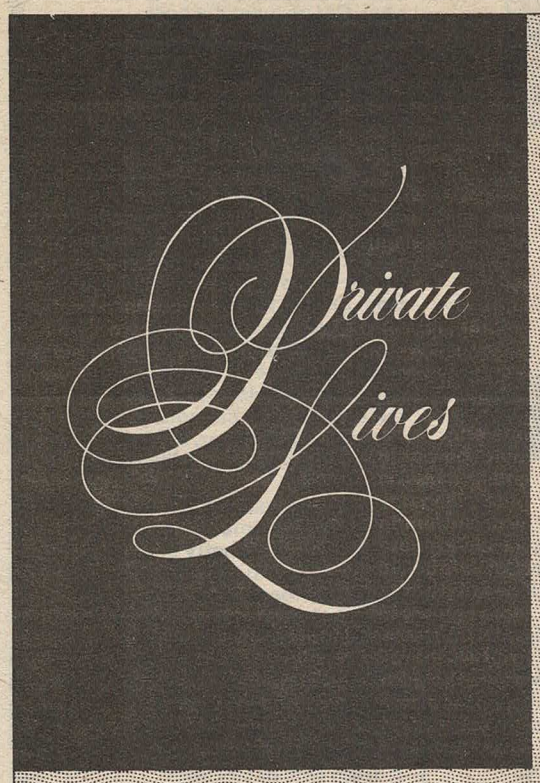
"We're all scared to death. I guess that's the penalty we pay for living in a world where all the price tags end in 99 cents and they sell mortuary plots on billboards next to the freeway. What you do is . . . just keep laughing. But I'm gonna kiss your hand, honey, because you *are* a countess. Stop worrying about it. You played a big practical joke, just keep laughing."

"Is that what you do?"

"You bet."

You bet.





Debut single

Because You're Young

Produced by Martin Rushent. 12 and 7 inch single in special picture bags

Chrysalis

Silver Screen

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Halloween II

Directed by Rick Rosenthal
Starring Donald Pleasance, Jamie Lee Curtis and Dick Warlock (EMI)

AT THE end of *Halloween*, the murderous Shape, having already been stabbed in the neck with a knitting needle, poked in the face with an untwisted wire coat-hanger and stabbed again with the very same vicious-looking butcher's knife with which he's dispatched three promiscuous, pot-smoking teenagers, gets all six barrels of Donald Pleasance's revolver emptied into him. The last shot blows him off the first-floor balcony onto the lawn below, but when Pleasance peers over the balcony . . . *the body's disappeared!*

This type of "The End . . . *Or Is It?*" conclusion, a ploy worn thin through overuse in countless Hammer horrors and low-budget '50s sci-fis, is just a little shared joke between the film and the audience; *of course* there's nothing more to come; in many cases there's precious little there in the first place.

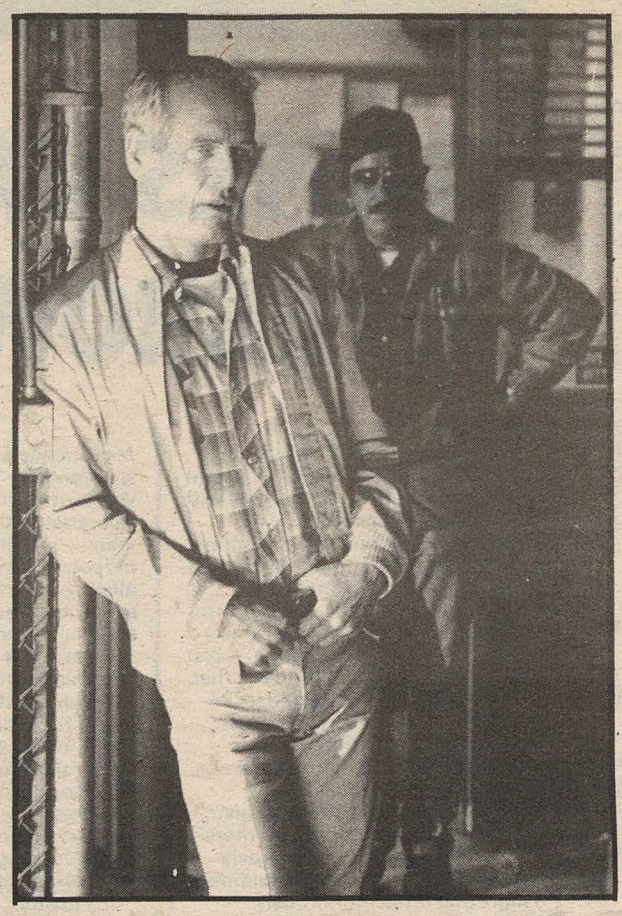
What such endings demand is not only that you allow the possibility that there might be worse to come, but also that you consider the preceding events as bearing some sort of relation to reality, that you extend the film outside the cinema into the real world, and carry your terror out there with you; at the same time, the absurdity of this request is acknowledged in a grin of collusion which short-circuits the entire film. It's a kind of valve which serves to release the tension built up in the film. Just a little joke, ho ho.

To actually go ahead and provide the follow-up is, perhaps, pushing the joke a little too far. The mere existence of *Halloween II* acknowledges that all the audience wants is a few more vicarious chills and a dollop or two more of ketchup — a fact well attested to by the popularity, in the video marketplace, of the (stylish) Cronenberg shockers and even leaden, ham-fisted dross like *The Exterminator*. Just who (or what) is exploiting who (or what) in so-called "exploitation" flicks?

In *Halloween II* the audience gets just what it wants, in spades: an increased body-count (ten, not counting The Shape himself, who may or may not be dead, depending on whether it's financially worthwhile to resurrect him in a year or two), several gallons more of the red stuff, and an increase in the variety (and detail) of stiffing techniques utilised by The Shape, an undeniably imaginative chap when it comes to fond farewells.

Given that the whole point of the film (as opposed to its predecessor) would seem to lie in the area of graphically-detailed death, it might spoil things a little if I reported that The Shape does *this* to X, *this* to Y, and — good grief! — *that* to Z. Suffice to say that most of the "action" takes place in a hospital, home of all manner of subconscious fears. (Coming soon, presumably, will be *Mr Shape Goes To The Dentist*.)

This is a pity, because *Halloween* was more reliant on the slow, meticulous build-up of tension than on sheer gore. An accomplished exercise in gourmet butchery, it preyed playfully on audience expectations, delivering more red herring



Absence Of Malice: Paul Newman caught with his hands in the, er, till.

Absence Of Malice

Directed by Sydney Pollack
Starring Paul Newman and Sally Field (Columbia)

IT'S LAW in America: If you got absence of malice you can say pretty much what you like in the paper; all you have to worry over is your own conscience.

Thus runs the central thread of *Absence Of Malice*, a newspaper story that parcels its serious matter into a pretty-bow package and salves its own conscience with a good guy resolution that couldn't be less like real life.

Sally Field is the uppity, nervy reporter Megan Carter, suckered by a government investigator into running a story implicating Paul Newman's gruff liquor dealer Gallagher in the disappearance of a top union leader. As Gallagher's world begins to fold in on him over nothing and a personal tragedy intrudes Carter is wracked by doubt, and the contraductions between professional ethics and personal woundings are spelled out. It is just at this moment that the film reels off course.

There is plenty wrong with *Malice* and the fault lies primarily in director Sydney Pollack's dilution of what should have been a clenched conflict into a soggy romantic liaison between Newman and Field. Inevitable, maybe, that the progenitor of extravagantly tearful pictures like *The Way We Were* and *Bobby Deerfield* should be clutching tight to his security blanket, but in these hard times that's not enough.

The course of newspaper movies was altered

Possession

Directed by Andrzej Zulawski
Starring Isabelle Adjani, Sam Neill and Heinz Bennent (New Realm)

IN BERLIN, by the Wall . . . lives the oddest couple this side of a Lou Reed concept LP, and for the moment we're only talking about the risible Isabelle Adjani.

Isabelle rather histrionically plays an unstable housewife who is driven by her husband Sam Neill's absence (on unexplained espionage activities) into an affair with a nutty, middle-aged German karate expert cum buddhist *(Great stuff. — Ed)*.

Later, overwhelmed by remorse and the failure of her attempted reconciliation, her guilt (filtered through Zulawski's Middle-European superstitions) manifests itself in ridiculously physical form when she gives birth to a monster whose slithering tentacles make it a far more satisfying partner than either her husband or lover.

The highly dubious psychology aside, *Possession* is pitched at such a hysterical level that it is impossible to take seriously, even as very absurd, very black comedy —

Look out behind you! Damn, too late! The Shape strikes again in Halloween II.

scares than actual killings: pure Hitchcockery, more horrid fun than horror.

A true genre classic, it unfortunately inspired legions of less talented artisans to follow clumsily in John Carpenter's footsteps, churning out crass, unsubtle knife-maniac flicks at a horrifying rate. Sadly, it seems to be these, rather than *Halloween* itself, which have inspired this sequel.

Nevertheless, it's still a better, more efficient movie than most others of its ilk, director Rosenthal — a Carpenter protege — sticking sensibly to the ground-rules established in the earlier film, relying more on imitation than imagination. The heavy breathing and subjective tracking from The Shape's viewpoint are retained, augmented by effective, truly frightening use of that white mask in murky shadows. There's also the requisite number of false alarms, things going bump in the night, and grisly little ironies (check the bunting over the hospital reception desk which reads "HAPPY HALLOWEEN"). A bit heavy on the pumpkins this time round, mind.

The acting throughout is functionally stylised, which is perhaps only to be expected from Curtis and Pleasance, but as regards the plot — yes, there is one, but only just — one thing which doesn't work is Carpenter and co-author Debra Hill's limp, half-hearted dredging up of druidic notions to explain away little incongruities like The Shape's invulnerability. Tie up a few loose ends it may do, but it completely neutralises that chill of *possibility* given by a common or garden escaped loony with a knife. Humans are believable; Forces of Good and Evil are for kids — which is why the most unpleasant moment in the entire picture has nothing to do with The Shape, but features instead the little boy who discovered too late the razorblades embedded in his Halloween apple.

Now that's *really* horrible.

Andy Gill

something like a Bergman exercise in angst conducted by Mel Brooks.

But it hasn't got the gags, or indeed any intentional humour to compensate for its ugliness. It only kept me glued, because Polish director Zulawski's first film — the brilliant, disturbing *Third Part Of The Night* — had me mistakenly believing that *Possession* couldn't really be as bad as my eyes were telling me. It is.

If the blubber and blood doesn't get you throwing up, the vertiginous camera effects will.

Chris Bohn

Taps

Directed by Harold Becker
Starring George C Scott and Timothy Hutton
(20th Century Fox)

SET IN THE religiously disciplined, all-male atmosphere of a military academy, *Taps* suggests potential for describing the formative path from locker room to board room — camaraderie to power, child to chieftancy. What it finally asserts is not concerned, however, with teenage transition or metaphoric militarism, but with wringing a high-pitch of mawkish hysteria out of its subject; what we get is something like a Disney-ised *Southern Comfort.*

General Harlan Bache (George C Scott) is at the helm of tradition — the academy is 141 years old, not a wrinkle of contemporaneity. Until . . . a Big Parade Day, when Bache — a respected rather than feared icon to all his little cadets — announces that Bunker Hill has been bought up by some sharkish realty conglomerate.

Bache himself goes into a deep feint soon afterwards, leaving highest ranking cadet Brian Moreland (Timothy Hutton) to organise their indignation into active protest. This he does, with starch in his stride, history in his heart, and a plum in his mouth. The kids set siege to themselves: sermons and demands, microcosmic flag-waving and microcadet casualties . . .

But *Taps* elicits no ring of resonance, nor any compensating register of aesthetics; the symbolism is stuffed, the direction glossy and glib. The sensibility may not be "post-Vietnam", but the cinematography sure is post-*Apocalypse Now;* if someone scrapes a chair leg in the mess hall it swoops majestically round the screen like a bird of prey — very Coppola's Helicopter (as the syndrome shall henceforth be known).

Timothy Hutton is very definitely "post-Viet", his angst is a cherub's angst.

George C Scott is, of course, a natural for *his* character; which is to say his are the only features to fix on — that grand plateau of shoulders, mountainside face, boulder-crumbling voice. But he shuffles off the regimental coil a quarter of the way in, leaving us with that pack of uniformed munchkins and a plot whose tension can only really interest their parents.

I don't see what kind of viewer/audience this 'A' Cert is successfully going to plea to; boys everywhere will find it disgustingly goody-gooey, girls everywhere will wonder how anyone gets to be that gung-ho. Hutton's is a one-dimensional part, and *Taps* is a one-dimensional story. For a luxurious Hollywood investment, it would have made a great *(sic)* TV movie.

Ian Penman

irrevocably by *All The President's Men,* a film whose hard-assed reliance on tension through the accumulation of tiny detail canned notions of crusading reporters in favour of a more determined, unglamorous truth-seeking that lent a totally different perspective to newshound heroism. *Absence Of Malice* reverts to an old-fashioned sort of agonising that doesn't tie in with its attempt at a contemporary drama of ethics.

Even more damaging is Pollack's mishandling of the emphasis in the relationship. Instead of zeroing in on Field's troubled character he chooses again and again to let Newman's steely persona override her presence when a crueller delineation of victimisation is called for.

Gallagher in the end turns out to be smarter than everybody else but the film should have turned on Megan Carter's untenable position. Perhaps that's why Sally Field seems curiously ill at ease throughout — certainly she falls short of her bravura performance in the similarly liberal *Norma Rae.*

Since Watergate, the American media's obsession with its own levels of responsibility has grown huge. With the added hot potato of a vanishing union leader — a matter also close to the knuckle through the disappearance in parallel circumstances of Jimmy Hoffa — *Absence Of Malice* could have exposed all kinds of unpleasantries in the lexicon of public and private investigation.

Its soft-bellied realisation only cossets the seamier side of reportage: no guts and not enough real tears.

Richard Cook

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THE ROCK and ROLL STORY

A HISTORY IN 116 PARTS BY DR ADOLPHOS AMADEUS ANWAR 'TED' POWER

Last week, *NME* embarked on the long voyage aboard the good ship Rock'n'Roll. Calling at all stops as well as pulling them out. *(Tidy that bit up before it gets signed off eh? — Ed.)* This week we present part three in Dr Adolpho Amadeus Anwar 'ted' Power's rock chronology in which Power turns his thoughts toward Egypt. Ah, Egypt. Land of the pharaohs. Home of the sphinx. Where Cleopatra rose from her bath to send shock waves that would threaten even mighty Rome herself. From where Moses could lead his people out of bondage. *(Cheap gag here perhaps? — Ed.)* The enigmatic Egypt that has held the world at bay with its puzzling, awesome riddles in the sand and stone. The pyramids. The great desert. What wisdom doth lie beneath history's smile? What stories could Egypt unfold. Come with us now to Egypt, in search of The Unexplained. In search of Egypt. . .

PART THREE
CHINA

CHINA. The China of over two thousand years ago. "That magnificent garden shed," Fenwick called it. A land of mystery and epic legend. Of wealth and order, culture and tradition. Of honour and low, low prices.

The East has long been derided as merely the slavish copyist of the Western muse, but this careless assumption is rooted in centuries of schoolboy propaganda and blinkered ignorance based on the flimsy assumption that nothing 'really heavyweight' could originate from a race whose arms don't quite reach the ends of a standard fretboard. But it is in old China, at the time of the great emperors, that rock and roll music took its first steps outside the juvenile meddlings of early experimentation and began to explore its own depth, *the fundamentals*. In doing so the need to *record* these sounds was crucial. But how?

There lived at this time a very bold, knowledgeable and curious man called Xing Dong Dao. (By saying curious I mean he had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, not that he had an especially weird appearance or anything. Although, to be frank, in the few photos I have seen of the guy he does look as though he was definitely in the front row when ears were being dished out. Talk about your FA Cups! (*Get on with it—Eds*)). Now Dao was very wise in the ways of science and consequently employed as a *tsqeriuo* — or wondrous inventor — at the imperial palace of Tsi. Tsi was a harsh man but very powerful. Cruel to his people, he blessed those who amused him generously. When Kim Se Weng, the balloon sculptor, presented Tsi with a complete inflatable farmyard one birthday, Tsi gave him France. "Just go across there and tell them I said you could have it," Tsi told Kim. It is unrecorded exactly what became of the gifted entertainer. A man like Xing Dong Dao realised just how fraught with difficulties his job was and just how much his life hung in the balance of pleasing his master. Dao expresses as much in his published diaries *Peking Into My Past:*

"Tsi is impossible. Last week I presented to the court an instrument I have devised for judging almost to the inch how far away another junk would be at sea, by using only soundwaves. Tsi scarcely looked at it. Instead he plays with Qang's latest do-do. It's a tiny cone with a ball on a string inside it. The idea is to flip the ball in and out using only one hand. And this they call progress! Yesterday I unveiled something I consider would revolutionise eating habits in our land. It is a short piece of metal with three prongs at one end. I call it a fork. At first it was received well but soon I was humiliated. Of all the days to present this I had to choose the one when Tsi orders soup. It was a catastrophe. Worse, I must pick up everybody's dry-cleaning bills too. Nothing in the I-Ching so went to bed early."

That was April 6. But, for rock and roll historians it is May 19 that is remarkable.

"May 19th. Hardly slept so left for work nice and early. Unfortunately I dozed off on the rickshaw and woke up way past my stop. Rotten morning. Tsi v.grouchy. Took afternoon off and walked around the city. Notice they've torn down Yang's old music-hall and plan to build a six-thousand mile wall in its place. Fools, as usual it'll be all concrete and no windows. Got home about eight. Sent out for an Indian. OK but the spicy pops were soft and undercooked. Bed around eleven."

No, wait a minute. Let's try May 29.

"May 29th. Sent memo to Tsi saying we should get in before Japan and start making things smaller and smaller. He sent one back saying: 'Great idea. Have started with your wages'. I despair. Am uncertain whether to proceed with the 'Voice Imprisoning' project. My aim is to successfully record a sound and then make it available to play back at will. Oh I know Xan attempted similar last year but what did he come up with? Merely providing one with a man who has a good memory — just say something and the man will repeat it back to you. Hardly scientific in my book. Naturally Tsi thought it a marvellous idea. Even hired two guys to playback in stereo. No, my search for sound reproduction must be more solid. It is imperative I work fast though because that creep Sony is walking around with a superior grin these days so he must be up to something. Mary cooked a nice bit of beef tonight and Wo came over. Fair."

No further mention is made of his 'voice imprisoner' until June 10.

"June 10th. Have decided that 'voice imprisoner' is a pretty ludicrous way of referring to my reel-to-reel experiments. More important, the 8-track prototype is proving too bulky. Will explore the possibilities of something smaller."

And then on June 22.

"June 22nd. My birthday. Mary bought me a tie! As a race we don't even wear shirts! What I needed was a spanner set, but still. The kids clubbed together and got me some after-shave which they gave to me in a test-tube which I thought was cute. Work goes on. Massive breakthrough in the recording project; if I talk loudly enough down the funnel I use as a sound-wave carrier, it causes the needle to flutter on the wax. On playing this back I definitely can *hear* something. All the guys at the lab say I'm nuts. But I'm sure this is it. Amplification is what I need. Meantime Tsi is getting impatient and wants to know what I'm doing locked away all day. I told him I'm working on a giant fully-operative Peking duck, one that he can ride in, and this seems to have appeased the old buffoon."

And then . . .

"August 7th. That smug prig Sony is looking for a punch up the throat. I'd let him have it too if only I could make a fist with these godawful 16-inch fingernails we're all required to wear at court. Why do we stick so solidly by cliche and tradition? There are no tourists to please — Polo isn't due in for another thousand years yet. I wish we could relax a little. In 19 years of not shaving I still can't get my moustache to dangle inscrutably off my chin. It always thickens and goes around to meet my sideburns. What's more I've had it with these silk gowns and hats. Each year we get a new colour and yet they still refuse to change that stupid flying swallow motif. Yet when I submitted the slacks and casual shirt designs they were returned as impractical.

"Impractical! Whoever heard of scientists trying to calculate with 16-inch fingernails? Every time I use my hands to reckon up I nearly put my eye out! All our ballpoints have to be two feet long! And *my* designs were impractical? God, how I hate this dynasty. I thought we'd seen the worst with Ming and his disgusting taste in soft-furnishing. The bargain stalls in the market are swamped with his foul vases these days — who wants them?

"But, dear oh dear, Tsi is a complete loss. And now Sony is making his presence felt, that's all I bloody need. Keeps waltzing into my office giving my sound machine the once-over and, with the obsequious giggle, says 'Xing — *don't tell me that's it.*' Bastard. I'll show him. Next Wednesday I make my first tests with Pagoda Pagoda, who apparently are quite popular around here. Then my name will go down amongst the greats. Left home about seven. Can't decide what was worse — the traffic or Mary's prawn pie."

AT THIS point perhaps I could illuminate a little on how advanced the rock circuit was in Ancient Cathay. In essence, there were only three bands: Li & The Layabout, The Fantastic Box Paper Kites and Pagoda Pagoda. This being the pre-vinyl age, none of them had much of a catalogue. However, there *were* two major labels — Pointless Records and Waste Of Time Wax. All three bands were under contract to Pointless. Later, Pointless was to buy out Waste Of Time to form the Pointless Waste Of Time label. In fifty generations the company never issued one single disc. It had no press office, no A&R dept, no radio promotion service, no studios and no public relations people.

Interestingly though, PWOTR *did* have magnificent offices in the heart of Peking and, at their pinnacle, carried over ninety acts on their books. Over the grand entrance to Pointless House hung the inscription: "PWOT: Not A Peep In Over Four Hundred Years."

Here then was the home of Pagoda Pagoda, the band with whom Xing hoped to create history. The band were a five-piece consisting of Wo & Mo (guitars and vocals), 'Chippy' Won (sax), Kwi X. Hua (drums) and Dave Taylor on a long bamboo thing with one string that makes a noise like a drowning cat. Pagoda Pagoda enjoyed moderate success for five years but broke up after a complete failure in trying to crack the then all-important Mongolian market. But back to Xing Dong Dao. The last entry in his diary was on August 13.

"August 13th. There is nothing left. There is no compassion in this cold world. Yesterday I met with Pagoda Pagoda. At first they treated me with disrespect and kept calling me 'grandad'. We talked and agreed to record their strongest two cuts '(Don't Need No) Wall Of China' backed by 'Cathay's Clown'. The plan was to package them on an extended single with special club mixes on the B-side. Behind padlocked doors we created the first ever recorded sounds. A triumphant success (although Taylor was unhappy about the amount of tape hiss during the quieter sections). And now it is never to be heard. The masters destroyed, my blueprints confiscated. The studio that I built with my own hands in the basement of my house has been dismantled with pick-axe handles. The thugs who did this say they are from PWOT Records and I am infringing every known copyright with my actions. Apparently, home taping is killing music."

Nothing more is known of Dao. His name and work have been erased from the reel-to-reel of time. His wife, Mary Dong Dao, went on to become one of China's greatest supper-club singers and ended her days offering an invisible mending service for ruptured pancake rolls. The Emperor Tsi ruled until 631 BC when he retired. Today he lives in California and is a chief shareholder in CBS. He still travels in the tin duck Xing built for him.

NEXT WEEK: DRUGS

The only existing photo of the Emperor Tsi c.638 BC. Tsi is shown here with film director Martin Scorsese at a publicity launch for Dr Powers' book.

A NATION AND ITS CUSTOMS. PART 17: PUNISHMENT

HUNTINGDON, ENGLAND, 1867: There originated at Gristlegate Public School one of the most feared punishments of the age. A pupil, if caught while committing some minor indiscretion, would be surprised from the rear by a master. The master would gather a small amount of skin from the back of the child's neck twixt forefinger and thumb, and twist or 'tweak' it. This act resulted in no small pain for the minor and repeated doses of the punishment would cause a small spotty rash to break out in the suffering region.

This then was the origin of the now legendary Necks Tweak Pox. Its symptoms were patented by Dr Ephraim G. Arsefax in 1875 and although its style has been updated several times, it still survives today in many parts of the world.

This information is just one of the many astounding facts ommitted from Dr Ephraim Zimberlist Power's Rock And Roll Story. Part Four of this already widely celebrated work appears Necks Tweak only in *NME*.

That's a Powerful lot of wisdom for a boxy thirty pence. . .

Printer's note: Just a thought, Neil, but did anyone read this piece before writing the introduction? See it says Egypt lots of times and the actual thing is . . . well, I suppose it's none of my business. . .

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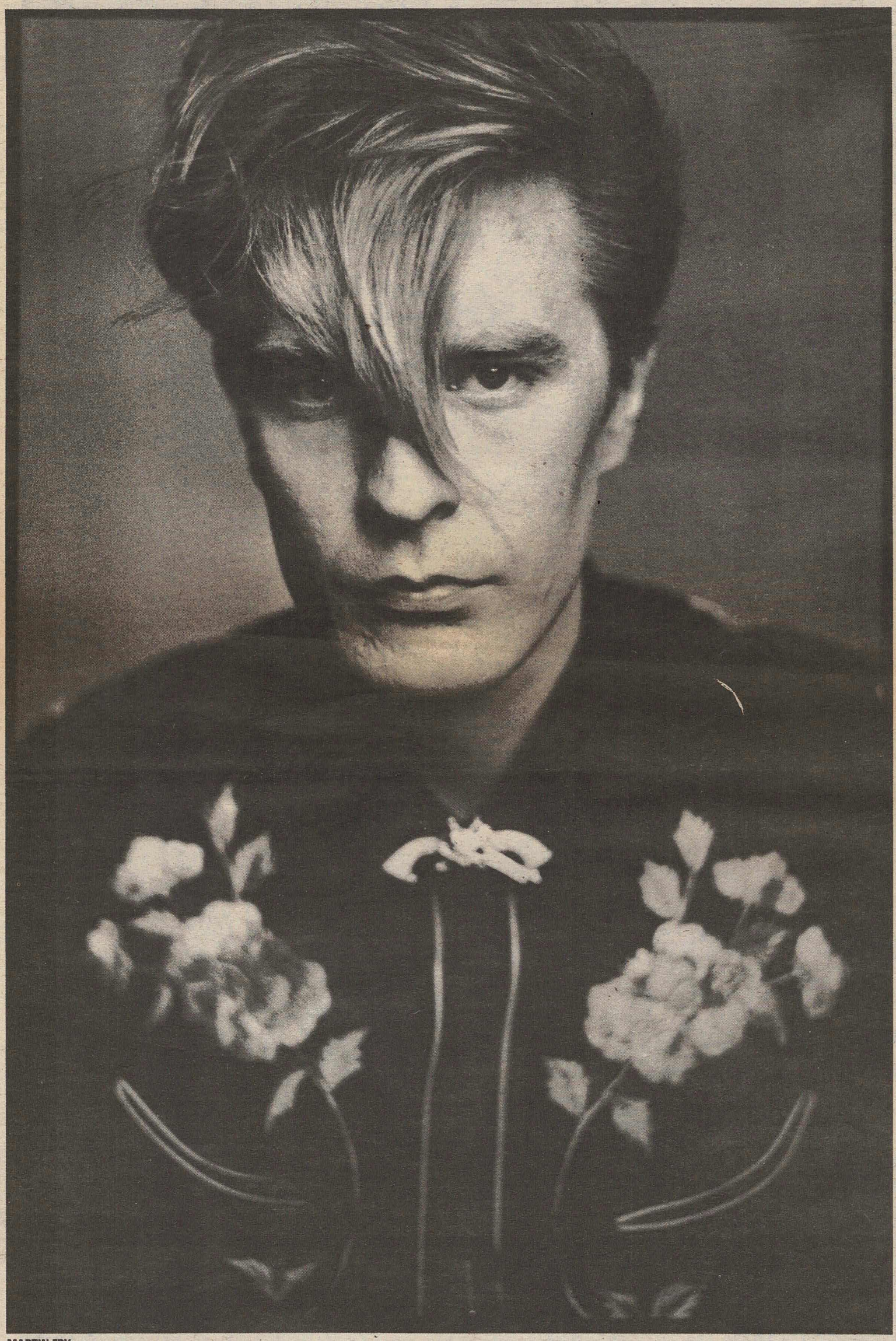


MARTIN FRY

ROMANCING TONGUE IN CHIC

ABC

ABC's Martin Fry traces his musical influences from the '50s Elvis flash into rock glam. He explains how he put first a U then an E-R into Fry and S-O-U-L back into British pop

INTERVIEW: GAVIN MARTIN PHOTOS: ANTON CORBIJN

FOLLOWING IN the footsteps of Barbara Windsor, *The Professionals'* Martin Shaw and *Crossroads'* Benny Hawkins ABC are tonight making a Public Appearance at Sheffield's Top Rank Suite.

The PA is a showbusiness tradition dating back to the motown acts of the '60s, but not often acknowledged by pop music, though it has been coming more into vogue recently with Heaven 17 and Linx.

Martin Fry first got the idea from seeing Chris Spedding in the mid-'70s, and ABC have been travelling around the country to various nitespots recently, the extent of The Performance (in this context definition becomes arbitrary) being little more than a three minute stint miming to either 'Tears Are Not Enough' or 'Poison Arrow', sometimes both.

The advantages of a PA are that it's quick, effective and intimate. It puts the group in a proper, or at least a rarely considered, perspective. Instead of the supporters club ambience of your actual gig (a carry-out, a 'carf and a badge) what *is* required is quick imaginative animation.

For the floating punter who dances to a succession of records it brings one of those records to life — it's an exercise in personality impression and market expansion.

Tonight's PA is different to those that have preceded it; Fry describes it as being half-way between a PA and a gig.

ABC perform four numbers — the two singles, plus 'Alphabet Soup' and 'Hand Held In Black And White' by Dollar; having secured a copy of *Smash Hits* from which to read the lyrics, Fry overlays vocals to the original track and doesn't mime. With 2000 people in the spacious Top Rank suite, it's the biggest crowd ABC have ever played to and subsequently they're all quite nervous — needlessly as it turns out.

Fireworks explode into two bright white fountains at the front of the stage, and in a glittering flurry ABC come on. The effect is stirring and immediate, Fry and his cohorts are not only embracing this context of performance, they're positively stretching it to its limits.

The four musicians are dressed in silver flecked trousers and *Flamin' Star*-era Presley shirts, while Fry is wrapped in his trusty suit of armour — the gold lame jacket and trousers. Behind them in the full glory of shining Bacofoil the first three letters of the alphabet are hoisted high into the air.

The group don't receive any money for tonight's performance, benefiting from the publicity and enjoying the chance to meet people afterwards. One of their tasks is to present a few records to the winning entrants of a competition in a local paper which required the completion of the sentence "I like ABC because . . ." An enthusiastic teenage girl (all the winners and most of the crowd at the Top Rank are female) chose to finish the sentence on her winning entry with: ". . . because they highlight the thoughts, the joys and the misgivings of this generation better than any other group".

Fry's face creased into a proud grin when he heard that; he seemed to have enjoyed the whole evening with only one or two misgivings. When two female employees came to meet the group he huddled himself quietly into the corner, cringing as a few bouncers made jibes about "the groupies have arrived", while the girls chatted good naturedly, unaware of the words' connotations.

"I was really embarrassed by that, I'm sure they'd hate to find out what being a groupie really means.

"Signing autographs and that is a great chance to meet people but it's wrong to take advantage of it and think, yeah I can exploit this situation, y'know? Because things aren't like that, it's a false situation to try and set up. If you start believing in it then that's the rock rot setting in."

IF IT'S NO SURPRISE that ABC are attracting the fresh faced open minded Human League and Ant fans; their drive and character is in direct contrast to the po-faced stolidity of much 'rebellious' or 'underground' rock music.

It's ridiculous, however, that ABC should be seen as part of a hollow fashion parade — Fry says he doesn't even *know* most of the people he's supposed to be in cahoots with — and such purist categorisation undermines a whole depth of thought in both his music and attitude. The first single may only have been an incomplete blueprint of that approach, but 'Poison Arrow' and 'Theme From Man-Trap' show a talent for songwriting and performance in ABC unequalled by any of their contemporaries.

Their string of PA appearances having come to an end, the group are now recording their third single 'The Look Of Love' and their debut LP with Dollar producer Trevor Horn. They're also making a video for 'Poison Arrow' with Julian Temple, director of *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle*. The group are a five piece: Mark White on guitar and Mark Lickley on bass, Dave Robinson on drums, Steve Singleton on saxophone, Mark White on Guitar and Martin Fry, vocals. Though they stress equal commitment and participation, Fry is the best focal point for their aims and duly elected as spokesman.

FRY IS 23, he's over six feet tall, and he has a fair bit of acne. He doesn't socialise much, preferring to go to a cinema or a restaurant. He likes to have a book on the go, and he's especially fond of Tom Wolfe and Gunter Grass. His interests are corrupting the mundane path of fashion, putting pride into style and enriching entertainment. He's obviously fascinated by the possibilities that being in a group presents; along with Bono Vox, he's the most enthusiastic and impassioned interviewee I've ever spoken to.

There are quite a few similarities between them — both have the gift of the gab without being pushy or boastful; both prefer the down to earth lifestyle of their hometown and invest great importance in the power of the imagination and self-respect.

So how did you originally become attracted to the idea of making music?

As a kid I always remember seeing various things and I think they kind of got locked in my head. Like Johnny Kidd And The Pirates at my Gran's house on . . .

Idon'tknowwhatshowitwas . . . and then going to youth clubs and listening to The Velvelettes' 'Needle In A Haystack'; and Diana Ross' 'Reflections' was another big one: these records just came along and got locked into different periods of time.

All the girls used to stand together and then start to dance around their handbags and you couldn't help thinking that it was really something. When I saw David Bowie and Mick Ronson on *Lift Off* with Ayshea doing 'Starman' I just thought, Whoooah — y'know? When punk came about it was like all these ideas got locked together; like seeing The Sex Pistols at the Manchester Free Trade Hall, it was like they were bringing it all together, sort of damaging something.

With ABC the idea of forming a group just came out of boredom, I know it's a cliche but it was something to do rather than just signing on. We used to go to a lot of clubs and we were listening to contemporary American disco. There were bands knocking about but none of them seemed to aspire to those sort of values.

Of course before ABC, there was Vice Versa. Where do they fit into all this?

Steve and Mark formed the group and I went down to interview them for my fanzine *Modern Drugs*. They asked me to come and give them a hand in Middlesbrough and I did. They had a small tour lined up and over the next two weeks I was standing behind this oscillator at places like the Marquee and finding out they were pretty dodgy establishments.

We were a four piece synthesizer group playing what we saw as electronic dance music and we tried to produce ourselves. Ultimately we found we were banging our heads against a brick wall because we couldn't afford a sequencer so we had to revamp all our ideas. People would write to us and say, Do you respect The Human League and Fad Gadget? But by that time our perspective was listening to Norman Whitfield and Rose Royce, the sort of synthesizer you hear on that.

How did you think of the name *Modern Drugs*, it would be a good name for ABC.

I just like the way the words went together but I liked the idea. Because before that I used to have fictitious groups in my head and sing songs to myself. It was just the idea of music being stimulating, the idea of imagination grabbing music. At that time I was knocking round with a lot of dead beat guys, really, and their lives were leading nowhere fast because of drugs. Basically I always thought it was better to buy albums than chemicals. That was the idea behind it.

Did you know Jud? (Bass player with Sheffield's Clock DVA who died last year from a heroin overdose).

Yeah, he was a good friend in the early days; I used to share a flat with him. I was really depressed when Jud died, not in a sentimental way but just because he was the sort of person who'd go out at night on a motorbike without any headlights or helmet. He was always looking for the extreme, but it's so tragic and so stupid when people start filling up holes in their lives with drugs.

That's why I was really pleased to hear Adam Ant say he was sick of fucking junkies. It was something that needed saying for so long because for so long drugs have been an accepted part of The Method; y'know, nudge, nudge *drugs!*

What brought about the decisiveness of approach and the change in music for ABC?

Through all the hiccups and the time wasting and the loss of faith we experienced from people who saw us as much scrappier and younger than the other groups in Sheffield, we realised we had to do something new.

People still seem to think we were surfing on some sort of wave but at the time it did seem like a radical idea, we didn't think we'd have any contemporaries and we thought people would see us as a disco band.

At first we just had our ideas thrown back in our faces and other people used them. But it's not about doing it first, it's about doing it best; which is why we took a lot of care over our songs and that's something we're still maintaining.

YOU TALKED earlier about The Method. ABC's strategy seems to be to mark out A Grand Method all of their own, in the form of press hand-outs and sleeve notes. How much of it is tongue in cheek?

It's more tongue in chic. (He smiles wryly). It's not that we're out to become The Baron Knights or anything, we're not out for pure gag value. But there is a lot of humour around in what we do and sometimes it's lost on people. They say, Who the hell do you think you are? What are you trying to pull?

We put sleeve notes on our records because it's a chance to monopolise seven inches of space, and if it can wind people up onto discussions about the state of art or about pastiching other groups, then it's fine by me. The main thing is confrontation as long as you're confronting the reader with something rather than just letting them go back to the TV.

Releasing a record or going onstage is a chance to make yourself larger than life. That's what any group does when it goes onstage; that's what The Fall do when they go onstage; that's what the Bunnymen do when they go onstage; anybody — from a non-visual spectacle to Liberace. It is larger than life to stand up onstage and hold people's attention for more than half an hour.

You seem to accept and at the same time deflate the ridiculous aspects of the process, or The Method.

Pop music, rock music or whatever you want to call it, *is* ridiculous. There's so many things in it that are taken as the gospel truth when in fact it's just a pile of bullshit. Things like the meglomaniac lead singer, the cult of the artist, or artistic inspiration — that's bull. The idea of hanging around in a garret for half a decade waiting for divine inspiration . . . those are ideas thrown up to try and surround people with myths. I think we exploit them and deflate them at the same time.

Like with the sleevenotes on 'Tears', the idea was to speed up the process, we didn't have to wait five albums — we create our legend on the back of a record sleeve and our immediate history was there for the taking.

With 'Poison Arrow' the idea was extended and with our next single it will be followed up again. I think continuity is important.

Do you have to argue the case for yourselves a lot with Phonogram?

Yeah, we have to justify everything we do, I think that's a good thing because it keeps you on your toes, you have to make sure your ideas are always going to be strong.

AS YOU are mainly a studio group crucial emphasis must be placed on the equal quality of the songs.

Well, 'Tears Are Not Enough' was a strong song but we stumbled on the production side of things. We were working with a guy called Steve Brown who was a bit of a sugarfoot really. So for the producer of the next record we looked through our record collection at the records we liked the feel and the sound of and found most of the producers were either in America or dead or both. But 'Hand Held In Black And White' by Dollar was one that struck us as a very *extreme* record, not artistically, but just the way that the sound had been put on tape.

Trevor was a bit suspicious about meeting us because he'd produced The Jags and they'd slagged him off afterwards in interviews. I think he was expecting us to be a crowd of leather clad funkateers. We met him and just told him that we wanted to make records that would be really good, superhuman if you like. Trevor doesn't say much, he tends to keep himself and his projects to himself but he came down to *Top Of The Pops* last week to see us do 'Poison Arrow' and you could see the tear in the corner of his eye. He was really chuffed, which was great.

Do you spend a lot of time writing your songs?

We've got about 25 songs, we tend to keep coming back and chewing them around, kicking them in the air to see if they come back down with the ideas still strong, intact. When we are satisfied that it's moving in the right direction, that's when we know it's going towards something polished. It's not as calculated as it might sometimes seem. It's not the idea of a human jukebox where you just put in the cassette and out comes an instant masterwork.

But we do a lot because we're intrigued by songs, the way songs are put together like 'If You Leave Me Now' is a really strange song the way it's got together with all those tubas. At first our attitude was DIY, but I'm getting interested now in using technicians. I think it's important to look at it in those terms, as craftsmanship.

From what we've heard so far it would seem you're something of a love junkie. The two singles you've released to date show a great vulnerability towards love but also a great faith in it as well.

It's just how I see human relationships — people keep coming back to it time and time again, from the point of view of writing songs to the way you run your life. Your face gets slapped and doors get slammed in your face and you get disillusioned but you always come back to it.

I don't think there's anything wrong with that — the ultimate love song has never been written. You just start from something as simple and as stupid as your own surroundings and work it out from there, there's so much scope. It's not even just about love, it's just down to the way people act, the way friends treat each other.

An example of how much scope your songwriting can cover is given by the alluring 'Theme From Man-Trap' which is a poignant. improvised re-reading of 'Poison Arrow', with just piano accompaniment.

The idea was to take elements of 'Poison Arrow' and see how far you could take them. Taking them to an edge where the song almost crumbles apart but still regains control. It's something that you've got to mature, but I was pleased with 'Man- Trap'.

I think it's good to have a twist; like with 'Tears' the guy had just reached a point where he asked himself what was the point of continuing to cry over spilt milk. I have a vision of him packing up a suitcase and heading off. It's the end of an affair but it's also the start of something new.

I'm still always reticent to say that is this and that is that, however, because things are never that definite.

Do you envisage yourself eventually writing songs for other people?

Yeah, that's what we want to do ultimately, pretty soon actually.We've got plans to use a girl singer, there's songs that we've written and put in a box because I don't really feel comfortable singing them. I'd like to write songs for people like Barry Manilow or Cliff Richard just to hear how they sing them. I don't really like what they do, but I like their scale of operation. Like people say if Barry Manilow covers a song he covers a classic so it's an acknowledgement of something when he covers one of your songs. But it's really hard to get our songs put into these channels because we haven't got a publisher yet.

I like the idea of writing for other people, of writing to order like the Holland, Dozier and Holland set-up where their persona became the writer's persona, it takes a great deal of care and understanding. I'm not saying I want us to be the new Motown because everyone from Heaven 17 to Scritti Politti is saying that and it sounds so glib and cheap, but I want to maintain that sort of quality.

Do you think you've written or produced music of that value yet?

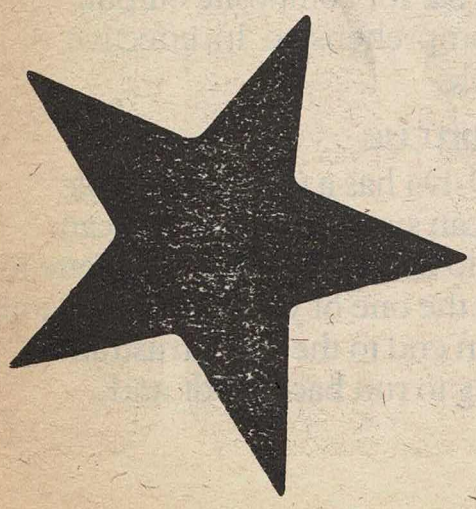
Well, I don't think someone could really cover 'Poison Arrow' and put the emphasis on the things we found exciting in that song. But I think it's something we will achieve eventually.

IF YOU achieve that sort of fame aren't there traps you have to be wary of? Like softening up and reverting to formula.

It's not so much traps. Y'see I think there's room for stars, there's a need for stars — new

CONTINUES PAGE 28

L–R: MARK LICKLEY, DAVE ROBINSON, MARTIN FRY, MARK WHITE, STEVE SINGLETON



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FRY ★ ABC

FROM PAGE 25

stars. Young people that buy records now need a whole new backdrop in the way that I needed the backdrop of Bowie and Roxy Music when I was a teenager and Tamla when I was even younger. I don't see why they should have to look back to James Brown or Elvis Presley or Bob Dylan. I think there should be something fresh now and if we can slide in on that backdrop then that's fine by me because there are examples we want to set.

There are so many channels of communication just left high and dry. The real tradition isn't to wear a gold suit; from the way the music industry is put together, to the way people handle themselves in interviews, in public, in cars, in bars, the real tradition in anything is to *be mediocre*.

There's never enough time, everybody is rushing you all the time. we're just finding that out now. That's why I'm glad we can do this interview today, because I feel at this point in time we're changing. We're not going to change the way we feel or the kernel of our ideas but we're adapting, getting stronger.

I think bands lose sight of their perspective and The Method is to blame quite often. The Method is to release a record, tour every bloody club in the UK, come back and release another album and that's how things are geared. There's so many groups, I meet them in hotels and they've just dilapidated so badly, I couldn't hardly believe it. Basically being in a group in this context, apart from everything else, is about setting an example.

People need stars, that's corny but that's true.

But in the relationship between the star and the listener, the listener doesn't have to be subservient?

No, no what it means is having an inspiration, something to aim for because life in general is so boring, heartless and hard. I don't mean that dramatically but there's always got to be something to aspire to.

I did an interview with Dave McCullough on *Sounds* and we discussed a song of ours called 'Your Place Or Mine' which has a line *"Nothing much now, nothing much later / When you're going down the up escalator / No room at the top if you're glued to the spot"*.

It's about having aspiration, the idea of just burning towards something. He was saying it just shows people the distance between them and others, but I don't think it does. I just think it gives people heart, and if we can set an example to anyone even if they only say, Jesus Christ — the dogshit! What are they doing? I can do that ten times better', that would be great.

Our everyday life is bombarded with images from many sources — advertising, the media, the cinema and pop music. If you can make the image you project loud, positive and inspirational then that makes it worthwhile?

Yeah, what is the point of feeding people mediocrity, feeding them something that's not tender, that's not constructed with quality and care. In that sense we could be compared to Dexys Midnight Runners; we're not looking for the Young Soul Rebels, but I can understand what Kevin Rowland meant when he sang that.

THERE ARE many suggestions and associations attached to what you do; that gold lame jacket alone crosses quite a few eras from Elvis Presley to Roxy Music. The microphone (a 1930s upright, bandstand-type microphone) you used on *Top Of The Pops* recently, the various elements in your music. Are you making an amalgam of bygone eras?

Well, it is and it isn't; it's not like going up to a vendor machine and saying I'll have a bit of Fury, a bit of Elvis '58 and 'Stranded' era Roxy Music. It's just utilising ideas that come from yourself and operating with them. It's like putting the U in Fry or the E-R for Ferry — I like the idea of being malleable. It's not treating yourself as a product it's just pushing yourself to a limit and finding out how far you can go.

Isn't there a danger of creating a monster?

Yeah, I think ultimately that's what happens but there's always going to be that danger no matter what you create. If you sit down to write a song it could be atrocious, then again it could be a gem. We must be part of some form of pop tradition — I'm aware of that when we're on *Top Of The Pops* or when we're staying in the Columbia Hotel, which is like the London 1980s equivalent of the Chelsea Hotel.

You go into the bar and Soft Cell are at one end, Human League are at the other and Teardrop Explodes are in between. I sort of think maybe I shouldn't be here, we should be separate from this and keep our own identity. Because that's what is important, if you lose that you just dissolve. The Method is to create something larger than life and you have to live with that thing all the time. Some people like James Brown can carry it off, he could spend his time just going, Hi! I'm James Brown — I'm the best. But there's got to be wider scope for that, the way I want to design is that I can write a song from any angle because the human character is big enough to house it.

How do you respond to the ailing mentality that says you are just uppity honkies ripping off the black man's music and diluting it into a palliative to take the attention of the nation's youth away from more pressing concerns?

Well, I won't entertain those sort of racist overtones at all. Music is there for the taking, it's down to how you use it, how you carry yourself. I think people who say that are ignoring a lot of the subtlety and tension in what we do.

Like when The Jackson 5 recorded 'I Want You Back' they weren't ignoring the work of Martin Luther King or the political situation that surrounded them. They were creating something potent of their own. By writing about one thing you aren't ignoring everything else, you're just focussing your attention on something you can feel passionate about.

It's just I hate to see things handled badly as they quite often are. I hate to see caricatures of the original situation, of the truth. There again some people are able to express what they feel about writing with potency and conviction, and if they can that's great, but it's the potency and the conviction that's important.

So what would you say is ultimately important about ABC?

It's all there to find out. Our effect is not going to be to create a movement. I won't appear on TV one week wearing a gold lame jacket and the next week thousands of people will be wearing one. Our function is going to be to make music of lasting value with polish and durability.

These days the length of a group's career has shrunk from five years to five minutes. There's a lot of people would like to think that's what is going to happen to us but we won't go away, we've got far too much belief in ourselves and our ideas for that. It's a challenge to see how many ways you can twist yourself and see how much you can accomplish within the Top 30."

IT'S CLOSING time at the Top Rank now; drunks look despairingly at cigarette butts in half-dead pints and the bouncers get ready to clear the hall. It's been quite a night for Martin Fry; he's been onstage once with his group and then with some friends as he led the audience in a suitably choreographed dance to 'Ain't No Mountain High Enough'. And then there were all those autographs to sign. But now it's time for a private moment and he clenches his partner in the time honoured style of a closing hour smooch as Stevie Wonder and Smokey Robinson provide the soundtrack.

Later we walk through the streets of Sheffield as he escorts me to my hotel.

"Well, at least I got to dance with my friend Julie," he sighs. "But we're so busy I probably won't see her for a while. Ah, things never work out the same in real life as they do in books . . . or in records," he says with a certain wry resignation.

Tucked up in bed a few hours later with only a nightcap and F. Scott Fitzgerald to keep me company I mused on what he said and felt quite sorry for myself. Y'see, gentle reader, I too have my private moments.

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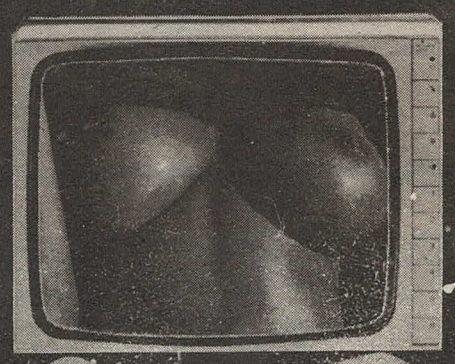
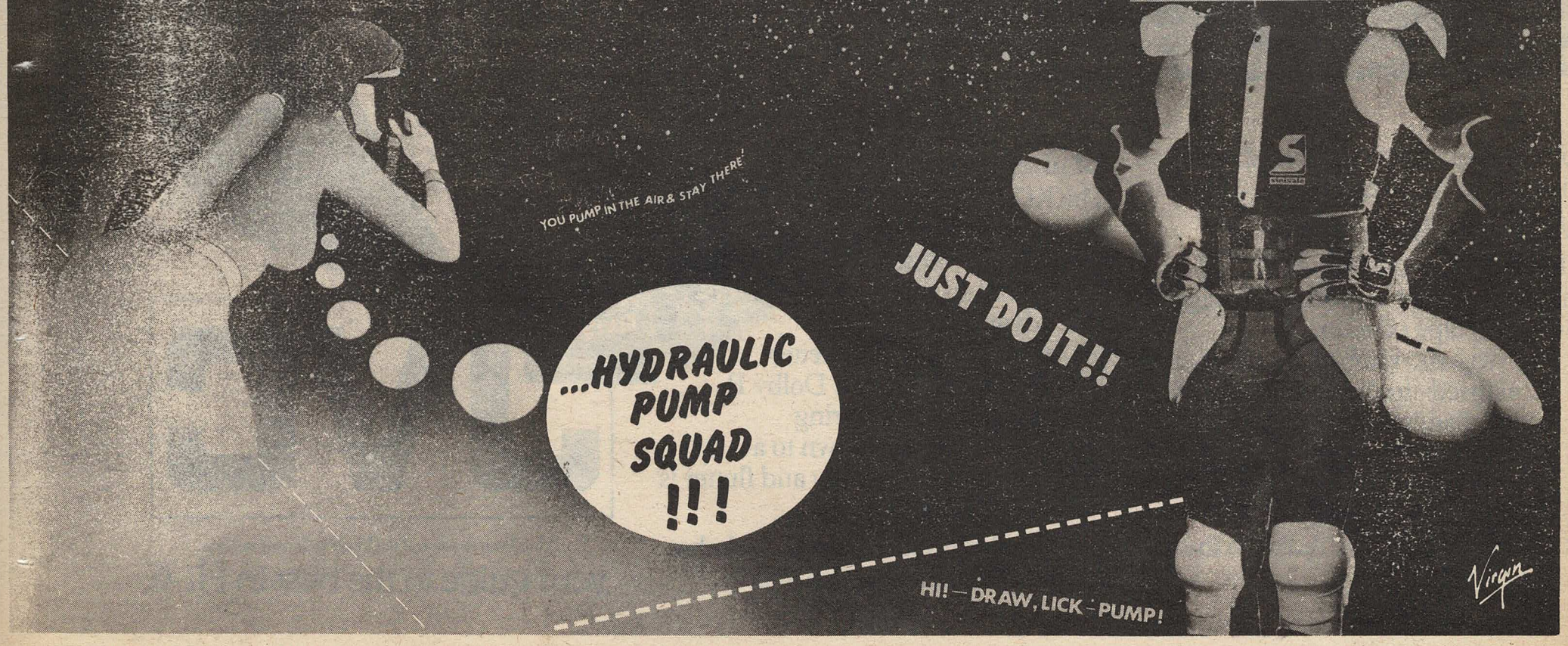




ANDREW TYLER talks to Pete Grafton, author of a timely new book which debunks the myth of a united Britain marching proudly off to war

The reluctant heroes of World War II

THE REWARD of controversy comes to the man who has set out, in a new paperback called *You, You & You!*, to 'examine' the Glory Myths of World War Two by talking to people about their experiences.

Churchill — of course — doesn't do at all well ("a pot-bellied old bastard") and neither does the idea that the youth of WW2 went willingly to their slaughter, chests flung out like fools.

The people who recall the war in Pete Grafton's new book — composed entirely of recorded voices — indicate that they were no more stupid or obedient or moral than any other generation.

They hated their own bullying authorities; resented the best years and possibly their lives being stolen from them; found little of the great shoulder-to-shoulder comradeship but plenty of chaos, snobbery, bigotry, blood and piss, even on the home front.

In short, Grafton winds up, "I would suggest that the British war effort was maintained on the basis of threat and coercion rather than on any volunteer spirit that prevailed among the majority of the population."

He has already enraged viewers in the Granada and LWT regions following his TV appearances in those parts. *You weren't even around at the time* has been the usual cry (Grafton was born in 1945) or it's *how dare you dirty the name of Churchill — morale-booster, hero and saint.*

Grafton answers that it has not been his intention to do a "knocking job" but simply to air the sort of stories that he's been hearing all his life — the ones that don't gell with the Jack Hawkins movie scenario of the Hitler war.

He talked to 49 people over a period of six months — mostly friends of friends, each conversation lasting two or three hours. Despite the small sampling and the accusations of bias, he believes the same attitudes would be broadly repeated in a more massive survey.

THE BOOK opens with the voices describing the pre-war years and our own home-grown fascism. Then comes the cold, stunning fear that greets the Declaration . . . the evacuation of city kids into the country, screaming and pissing themselves on the trains going out. They are auctioned off in rural town halls with the less awkward going first — and all, it would seem, going primarily for the cash benefit that accrued to their new guardians.

Many have food withheld. Parcels sent from home are stolen. One child describes breaking out in scabs and his sister's hair falling out due to malnutrition.

In the schools, meanwhile, the bullies cosh the weak for their dinner money and beat up the teachers (and *you* thought it was a new invention).

When the city blitzes begin, the masses huddled in shelters passing scabies back and forth, arguing over the ownership of the best pitches. They are fed ludicrous propaganda movies, with the accompanying drone of Churchill's 'morale-boosting' speeches. In the jails the conscientious objectors are hosed down with cold water.

For those in the factories the money is often good but the hours long. The mine bosses open up sites previously closed through outbreaks of fire. In India, one soldier remembers his fellow Tommies treating the locals like scum. Two children come begging into the room where 20 or 30 army men are lying on their beds. The majority start waving their penises, telling the kids: "Come over and suck this."

The theme of prejudice is strong throughout — "Where's your tail, sambo?" a black sergeant gunner remembers being addressed more than once.

But then comes the first film footage from Hitler's concentration camps and for many sceptics who recalled the propaganda lies of the First World War, when German soldiers were supposed to be cavorting through France with babies on the ends of their bayonets, for these people the horror of Nazism and the need to have beaten it is made implicit.

And yet author Grafton clearly believes that the majority view is the one expressed by *Glasgow Man*, who says: "If Churchill, instead of his blood, sweat and tears thing, had said 'Any man or woman in the forces who would like to give it up and go home, can', he wouldnae have got the microphone out his mouth before he'd been trampled to death in the rush."

GRAFTON UNDERSTANDS why people should baulk at the picture he has presented. Many of the war's young simply don't dare let go of the enflamed myths that took the place of the youth they never enjoyed.

The author and his post-war generation had drape jackets and Jerry Lee Lewis. His father and mother had merely a sense of sacrifice and loss. No fashion. No freedom.

"I feel they lost out," he says. "They lost their youth and I believe that's the key to the bitterness and resentment they feel to their sons and daughters."

To the *NME* readership (he's an admirer of this paper — poor fool) he says: "It would be like Thatcher saying, you're going to do exactly as we tell you, fight the Russians or whatever. If not, we put you in prison. That's all there is to it — you have to think in those terms."

It's this coercion as opposed to war's poverty and death that his voices constantly rail against. "You even needed permission to go to the dentist," one man complains.

For those who believe we're back in the dangerous '30s again, Grafton reminds us that in that earlier jobless decade they also had their YOP equivalents.

"Many of the little parks with their boating ponds were done by the unemployed — as well as the arterial roads down to, say, Southend."

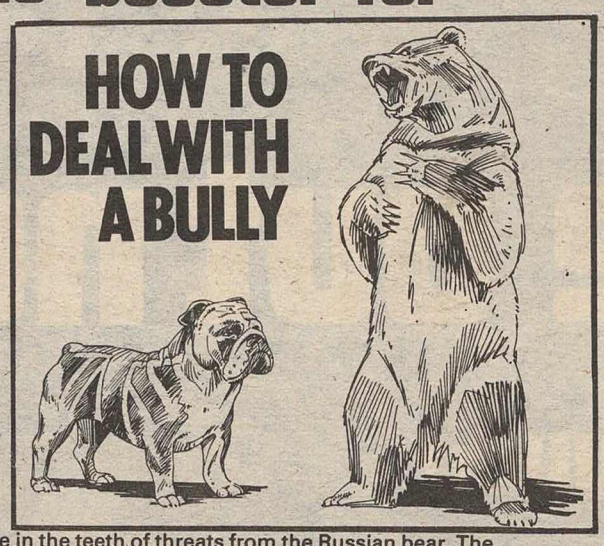
The squeezing of freedom is a sensation increasingly familiar to the current crop. Yet despite all the latest war noises, even Thatcher and Reagan must surely understand we cannot afford another conflagration (don't they!).

Grafton's own instinct is that a war substitute might be found in highblown schemes for social regeneration. Work camps for youth. But with the ceaseless police sirens and the boiling up in the streets, this lot clearly aren't about to go quietly, no matter how many films and grave speeches they are fed.

As for the book itself . . . it is filled with the magnificent crude language of ordinary people. It has force and directness; a rude, bloody thing, and well worth the read.

You, You & You! by Peter Grafton, Pluto Press. £2.95

And a morale booster for tomorrow's heroes



MEANWHILE, here we have a taste of the Defence Ministry's newest line in morale-boosting propaganda, to be used in the 1980s war of words. The target group are the country's schoolchildren who, through a series of army pamphlets and a free slide show, will be educated as to why Trident and cruise missiles are a good thing; why we need NATO; why Ronald Reagan is Britain's friend, and other hitherto problematic issues.

On the pamphlet cover, right (issued this month), the canine is supposed to represent British bull-headed resistance in the teeth of threats from the Russian bear. The message inside begins: "Many of us have had to stand up to a bully at some stage and say 'Let me alone — or you'll be sorry'. And to have the strength to back your words."

Any similarity between the army's union-jacked fangster and that used by the Young National Front is entirely unfortunate.

NEXT WEEK IN NME

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by Chris Bohn

NEW TOWNS
by Attila The Stockbroker

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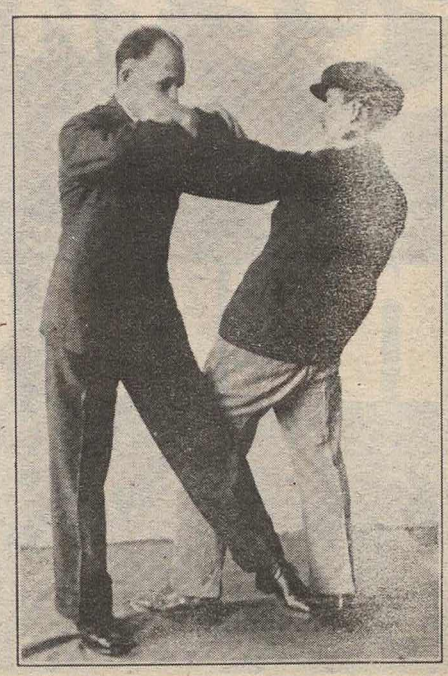
SOME PEOPLE CAN'T DANCE

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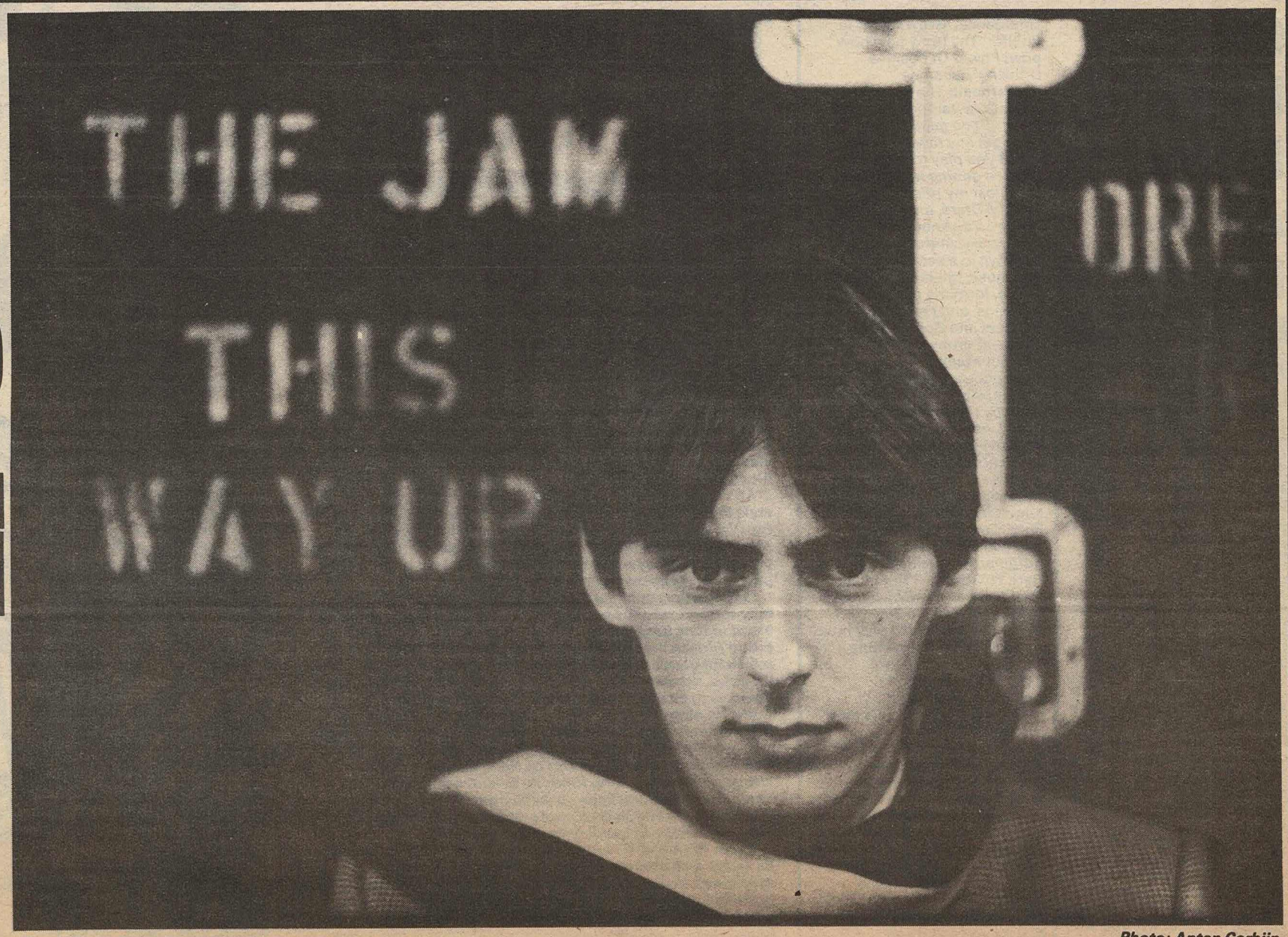


The Jam: a case of lost directions

Photo: Anton Corbijn

WELLER: WHERE THERE'S A WILL BUT NO WAY

THE JAM

The Gift (Polydor)

'THE GIFT' is The Jam's ball of confusion. Though its purpose is laudable — to stir up a defiant dance step at the heart of the Tory wastelands — it's undermined by a failure to balance questions of style and, beyond these, uncertainties of stance that this projected fight-back throws up.

The conflicting pressures that determine this gameplan are wryly acknowledged on the LP cover: while the title-track urges "keep on movin", the sleeve pics of the band refer to another song, 'Running On The Spot'. If this suggests The Jam realise the question facing them is 'move *to where?*', 'The Gift''s floundering after direction reveals their current lack of answers. What this record misses *most* is the cohesion and coherence of its predecessors.

The inspiration which fired 'All Mod Cons' and 'Setting Sons' has either dried up or been discarded. With hindsight, the first inkling of The Jam's discontent probably came in the way 'Sound Affects' tailed off on its second side. The weaknesses that then seemed due to haste or lapses into indulgence now look as if they sprang from a deeper restlessness.

In the 18 months since that LP, The Jam have changed producers, switched studios, experimented with horns — while their singles have taken an increasingly bleak political slant. The tensions on which their records fed so brilliantly have, on 'The Gift', been pushed into irreconcilable extremes. It's an LP riven by frustration, steeped more in the fierce anguish of 'Running On The Spot' than — that polarity again — the laboured positivism of the title-track

'Running On The Spot', which opens side two, is a key track. Musically, it's standard Jam fare and, like the other 'typical' Jam tracks here, comes across a little predictable, a little stale (especially when it rehashes that "baba baba" vocal break from both 'David Watts' and 'Man In The Corner Shop'). But it's the lyrics that matter most. A straight confession of Paul Weller's desperation — *"I was hoping we'd make real progress / But it seems we have lost the power . . . We're running on the spot — always have — always will? / We're just the next generation of the emotionally crippled"* — suddenly switches into a bitter attack on his audience: *"Out in the pastures we call society / You can't see further than the bottom of your glass . . . Just like sheep — little lambs into the slaughter / Don't fully grasp what exactly is wrong — / Truth is you never cared . . ."*

This tangled rant hits home with more feeling than the standard "keep movin" exhortations of the title-track, but Weller's most effective lyrics have always taken a more detached view of his obsessions — 'Pretty Green' or 'Burning Sky' as *subtle* comments on corrupting materialism pack far more punch than the bald denunciations of 'Scrape Away', which shares with 'Running On The Spot' a kind of surrender to its own botheredness.

The undercurrents that before were held together are now falling apart. Weller wants to be optimistic, but not escapist; he distrusts politics, but is drawn to political affairs (and can find little reason *there* to be optimistic); he seems tired of the oldstyle Jam music, rooted in '60s pop and soul, but knows of no better alternative, so ends up dabbling.

On two tracks, this dabbling ends up a fiasco. 'The Planners' Dream Goes Wrong' proceeds as if the horns and steel drums had been told it was a calypso while the rest of the band had been assured it wasn't. The ensuing melee is so painful you could even forget to wonder why The Jam are protesting about high-rise flats years after they've gone out of favour.

Stranger still comes on 'Trans Global Express'. Lyrically, this is the most radical statement The Jam have made, and its importance is emphasised on the inner sleeve where it's placed apart from the other lyrics: *"Imagine if tomorrow the workers went on strike / Not just British Leyland but the whole world / Who would earn their profits? / Who would make their bombs? / You'd see the hands of oppression fumble / And their systems crash to the ground."*

I suspect it's less a conversion to Marxism than an update of the Shelley poem which appeared on the 'Sound Affects' sleeve; but it's all right-on stuff. How weird then that the lyrics are mixed so low they are practically inaudible, that what sounds like a potentially great Jam song is drowned in an excess of production tricks, electronic noises and jokey vocal bits. Coyness? Failure of nerve? I can't even guess.

It's curious how Weller's political ideas, just like his music, can be traced back to the '60s. The dream of imminent worldwide revolution seems redolent of that era, as does his insistence on the saving power of love: *"... spread some loving all around / Old fashioned causes like that still stand"* ('Ghosts'). This is a very '67 notion. However intoxicating or revelatory of consoling or (after feminism) problematical love may be, I'd have thought the one thing the failure of the hippy movement had established was that it *didn't* work as "a cause".

The obverse of this comes on 'Carnation' — and passim — where Greed, Fear and Hate are identified as The Enemy. Sadly, the complexities and rich social detail that went into 'All Mod Cons' and 'Setting Sons' have largely been ditched in favour of such abstract simplifications.

The one exception to this, and to all my criticisms of 'The Gift', is 'Town Called Malice', a magnificent howl of outrage at Thatcherite Britain. The LP cut makes its debt to Motown even clearer than the live 12", an echo of heatwaves and boom years that adds a startling poignancy to its icy depiction of current hardships.

I like 'Precious' for Weller's *great* singing, though it drags when it tries to become a funk workout. (Stay with *soul*, Paul). 'Ghosts' is delicate and sensitive, 'Circus' an artful instrumental that recalls those US TV cop show themes of the '60s. 'Happy Together', the opening track, is all bristling guitar action, almost vintage Jam but for a mundane lyric; while 'Just Who Is The Five O'Clock Hero' is another Weller vignette of lower middle class life — it's OK, but it's been done better before, usually by The Jam.

What else? The horns, used sparingly, work well as decoration (shades of George Martin and The Beatles?) but flop when they're given a more central role, as on 'Precious'. Keyboards are more to the fore, and the LP has a looser, liver feel than previous Jam albums. On 'The Gift', which closes the record, this live feel is rather forced as Weller tries to rewrite 'Non-Stop Dancing' as a *heavy* philosophical statement — the whistles, cries, and murky sound make it all too clear that here is a band having A Good Time and that this is A Good Thing.

But the strain shows, as it does on the rest of the LP. Weller's ambition is to face the pains and injustice of contemporary class society and yet remain positive — *"To put some joy back in this town called malice"* — which, times being what they are, is a nigh-impossible task. The stress of the effort is what pulls 'The Gift' to pieces, making it a collection of false starts.

The Jam have tried too hard to do too much without really having any stronger foundation than their own desperate desire to "keep movin". It's not enough, but I guess it shows they still care and for that, at least, I'm grateful.

Graham Lock

ALL HUMAN LIFE IS THERE

THE HUMAN CONDITION

Live In Europe November 1981 (Cassette)

CONDITION RED, veering out of the black. I remain sceptical of Jim Walker's impulsive proclamation of the 'hyper-modern jazz' in The Human Condition, but I am stunned all the same by 'Live In Europe'.

Five tracks, spanning about 26 minutes, that suggest more forcefully the shocking possibilities of electric instrumental bastard-rock than anything since — surprise! — the most vindictive segments of 'Metal Box'. And the joke is it's all so resolutely listenable, courtesy of course of the persistent humanity of Jah Wobble.

What Wobble has understood — better than most of the shambolic collectives presently flirting with a specious sub-Ulmer electric 'jazz' to well-nigh unlistenable end — is the impossibility of simply diving into improvisation without any foreknowledge of direction or experience; and in also refusing to admit the abdication of 'entertainment', which PiL did to disastrous effect on 'Flowers Of Romance', he redoubles his armour.

Wobble's bass is becoming inimitable — Holger Czukay's contention that he asserts an identity with a single note isn't much of an exaggeration — and the music here sees him patterning out rhythms in sometimes the briefest of sequences (only two notes on the monumental 'Condemned') that are nevertheless perfectly in place.

Jim Walker is a sparring partner of massive resource. Walker's drum dreams pass through the realms of rock heaviness, take the panel-beating muscle and ignore the clubfoot flab. He doesn't stray into the distraction of jazz time or polyrhythm; there's simply no need for such diversion when this kind of strength is already in hand.

Though limited, Animal's guitar is the necessary unpredictable element: searing single-note insertions are held like hot knives over the Wobble/Walker machine or a chord sense with the impact of falling masonry abruptly manifests itself. Fainter hearts might crack; The Human Condition don't. There's also an (unidentified) tenor saxist on most tracks who clearly knows his reeds.

After the components, the results. The real proof is in the two long tracks on the second side. 'Soundcheck' is buoyant, almost cymbal-crisp, and lets the saxist blink through an improvisation that spaces a small stock of phrases to maximum effect. When the curtains open on 'Condemned', though, all redemption seems impossible. The drums, obscenely glorious in an empty gymnasium sound that redefines 'heavy' in nightmarishly oppressive terms, link with Wobble's unmercifully repetitive line in head-on collision with Animal's starkly volatile commentary.

Fear, concern, anger, hope, sorrow, a wracked kind of joy — it is all inside The Human Condition. And nobody sings a note. There is a great group in here.

Richard Cook

OF HEARTH, HOME AND HUMBUG

LOU REED

The Blue Mask (RCA)

HERE COMES the new myth — so much plainer, so much less resonant, so much less *useful* than the old myth. Lou Reed has a new vocabulary: sparse, still self-consciously poetic, but now self-referential in diminishing terms. A shrunken vocabulary.

The cover is 'The Transfomer' silhouette in black, blue and white setting, like the Penguin Modern Classics book jackets — The Rock'n'Roll Dostoevsky! But inside, his literary allusions — *"My Daedalus to your Bloom was such a perfect wit"* — are reduced to feeble illusions.

The title track puts the rest of the *LP* into perspective: *'I've made love to my mother, killed my father and my brother / What am I to do? / When a sin goes too far, it's like a runaway car / and cannot be controlled / Spit upon his face and scream / there's no Oedipus today / This is no play you're thinking you are in / what will you say / Take The Blue Mask down from my face /and look me in the eye / I get a thrill from punishment / I've always been that way / I loathe and despise repentance . . ."*

Yeah, okay, point taken, but what it all leads to here is Lou Reed's new embracing of the average, the mean. It's an embrace which isn't devoid of humour at times, or dismissive irony: *"I worry about money and taxes and such / I worry that my liver's big and it hurts to the touch / I worry about my health and bowels / And the crime waves in the street / I'm really just your Average Guy / Trying to stand on his own two feet / . . . Average in everything I do / My temperature is 98.2"* ('Average Guy')

There are light, slight witticisms, and *"Only a woman can love a man . . ."* has to be the funniest thing I've ever heard from Lou Reed; but he gives himself away when the irony and self-parody are no longer justifications, and you feel that he's really sincere. *"I've really got a lucky life, / My writing, my motorcycle and my wife": and* my wife???

In several illuminating instances 'The Blue Mask' is an inversion of 1980's flawed but inspired mixture of acute doubt and equally acute confidence' 'Growing Up In Public'. 'The (pow pow pow pow) Power Of Positive Drinking' becomes 'Underneath The Bottle' — another re-vamped 'Sweet Jane': *"You get so down you can't get any lower / So long world you play too rough / And it's getting me all mixed up / I lost my pride and it's hidin' / There, underneath the bottle"*. You know, you really have to be careful where you sit down in a bar these days. The music (guitar by Robert Quine, formerly of The Voidoids, and Fernando Sanders and Doane Perry on bass and drums) is here, and without exception throughout, a leaden, mushy sludge; singularly appropriate in many (empty) cases.

Still, despite the unconvincing 'Waves Of Fear' — *"I know where I must be / I must be in hell"* — Love and Happiness is what this LP is about. Back to 'Growing Up In Public' again, the finely detailed, wryly humorous, gorgeously specific 'Love Is Here To Stay' — *"They both love Chinese food, he hates to dress / He loves to play pinball, she wants to play next / She likes her novels long, he's into comic books / They're gilt-edged polymorphous urban but somehow it works"* — is now 'Heavenly Arms'; a quasi-anthemic closing statement, which aims somewhere between the stools of gross-out ballad and naked honesty, personal specificity and general application, only to fall lifelessly on the cliched floor, crushed by the laughable triteness of its metaphor. The sublime 'Perfect Day' gone all stodgy and solid, and *permanent.*

But perhaps I'm over (re)acting to this eminently forgettable LP? Especially when Lou Reed records have a tendency to come and get crucified, and go and get resurrected as neglected *meisterwerks* sometime later. Well, now, I find it depressing to hear Lou Reed falling into all the traps that he detailed with such wit and accuracy only 18 months ago with 'Growing Up In Public' — the public images, the private imaginings, the perspective of childhood, the glory of love — and in such an impoverished and graceless manner.

It's not that Lou Reed has written more of my favourite things than *anyone* else, since 'I'll Be Your Mirror' and 'Heroin', it's that he's translated what sounds like his happiest time into his creative nadir and banished himself to the suburbs of the imagination; a thoroughly silly crime and punishment. The music is insipid and lifeless, there is nothing outstanding, no 'Temporary Thing' to turn your head around; and a clutch of canny couplets do not a poet make. Neither do they compensate for a lazy, undignified disgrace.

Lou Reed is 98.2.

Mark Cordery

"Just watch it, smartass!" *Pic: Peter Anderson*

THE SOUND OF PIGS TO COME

PIGBAG

Dr Heckle And Mr Jive (Y)

THE ACREAGE of cloth in Pigbag's collective trousers has been measured and, I'm afraid, found wanting. This is, apparently, an issue of some importance in the heady, whory world of Pop Culture.

Ah, Pop Culture! The very phrase betrays the mix of fizzy froth and fungal mould which constitutes its core — for some, its purest form *and* content. Pop culture is a world where wardrobe worship runs amok; a world where "trash aesthetic" somehow justifies; a world where Quentin Crisp is thought of as a major thinker . . .

So why should Pigbag worry if the flawed but precious gleam of 'Heckle And Jive' is lost beside the vulgar dazzle of more pasty gems? Such triumphs of style over sound are Pyrrhic victories at best, and noseless, spite-slashed faces look pretty bloody silly no matter how much make-up cakes the wounds.

All the same, there's something very sad about a hipster jazz style fad which fails to give due credit to the likes of Pigbag and Rip Rig, the only bands around fit to doff a fond pork-pie in Monk's direction. While others wear their sax for plunder in the present, only they (okay then, Pinski too) retain an ear for the past whilst keeping an eye on the future.

Pigbag's particular funk-jazz groove strode rude and upright, fully-formed, into the world with 'Papa's', a rowdy, righteous blend of funk bass punch, militant stampeding drums and proud African brass textures. 'Sunny Day' and 'Getting Up', which followed, coursed a similar vein, but over on the flipsides, sneaking in as crafty fragments and diversions, were pointers to alternative avenues of fun and invention.

It's the alternatives which produce the hottest sparks on 'H&J', the sharpest thrills and shivers. Slipped in after 'Getting Up' and 'Bigbag' (a Latin-flavoured funk high-stepper), 'Dozo Don' bites with The Shock Of The New, wasteland cello atmospheres wandering forlornly behind a quiet clutter of hand-drums and marimba on leave from Buckley's 'Gypsy Woman'. A masterpiece of cool restraint, it could well be Cabaret Voltaire in low-key, ruminative mood.

'Brian The Snail' develops this idea a stage further, forsaking its cartoon-character corny-horn intro in favour of more mysterious cello colourings and insistent cyclical drum patterns overlaid with soft, quizzical spatters of brass. It's a curious combination of atmospheric signals — mystery, urgency, and uncertainty — which somehow come together in one tense, uneasy flow: an astonishing piece of new music which leans heavily in the direction of Sun Ra's "search for new emotions".

'As It Will Be', which closes the LP, is a syndrum-driven first cousin to 'Brian The Snail', but more a mutant half-brother to the Can of 'Tago Mago' and 'Babaluma', drummie Chip Carpenter running Liebezeit rings round all and sundry to the run-out groove.

The straighter jazz-funk tracks which constitute the rest of 'Heckle And Jive' are, to be sure, a far cry from the perfunctory pablum of Morrissey Mullen and their American friends. By refusing to get caught up in the "musicianship" obsession which bedevils the genre (all solos here are concise and to the point), and by making imaginative use of contemporary recording facilities, Pigbag open up more new directions on one album than can be found in the entire CTI back catalogue.

Even so, they're not completely immune to the jazz-funk blight of boredom; the style which stings over three minutes can numb when spread across two-thirds of an LP, and when, as on 'Brazil Nuts', their disciplined spontaneity tilts too much towards control, what is probably a scorching live number ends up sounding almost dignified. The Pigbag groove is certainly fine, fun, functional wallpaper, with more than its fair share of radical design features, but it *does* go on a bit, I'll admit. A case of too many pleasantries and not enough barbs . . .

The desire to search out new musical forms is undeniably there, in a more controlled and channelled way than co-bohos Rip Rig, but Pigbag seem a wee bit hidebound by their horny line-up and the rigours of ensemble blowing; their experiments may be more complete and fully-realised, but they lack the unpredictability and freedom of movement which made 'God' such a startling album. Swings and roundabouts, I suppose, but what's it matter when there's only two kids in the playground worth considering?

Andy Gill

Pigbag *Picbag: Ian Wright*

FROM THE MUDFLATS OF THE MERSEY

VARIOUS ARTISTS

To The Shores Of Lake Placid (Zoo)

A COMMEMORATIVE roundup of the Liverpool company's early years, packaged in Martyn Atkins-designed maroon like a kind of presentation chocolate-box.

Zoo have been to Factory what the Echodrops have been to Joy D and Ratio: colourful, eclectic, and mirthful where the Mancunians have played it strictly humourless and monochromatic.

Factory never had a pair of Chameleons, who in their 16-track hearts contained a little of every pioneering pop partnership from Leiber and Stoller to Ulvaeus and Anderssen. Bill Drummond and David Balfe have had their fair share of hits and misses, and 'To The Shores Of Lake Placid' is an interesting vantage-point from which to survey the territory they first staked out with such outfits as Big In Japan and Turquoise Swimming Pools.

However, menagerie of quirks and curios though it is, the Zoo catalogue now looks like a too-hastily assembled pop factory and only two bands have outlived the inaugural novelty atmosphere of the label: Echo and the Teardrops.

Much of the compilation's material, from Big In Japan's 'Society For Cutting Up Men' to Turquoise SP's 'The Winds', is either too wry and sedulously eccentric or too cloudily euphoric. If The Chameleons set the Liverpool scene, they also set a frame of cosiness and expertise in the studio where the music has never been able properly to abandon itself. What most of the Zoo circus has lacked is the dimension of loss — the emotion which can never be held up for show but only tracked briefly in its flight. But then this criticism holds good for most of British music.

Honourable exceptions featured on this record are the Bunnymen's original 'Pictures On My Wall' and Lori's wistfully epic 'Lonely Spy'. The rest is made up of slight and congenial homemade buns of demystification like Those Naughty Lumps' 'Iggy Pop's Jacket', graced only by Drummond's marvellous guitar solo. The Teardrops' three — 'When I Dream', 'Camera Camera', 'Take A Chance' — are uniformly dull, off-the-peg material, recorded when Cope hadn't even the verve to mannerise his voice.

From the placid shores of Merseyside '78 to the heady straits of 'Heaven Up Here' is some chameleon change of colour, and Drummond and Balfe deserve a big hand for getting all the Zoo animals in the ark in the first place.

Barney Hoskyns

DESTRI RIDES AGAIN — AND TAKES A TUMBLE

JIMMY DESTRI

Heart On A Wall (Chrysalis)

FOR SOMEONE who has contributed greatly to Blondie's straight-ahead pop sensibilities, organist Jimmy Destri's solo debut proves something of a disturbing revelation.

Destri's current infatuation with David Bowie is so

JIMMY PURSEY

Alien Orphan (Epic)

WITH SHAM 69 Jimmy Pursey used to be the mouthpiece for the 'Kids' — how nebulous. With his second solo album he's only speaking for himself — and that's even more nebulous. And mixed up.

Before you start to listen to 'Alien Orphan', suspicions are aroused by the quasi-mystical cover: on the front, a foetus and a globe whirling around the galaxy; on the back, an appalling piece of doggerel likening a woman to an autumn leaf. I think Jimmy is trying to tell us something: that he's offering the world a bout of musical and personal exploration, with himself as a kind of psycho Dr Who whizzing around outer and inner space.

This is an album of music from a populist erratic Tardis. And that means retarded: because Jimmy's use of synths, of electronic bleeps and farts, of distorted vocals and 'collages concretes' of street noises and clock chimes, is far from innovative. Instead, accompanied by bass, drums, and guitars, he's delivered a series of pomp rock noises, electro-synthetics in the spirit of Yes men of a decade ago; King Crimson and the Genesis of Peter Gabriel also spring to mind, and it's worth mentioning that Pursey has recently collaborated with Gabriel.

It's not even as if Jimmy's little indulgences (he's his own producer) are ruining half-decent material; in fact, the experimental doodlings are probably employed in the vain hope that they'll conceal the pathetic truth: that this is a record of bits and pieces, quarter ideas, the vaguest of conceptions, and dull embarrassing lyrics like "Now today is tomorrow".

All the triteness wouldn't be so bad if Jimmy weren't being so sincere, so bloody-mindedly earnest. Some of the titles, eg 'I'm A Human Being', speak for themselves. And when the fellow isn't being sincere, he spends his time stating the obvious — to the point of inanity. 'Spices', for example, is more than likely attempting to say something about the media that's been said a thousand times before, usually by poor old rich paranoid rock stars who feel they've been manipulated by it; while 'Jungle West One' has the ex-Cockney Cowboy planting an 'A Bomb In Wardour Street' and foolishly thinking he's making a profound statement about the seedier reaches of capitalism and capital cities.

The insights come as easy as the lachrymose sincerity on an album which was perhaps alarmingly obsessive as to obliterate any glimmer of individuality. All this album amounts to is a collection of slavish demos performed in a variety of styles not dissimilar to those Bowie has toyed with over the last few years.

Instead of coming across as a personal statement, this album betrays all the hallmarks of a public audition for a (possible) role in any future Bowie project. In the quest for authenticity, not only does Destri frequently adopt those intimately crack-throated characteristics common to Bowie's most emotive outpourings, but goes so far as to draft in guitarists Carlos Alomar and Earl Slick to recreate past roles and Michael Kaman to supply additional keyboards and produce the album after the fashion of both Maslin and Visconti.

Things get completely out of hand when they succeed in disguising Clem Burke's usually distinctive drum sound in favour of the familiar post-'Heroes' metallic boom.

Perhaps Destri will have better luck with his tailor . . .

Roy Carr

WHERE'S THE LOGIC IN THAT, THEN?

LORA LOGIC

Pedigree Charm (Rough Trade)

LORA'S LOGIC is other peoples' lunacy. In her Essential group dance rhythms were driven insensate by a wicked hand on the time signature; you never knew when they'd suddenly double up or collapse inwards, accompanied by the complaining blurts of the two-sax front. Rucked askew, patiences were lost and truthfully Essential Logic came out too smart by half.

'Pedigree Charm' shows no lessening of the madcap wordplay and brashly irreverent games with structure, but it does refocus a music which wobbles on a line between Dadaist mischief — the captious infant in Lora's box of voices — and a clamorously abstract, dancing sort of pop that hides a secret love for sweeter strains. It knows how to start, often in a braying salvo of saxes, and just when to stop.

Perhaps the credit can be claimed by This Heat's Charles Hayward on drums and the guitars of Phil Legg; their no-nonsense refusal to be led down the blind tunnels in Logic's palindromic set of songs keeps things in shape while staying chipper enough to negotiate all the sharp bends and angularities. The mightily muscular 'Stop, Halt' or 'Martian Man' move with an assurance previously in doubt in the more self-destructive Logic music.

Lora's preoccupations with extra-terrestrial visitors on some tracks make you wonder if, like her former classmate in X-Ray Spex, she's been seeing saucers; but I think I detect a wink in the eye. She has a rare wit about her, this recalcitrant tenorwoman, that informs a spunky rhythm track like 'Wonderful Offer' and turns it into a neat pirouette on the merchandising of love. Her voice and saxes (soprano as well as tenor now, jazzers!) share the same inclination towards a loopy vibrato that blends the sounds into a Logical whole, a jazz trick that scampers all through 'Pedigree Charm'.

Logic has to rely on charm to pull a lot of this through — *"Much charm we need, much charm"* goes the title track — and those who found her other records stupidly clever will probably think the same of this. I think it unfair that she should lead a sequestered life of Rough Trade greyness; from its riotous blue-yellow cover inwards, 'Pedigree Charm' finds fun in all its parts. The laughter in the larruping tenor in 'Hiss And Shake' is of a mutual kind, and you must be a dull soul if you don't want to join in.

Richard Cook

Lora comes over all rational, like. *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

intended to show Jimmy getting to grips with himself and past success in the way that Lennon did in his Primal Scream and Working-Class Hero phase. But in the ex-Beatle what was art wrenched raw from a radical exploration of self is in the big ex-Sham the twittering of man who once had something to say but has now lost the ability to say anything and even forgotten what he said in the first place.

It's a positive relief when 'Alien Orphan' terminates with the single 'Naughty Boys Like Naughty Girls'. At least its whimsicality is preferable to the other 11 tracks with their self-pity and engineered artificial 'heaviness'.

Paul Tickell

TWO CHEERS FOR DEMOCRACY

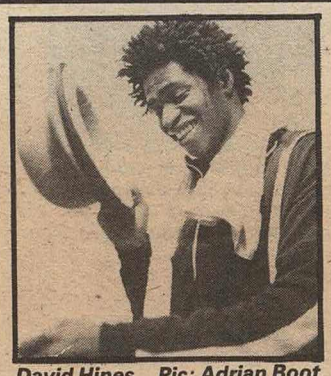
STEEL PULSE

True Democracy (Wise Man Doctrine)

BACK in '78 'Handsworth Revolution' was far from a great album but at least it was a step in the right direction: towards the making of a specifically British reggae. However, Steel Pulse never really turned their overtures into anything very substantial: by the time of their third album, the incredibly soporific 'Caught You', they seemed to be floating away on their own harmonies and laying down the slightest of sounds.

Since this record 18 months ago, the band have left Island, toured extensively abroad, and set up their own label. The change has done them *some* good: 'True Democracy' won't put the band centre stage (Aswad can claim that position), but it does carry some of their best material to date. The uptempo 'Blues Dance Raid' has clarity, urgency and sharp observations. 'Your House', a love song, has a similar directness: the keyboards bounce off the beat and the guitar moves from spare riffing into shimmering cascading effects.

Unfortunately, in the main, with tracks like 'A Who Responsible' and 'Find It Quick', the arrangements are never this clear-cut and dramatic. All too often Steel Pulse rely on their instruments melting into each other, on a sort of cosmic brotherly inter-meshing. The resultant musical politeness is accentuated by those choral harmonies and lead vocals which, while on songs like 'Ravers' they carve an identity of their own, come across as a more nasal, even dreary version of Marley.



David Hines *Pic: Adrian Boot*

In spite of the militance of the band's stance, they rarely actually *sound* militant. No commitment is transmitted to the listener, who responds in kind: here is a music at best to be liked, never loved. Sometimes it's even to be laughed at, on those occasions when the band seem to be more taken by the doctrinaire, as opposed to revolutionary, aspects of Rasta. On 'Leggo Beast', for example, they reserve their wrath for unfaithful wives *("Husband's gone she hanky pankies")* rather than for an oppressive political system. On 'Man No Sober' it's drunkards who come off badly, as the band take up the position of modern Pharisees (with incongruous mortarboard and ferrule) on behalf of an abstemious savage Old Testament God. I know Rasta has its warts, but this is ridiculous . . . Perhaps by their next album Steel Pulse will have progressed to the New Testament where water is changed into wine and St Paul advises *"a little wine for thy belly's sake"*. In the meantime, harsh attitudes don't make hard sounds.

Paul Tickell

THE BEST OF BRITISH FUNK

CENTRAL LINE

Breaking Point (Phonogram)

IN SPITE of it being hard to remember the time when Central Line were not 'pon the British funk scene, this is their debut album.

It was put (thrown?) together for the American market to follow up their transatlantic single hit 'Walking Into Sunshine'; in fact it has been available on import for quite some time. This situation, like the two-and-a-half years they've had to get it ready, works both for and against them.

The pros are that if it had not been for this US demand, there might not have been an album, and that in the time they've been around, they've reached a good understanding of funky music, and thus don't sound as if they're trying too hard to conjure up a 'new British' style. Most importantly, they've learnt how to play their instruments properly. On the other hand, 'Breaking Point' does sound a bit hasty in its compilation, trying perhaps too many directions at once. The Americans are known for buying an album on the strength of one track (the single) and are none too discerning about the rest, but maybe something aligned for the choosier Brit marketplace would've done Central Line more credit.

It is a first attempt though, and if the boys use it wisely, as a testing ground, they shouldn't go far wrong.

For the most part, the uncluttered groove that made 'Walking Into Sunshine' so popular is kept up, and the temptation for intricate solos avoided. 'Breaking Point' is straight to the point, and should go straight to the feet. I would say it was the best of British funk, but that says precious little; let's just say that at last there's some home grown soul that's safe to recommend.

Lloyd Bradley

VAN STILL THE MAN

VAN MORRISON

Beautiful Vision (Mercury)

"IT AIN'T WHY . . . It just is." Those gruff soul mumblings of Van Morrison's last LP, 'Common One', express the religious spirit as finally as any words ever could. There's no arguing to be done, no preaching, no theological theorising: the God who lies inside this music is all about simple conviction. Nowadays, you have to take Morrison on those terms, or leave him altogether. The present LP, 'Beautiful Vision', offers a persuasive case for taking him.

Religious feeling moves through almost every note of this album, supplying a quiet strength, and unifying what amounts to one of his most stylistically varied works. The pieces are shorter than on 'Common One' which is useful: ideas are packed more compactly, more influences are drawn upon, and it forces in some of the economy and discipline which his writing had started to miss. Crucially, it gives him room to handle a wider range of moods and idioms, making the record a satisfyingly well-rounded self-portrait.

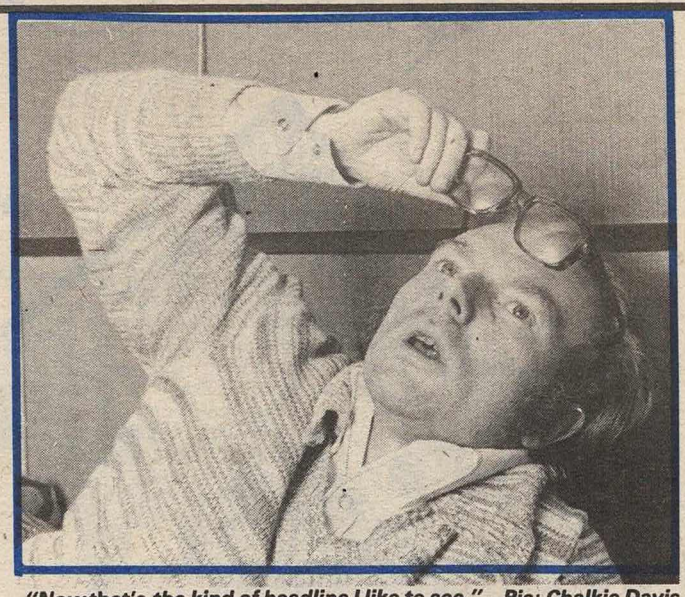
Traditionally, Morrison's music seems to fall inside two types: the Celtic, reflective, string-based, and the brasher, brassy, extrovert kind (in other words, 'Veedon Fleece' or 'Wavelength'). But here, both strands are represented, and sometimes integrated. 'Celtic Ray' and 'Northern Muse' lie squarely in the former camp, the lush arrangements including Gaelic pipes. There's an hypnotic use of repetition, underpinning his recurrent obsessions with the imagery of ancient myth — mists and mysticism. As a love song, 'Northern Muse' could be more typically Morrison: *"She moves, on the solid ground, in the County Down"*. It's the fascination for the ethereal, always rooted in the earth and in a peculiarly spiritual sense of place.

By complete contrast, 'Cleaning Windows', the uptempo opener to side two, is light and brisk, and practically chirpy — the song of the young working man, brought alive with a wealth of incidental detail, *"Blowing saxophone on the weekend"*, listening to Jimmie Rodgers in his lunch break, five Woodbines from the corner shop. 'She Gives Me Religion' incorporates vocals with an unforced gospel feel: only Morrison could take a mental journey through the legendary lands of Avalon and Albion, hearing Mahalia Jackson as the natural soundtrack.

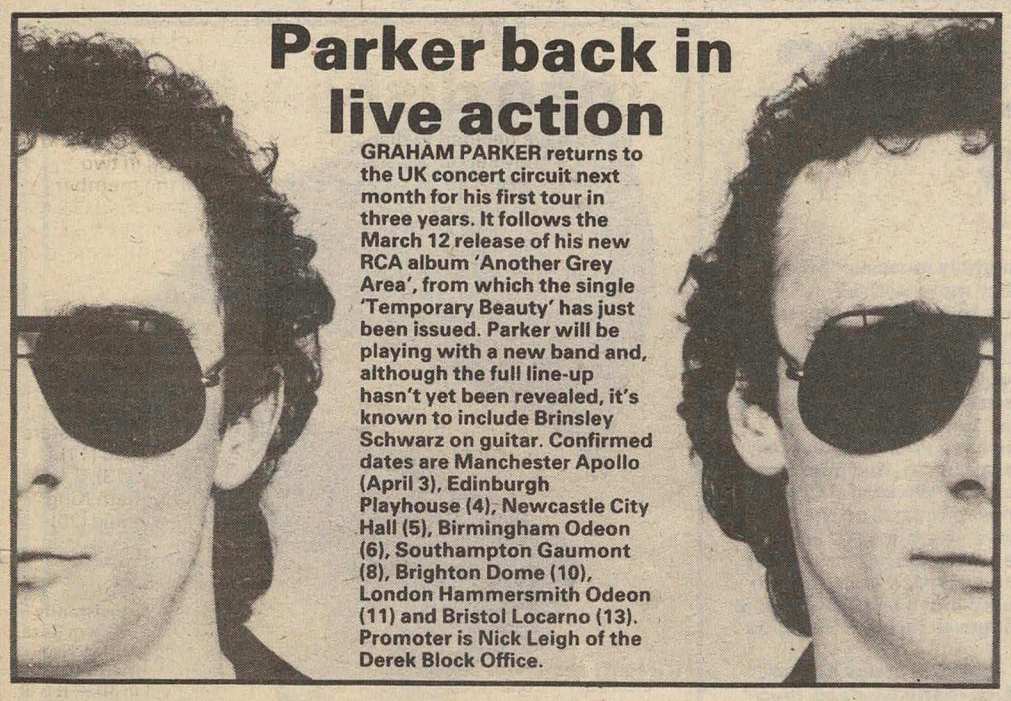
Elsewhere, songs like 'Aryan Mist', 'Vanlose Stairway' and 'Dweller On The Threshold' combine lyrical ideas from East and West, inside a soulful frame that's enhanced, as ever, by a voice of assured style and emotional power, plus a rich back-up of competent, unfussy musicianship.

If Morrison has ever meant much to you in the past, then there's every chance that 'Beautiful Vision' will earn another enduring place in your affections. If, on the other hand, the man has been a closed book, then this may be an ideal page to open at. The appeal is deep and it's permanent, even if it's ultimately impossible to communicate. It ain't why . . . it just is.

Paul Du Noyer



"Now that's the kind of headline I like to see." *Pic: Chalkie Davis*



Parker back in live action

GRAHAM PARKER returns to the UK concert circuit next month for his first tour in three years. It follows the March 12 release of his new RCA album 'Another Grey Area', from which the single 'Temporary Beauty' has just been issued. Parker will be playing with a new band and, although the full line-up hasn't yet been revealed, it's known to include Brinsley Schwarz on guitar. Confirmed dates are Manchester Apollo (April 3), Edinburgh Playhouse (4), Newcastle City Hall (5), Birmingham Odeon (6), Southampton Gaumont (8), Brighton Dome (10), London Hammersmith Odeon (11) and Bristol Locarno (13). Promoter is Nick Leigh of the Derek Block Office.

Mighty Diamonds due here

THE MIGHTY DIAMONDS arrive early next month for one of their rare UK visits, and the top-ranking Jamaican trio open at London's new Fair Deal venue in Brixton on Sunday, April 4, supported by Lion Youth. Tickets for this gig are £5 (available from the box-office, usual agencies and record shops), and for advance purchasers only there's a raffle with the prize of a weekend for two on the Continent.

Other dates for the group are Nottingham Palais (April 5), Brighton Top Rank (7), Sheffield Limit Club (8), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (10), Birmingham Imperial Cinema (12) and Cardiff Top Rank (13). The Diamonds have had seven albums issued in this country, their current release being 'Reggae Street', while their latest single is 'Pass The Kouchie' — both distributed in the UK by Jet Star.

● CARLA THOMAS replaces Percy Sledge in the big soul package at London Brixton Fair Deal on Sunday, April 11 — she joins a bill which also features Wilson Pickett, Sam & Dave and Eddie Floyd. And in the Fair Deal's rock revival show on Wednesday, March 17, Johnny & The Hurricanes have been added to the line-up of The Tremeloes, The Troggs and The Merseybeats (all tickets £2.50).

Haircut London extra

HAIRCUT 100 have added a second show at London Hammersmith Odeon to the tail end of their current UK tour, due to exceptionally heavy ticket demand. Their first night at that venue on March 31 is now sold out, as are most dates in their schedule, so the extra concert has been slotted in on April 1 — and tickets are on sale now priced £3.50, £3.25 and £3.

☐ **WEAPON OF PEACE**, who'll have their second single for Safari Records out later this month, are joining the current Haircut 100 tour from March 16 onwards. On that date they pick up the tour at Birmingham Locarno, and play all subsequent shows

☐ **THE BELLE STARS** have slotted another three dates into their tour, announced two week ago — at Bristol Trinity Hall (March 17), Canterbury Kent University (18) and London Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic (19).

RUTS IN NO-NUKES SHOW

■ RUTS D.C. headline the latest No Nukes Music show at London Brixton Town Hall this Saturday (6), supported by Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers and The Outskirts. A second event at the same venue on March 11 features Black Slate, Attila The Stockbroker, Seething Wells and Natural Scientist. Tickets for both these concerts, which coincide with the Lambeth CND fortnight, are £2.50 — or £1.75 for the unwaged.

■ DOLLY MIXTURE, who complete their headlining stint in the Respond Records package tomorrow, have a date in their own right at London Marquee this Saturday (6). And they'll be supporting The Jam in four of their concerts — at Brighton Centre (March 13-14), London Alexandra Pavilion (16) and Shepton Mallet Royal Bath Showground (17). More March gigs are being set, and they all tie in with the release next week of their second Respond single, 'Everything And More' / 'You And Me On The Sea Shore' — produced by Captain Sensible and Paul Gray of The Damned.

■ THE BREAKFAST BAND are playing a number of dates in and around London, tied in with the release next week of their new 12-inch single, 'Tokyo Shuffle' / 'Broadside Rhumba'. So far set are Putney Half Moon (tonight, Thursday), Barracuda Club, W.1 (Friday), Camden Jazz Festival at Chalk Farm Roundhouse with Cayenne and Inversions (March 18), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (24), Brixton Fair Deal (25) and Oxford St. 100 Club (26).

■ DEPECHE MODE, who completed their British tour at Hammersmith Odeon last weekend, are now busy recording a new album and single. Then they're off to Europe, after which they're playing a couple of shows in the Channel Islands — at Jersey Fort Regent (April 10) and Guernsey Beausejour Leisure Centre (12) — and these will be their last UK dates until the autumn.

■ TUXEDO MOON — the San Francisco five-piece, who are currently based in Brussels — fly in next week to play a one-off at London Victoria The Venue on Tuesday (9), supported by Pinski Zoo (all tickets £2). They'll also spend a few days recording in London.

GARVEY'S COMEBACK

NICK GARVEY, who's concentrated mainly on backroom work since the demise of The Motors, is returning to the live arena. He's formed a five-piece band with himself on guitar and piano, plus original Motors guitarist Rob Hendry, Michael Desmarais (drums), Michael Broadbent (bass) and Keith Miller (keyboards) — and, after a few low-key warm-up gigs, they make their official debut at London Camden Dingwalls tonight (Thursday). They then return to the studio, where they're working on Gavey's self-produced solo album debut, and they'll be gigging more extensively in May and June when the LP is finished.

Scott-Heron in London

GIL SCOTT-HERON, widely acknowledged as one of the most influential artists in contemporary American music, pays a rare visit to London to headline two nights at The Venue on Wednesday and Thursday, April 7 and 8 — all tickets are £4, and they're on sale now. He'll be accompanied by his new nine-piece band and, during the same week, they'll be appearing in BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* — but no other UK dates are planned on this occasion. Scott-Heron will be featuring material from his latest Arista album 'Reflections', as well as his current single 'Storm Music'.

☐ **HERE & NOW** have added two more dates to their current gig series — at Bury The Derby Hall (tonight, Thursday) and Leeds University (March 8). They've also just completed a new album, which is planned for release at the end of this month.

☐ **WASTED YOUTH** are gigging again — at Edinburgh Nite Club (tomorrow, Friday), Sunderland Polytechnic (Saturday), Norwich Jacquard Club (March 11), Northampton Roadmenders (13) and Coventry General Wolfe (27), with more being set.

Four big concerts by Diana

DIANA ROSS has announced plans for four major concerts in June, her first here since 1978 — at London Wembley Arena (2 and 3) and Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (8 and 9). She'll be presenting a completely new spectacular and, to improve vision and acoustics, a special stage will be erected in the centre of both arenas. She'll also have a new album released by Capital prior to her arrival. At present, booking is by post only, as follows:

WEMBLEY: £20, £17.50, £15, £12.50, and £10. plus 30p booking fee per ticket. Cheques and POs to "MAC Promotions (Diana Ross)", to whom applications should be sent at P.O. Box 2BZ, London W1. Enclose SAE.

BIRMINGHAM: £15, £12.50 and £10 (no booking fee). Cheques and POs to "NEC Ltd — Diana Ross", sent to Diana Ross Concert, NEC Box-office, Birmingham, B40 1NT. Enclose SAE.

● Tickets will also be on sale at usual agencies from March 8.

something for the weekend sir?

Haircut One Hundred

a snip at £3.99 album or tape
limited offer subject to availability

at your local Virgin hairdressers

on tour
5th march **newcastle** university
6th march **lancaster** university
8th march **hull** tower ballroom
9th march **sheffield** university
10th march **bradford** university
11th march **nottingham** rock city
12th march **salford** university
13th march **leeds** university
16th march **birmingham** locarno
17th march **norwich** university of east anglia
18th march **dunstable** queensway
19th march **bracknell** sports centre
21st march **poole** arts centre
22nd march **plymouth** top rank
23rd march **bristol** locarno
24th march **swansea** top rank
25th march **aberystwyth** university
26th march **cardiff** top rank
28th march **walthamstow** assembly hall
29th march **crawley** leisure centre
31st march **london** hammersmith odeon

debut l.p. and tape
pelican west
includes the hits 'love plus one' and 'favourite shirts (boy meets girl)' also 'fantastic day' and 'snow girl'
produced by bob sargeant

album HCC 100
TCHC 100 ARISTA

TOUR NEWS

Classix set dozen provincial dates

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX have now confirmed their full UK tour schedule, following last week's announcement of their London concert at the Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre on April 17. Other dates are St. Albans City Hall (April 10), Gt. Yarmough Caister Centre (11), Gravesend Woodville Hall (12), Portsmouth Locarno (13), Brighton Top Rank (14), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (16), Birmingham Locarno (20), Manchester Ritz Ballroom (21), Liverpool Royal Court (22), Dundee University (23), Glasgow Strathclyde University (24) and Leeds Tiffany's (25). Tickets are on sale now priced £3 and £2.50 — except at the Dominion, where they are all £3.50. As reported, the band's new single 'Is It A Dream' is out this week on EMI, to be followed by their album 'La Verite' on April 5.

CRIMSON PLAY FOUR

KING CRIMSON are playing four concerts this month to work in new material, which they'll subsequently be recording for their next album, scheduled for June release by EG Records — they're at Guildford Civic Hall (March 11), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (12), Dunstable Queensway Hall (13) and Poole Arts Centre (14). The band — whose current line-up comprises Robert Fripp, Adrian Belew, Tony Levin and Bill Bruford — will also be appearing live on BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* on March 18.

SEAGULLS IN FLIGHT

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS set out on another tour later this month, and the Liverpool band will be promoting their third single 'I Ran', issued this week on Jive Records. More dates are still being lined up, but those confirmed so far are Hamilton 3D's Club (March 17), Glasgow Night Moves (18), Edinburgh Nite Club (19), Loughborough University (20), Leeds Warehouse (22), Kirklevington Country Club (24), Manchester Polytechnic (25), Cardiff Nero's (27), Bristol Trinity Hall (28), Liverpool Pickwicks (30), Huddersfield Polytechnic (31), Brighton New Regent (April 1), Coventry General Wolfe (3) and Birmingham Holy City Zoo (5).

BUSTER'S ARMY ON THE LOOSE

BAD MANNERS emerge from the studios — where they've been recording a new single titled 'I've Got No Brains', for April release by Magnet — and embark on a new series of concerts, combining both college and theatre dates. They visit Dunstable Queensway Hall (tonight, Thursday), Birmingham University (Friday), Chippenham Rock Theatre (Saturday), Plymouth Polytechnic (March 8), St Ives Leisure Centre, Cambs (10), Coventry Warwick University (11), Norwich East Anglia University (12), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (18), Glasgow University(19), Sunderland Polytechnic (20) and Southport Floral Hall (21).

Q-Tips last tour, then disbandment

Q-TIPS have decided to disband after two years together, and this week they set out on a farewell tour, climaxing in two London shows. A spokesman explained that all the members wanted to get involved in other projects, so this seemed like a good time to call it a day — though there's a possibility that they could re-form at a later date for selected tours and recordings. To coincide with their outing, the long-awaited Q-Tips live album is being released — it's a mixture of stage favourites and previously unissued material, and it features a guest appearance by Eddie Floyd.

With more dates being finalised, those confirmed so far are Hull College of Higher Education (tonight, Thursday), Newcastle Polytechnic (Friday), Glasgow Strathclyde University (Saturday), Aberdeen The Venue (Sunday), Edinburgh Coasters (March 8), Sheffield Polytechnic (10), Leeds Warehouse (11), Manchester University (12), Birmingham University (13), London New Cross Goldsmiths College (16), Gillingham King Charles Hotel (18), Hitchin Regal (19), Bristol Polytechnic (20) and London Victoria The Venue (26 and 27).

— AND OTHER UPHEAVALS

● **THE FRESHIES — the Manchester band who've worked consistently in their home area, and have had a number of releases on their own Razz Records label — have split up, as the result of financial difficulties. Now leader Chris Sievey is embarking on a solo career, and is currently working on a one-hour video which will include a segment in 3D — it will be sold with a pair of glasses at £17.50; he's also playing solo gigs, including Stockport Brookfield Hotel (March 9) and Manchester The Gallery (26); and a solo album is under way.**

● **TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS have lost their French singer, Miriam Salvetti — though her sister Any Salvetti is remaining with the group. Latest dates are Coventry Warwick University (this Saturday), London Fulham Greyhound (March 17) and London Islington Hope & Anchor (27).**

● **THE BLONDES have completed line-up changes and have now become a quartet, with a personnel comprising Jeff Hepting (vocals), Andy Tompsett (synthesisers), Danny Painter (drums) and Paul Mason (lead guitar). After fulfilling current commitments, they are changing their name to Charizma, and their first gigs under this billing are at London Marquee on March 25, followed by West Hampstead Moonlight Club on April 3.**

☐ **JOHN WATTS,** formerly the Fischer-Z linchpin, has been named as support act on the previously reported XTC tour opening on March 20. And to coincide with the outing, release of his first solo album 'One More Twist' has been brought forward by EMI from May 7 to March 29.

☐ **THE 01 BAND** are headlining a benefit show in aid of the Cancer Research Society at London Marquee on March 20. Other new gigs in the capital include Tottenham-Ct. Rd. The Horseshoe (tonight, Thursday), Shepherds Bush Wellington (March 17) and The Stapleton, N.4 (24).

☐ **THE HEEBEEGEEBEES, Chis Langham, Arnold Brown** and **Ben Elton** star this Sunday (7) in the first of a series of "Sunday Comedy Capers" shows at London Victoria The Venue. They're presented by Asgard as a logical successor to the likes of The Comedy Store and The Comedy Strip, and all tickets are £3.50.

☐ **MARILLION** begin a new one-nighter series this weekend, which will occpuy them for best part of two months. First three confirmed gigs are at London Regents Park Bedford College (this Saturday), London Marquee (Sunday) and Chalfont St. Giles Newlands Park College (March 9).

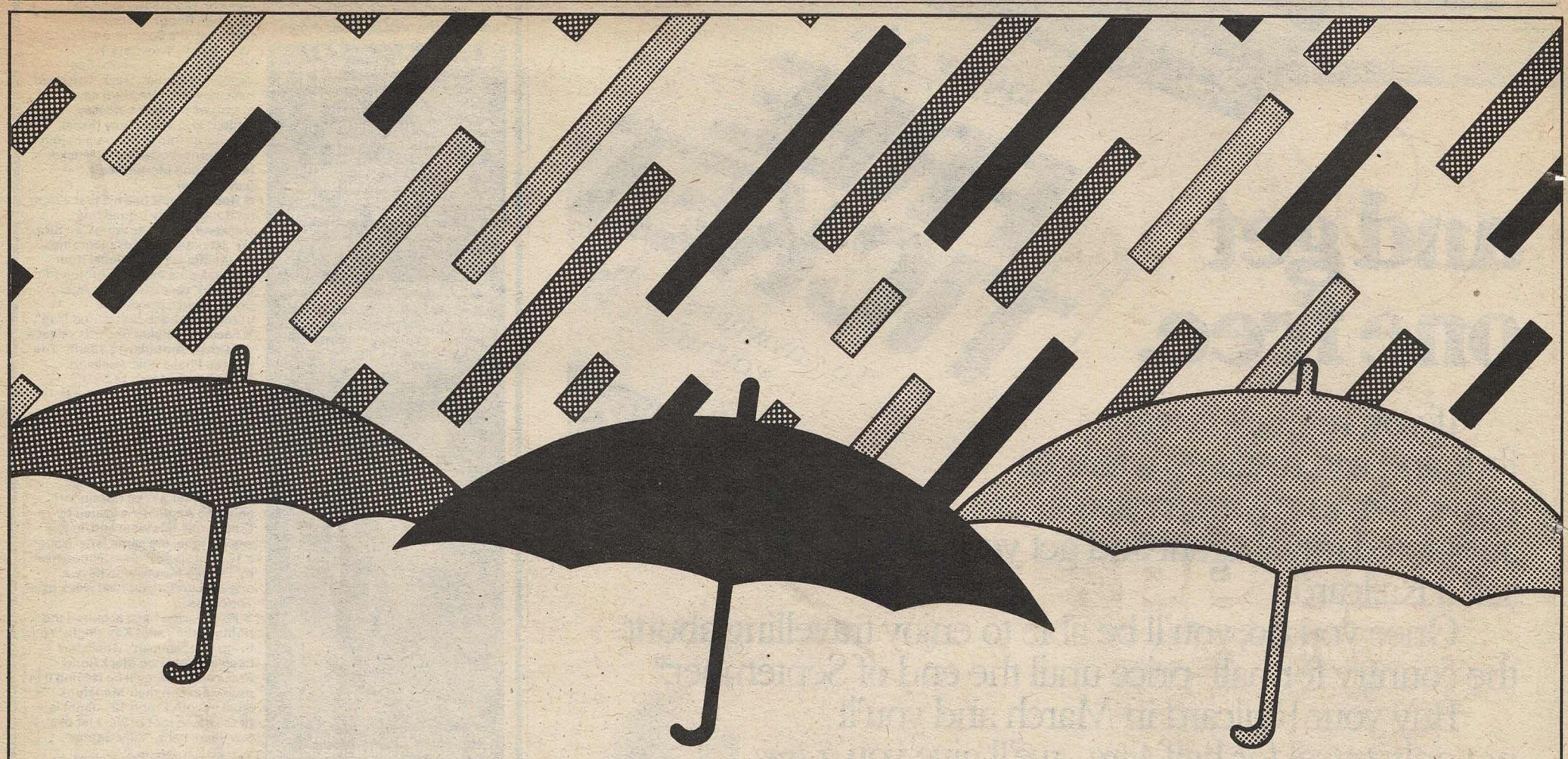
Rondo venturing out

BLUE RONDO A LA TURK have decided to venture out on the road. They've already played a few low-key dates up North, which eagle-eyed readers may have spotted in the *Gig Guide* and they recently flew to Spain for a couple of shows. Now they've made up their minds to emerge fully into the limelight, and are currently lining up a string of gigs, which will include four London dates — not central, but one each in the north, south, east and west of the capital. Full details to follow in a week or two.

☐ **EDWIN HAWKINS SINGERS,** one of America's top gospel groups, play two UK concerts this month — at London Euston Friends Meeting House (March 26) and Birmingham Town Hall (27) — and tickets for both shows are £4.50, £4 and £3.50. Postal applications to Pure Gospel, 19A Nisbett House, Homerton Road, London E.9.

☐ **CHELSEA** have acquired a new drummer in the person of Mark Robertson, whom they've purloined from The Meteors, and they're now rehearsing with a view to playing some dates later this month — which they need to do, because their new Step Forward single 'War Across The Nation' is out this weekend, to be followed by their album 'Evacuate' in early April.

☐ **BLACKFOOT** have added another date to their previously reported UK tour next month, at Norwich East Anglia University on April 18 (tickets £2.75 and £2.50).



TYPHOON SATURDAY

The New Single

WHAT DO I DO?

Polydor

Antiquated Adam

THE LONG-AWAITED EP by Adam & The Ants titled 'Antmusic EP', originally scheduled for release two years ago, finally sees the light of day this week on Do It Records. It was recorded in August, 1979, during the 'Dirk Wears White Sox' sessions — when the band's line-up comprised Adam Ant (vocals and guitar), Dave Barbe (drums), Andy Warren (bass) and Matthew Ashman (guitar). The 15-minute 12-incher comprises 'Kick', 'Physical', 'Cartrouble Part One', 'Cartrouble Part Two' and 'Friends'. There's also an eight-minute seven-inch version called 'The B-Sides', containing three of the above tracks.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THEATRE of HATE

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SUN 14th MON 15th MARCH at 7-30

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THEATRE OF HATE ON TOUR

TOP RANK SUITE CARDIFF (QUEEN ST. CARDIFF) SUNDAY 7th MARCH at 8-00 with support: UK DECAY

DE MONTFORT HALL (UNIVERSITY ST. LEICESTER) SATURDAY 13th MARCH at 7-30 with support: THE METEORS & UK DECAY

PORTSMOUTH LOCARNO with THE METEORS TUESDAY 16th MARCH at 8-00

RECORD NEWS

VISAGE INSPIRATION

VISAGE have their new single released by Polydor this weekend — titled 'The Damned Don't Cry', it was inspired by the Dirk Bogarde film *The Damned*, and produced by the band and Midge Ure. The track features Steve Strange (vocals), Rusty Egan (drums), Ultravox members Midge Ure (keyboards and guitar) and Billy Currie (keyboards and violin), and ex-Magazine Dave Formula (keyboards) and Barry Adamson (bass). The single is taken from the second Visage album 'The Anvil', due out on March 26.

● CAPTAIN BEEFHEART is back in the studio recording his first album since 'Doc At The Radar Station', released in autumn 1980, together with The Magic Band and sundry guest musicians. Titled 'Ice Cream For Crows', it's planned for summer release by Virgin.

● BARBRA STREISAND's latest single has already been a UK hit for Elaine Paige — it's 'Memory' from the hit musical *Cats*, taken from her chart-topping 'Love Songs' album, and issued by CBS this weekend.

● CHRISTOPHER CROSS follows his recent chart breakthrough with a new single titled 'Never Be The Same', released by Warner Brothers this weekend. He's currently working on a new studio album, due out later in the year.

● BUCKS FIZZ aim for the charts again with their latest single 'My Camera Never Lies', to be issued by RCA on March 19. And their second album is scheduled for mid-April release.

● JAPAN, currently taking a breather as a group while the members undertake individual recording projects with various Japanese artists, have their single 'Ghosts' issued by Virgin on March 12. It's lifted from their 'Tin Drum' album.

● The second single from **Bumble & The Beez** is issued on March 12 on EMI's Zonophone label, in both 7" and 12" formats. It couples 'The Room Above' and 'Blowsing', both tracks written and produced by front man Michael Riley. A string of London dates is being lined up for later this month.

MICHAEL RILEY

● **The P-Funk All Stars** comprise **George Clinton** (of Parliament and Funkadelic), **Sly Stone, Bobby Womack** and various other U.S. soul heavyweights. They got together in the studio to record 'Hydraulic Pump (Parts 1-3)', which is released by Virgin this weekend in both 7" and 12" formats.

● One of the hottest imports on the disco charts, 'Work That Sucker To Death' by **Xavier**, is issued in the UK this week by Liberty — and the track includes contributions from Bootsy Collins and George Clinton. Xavier (lead vocals, bass and lead guitar) will have his album 'Point Of Pleasure' available shortly.

REPRISE are reissuing a rare 1963 all-star recording of the musical *Guys And Dolls*, featuring Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, Dean Martin, Dinah Shore, Debbie Reynolds and Sammy Davis. This is to coincide with the opening of a new production of the show, starring Julie Covington, at London's National Theatre next Tuesday (9) — which is being showcased in ITV's networked *South Bank Show* this Sunday (7).

● **Deadmans Shadow**, who recently had a hit in the independent charts with their first single 'Heathrow Touchdown', have signed a long-term deal with Rondelet Records. First release under the agreement is a three-track EP featuring 'Bomb Scare (Round 16)', 'Another Hiroshima' and 'Fighting For Reality'. The picture bag includes the CND logo.

● Damned stalwart **Captain Sensible** is busy in the studio recording a solo album, for which **Robyn Hitchcock** is writing the lyrics and playing guitar. According to The Captain, the LP should be released some time in the next five years.

● The first single from five-piece London band **Voxpop** on the new Hollywood Records label couples 'Sleeping In A Stranger's Bed' and 'Looking At The World Through Tinted Glasses', released this weekend. They're currently working on their debut album.

● March albums from Cherry Red are 'Mzui' by **B. C. Gilbert & Graham Lewis**, 'Colour In Their Sound' by **The Misunderstood**, 'A Thriving And Happy Land' by **Five Or Six** and 'Pale Hands' by **Eyeless In Gaza.** There's also a five-track 12-inch EP by **Ben Watt & Robert Wyatt** called 'Walter And John', plus two singles — 'Xoyo' by **The Passage** and 'Kodak Ghosts Run Amok' by Eyeless In Gaza.

● 'Touch Me (Heaven)'/'A Lower Class Of Heaven' is the second single from **The Climb**, released on March 12 on the Pinnacle label. The band are currently auditioning for a new bassist, and will be going on the road later this month.

MEATLOAF has a new single issued by Epic this weekend, in advance of his arrival in the UK next month. Titled 'Read 'Em And Weep', it's taken from his hit album 'Dead Ringer'.

YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA re-appear this week on the new Alfa label (through CBS), with the single 'Rydeen'. It's from the LP 'Solid State Survivor', soon to be released in the UK for the first time.

BARRY MANILOW was recorded live in concert during his UK tour in January, and the resultant album 'Barry Live In Britain' is being released by Arista in April.

JUDIE TZUKE has her debut album for Chrysalis issued on April 9, recorded at Rockfield Studios and titled 'Shoot The Moon'. To coincide with her extensive UK tour starting next weekend, a single is being lifted from the LP, coupling 'Love On The Border' and 'Sold A Rose'.

Records album

THE RECORDS have their third album 'Music On Both Sides' issued by Virgin on March 12. The band which recorded this LP comprised long-term members Will Birch, Phil Brown and John Wicks, together with new members Chris Gent (vocals) and Dave Whelan (guitar), plus guests Paul Carrack and Bobby Irwin. Despite this release, the Records are at present inactive as a live group, because all the members are involved in other projects — Birch, for instance, has recently been working as producer for Desmond Dekker.

● 'Ready Or Not' is the title of **B. A. Robertson's** first 1982 single, out tomorrow (Friday) through WEA. It's a foretaste of his upcoming album 'R & BA', which will also include the 'Hold Me' duet he recorded with Maggie Bell.

● A surprise album release from Virgin on March 12 is 'Kora Music And Songs From The Gambia' by **The Konte Family.** The kora is a West African 21-string instrument, made from a large calabash that's been dried in the sun. The Konte Family will feature the kora when they appear at London's Commonwealth Institute on March 19 and 20.

● After a brief delay, the new **Killing Joke** single 'The Empire Song' will now be issued by EG/Polydor on March 12. Meanwhile, the band can be seen in action on BBC-2's *Riverside* next Monday evening (8).

● Liverpool band **Dead Or Alive** release a four-track 12-incher next week on Black Eyes Records (through Rough Trade) — featuring 'it's Been Hours Now', 'Whirlpool', 'Nowhere To Nowhere' and an alternative version of the first track. The band have now acquired two new members in Wayne Hussey (guitar) and Mike Percy (bass), who come into the line-up to join Pete Burns (vocals), Joe Musker (drums) and Martin Healy (keyboards).

● **Robert Wyatt** has his first album on Rough Trade issued this weekend, titled 'Nothing Can Stop Us'. It contains all his recordings for the Rough Trade label (four singles), plus his contribution to the 'C-81' cassette ('Born Again Cretin') and a previously unreleased track called 'Red Flag'.

● Factory Benelux Records release the **Crispy Ambulance** album 'The Plateau Phase' this weekend, followed on March 19 by the second **Section 25** LP 'The Key Of Dreams', and there's a **Durutti Column** 12-inch single called 'Two Triangles' coming up shortly.

● A farewell single from the defunct **Josef K** — featuring discomixes of two John Peel session tracks, 'The Missionary' and 'The Angle' — is issued by Crepuscule this weekend. In two weeks' time, the same label issues a 12-inch single called 'Ninotchka' by **Tuxedo Moon**, who have a one-off London gig next week (see *Tour News*).

● Phonogram have acquired the rights to the **Janet Kay** single 'You Bring The Sun Out', which has been available on Black Roots Records, and they'll be issuing it in mid-March on their Megafunk label in both 7" and 12". Janet is best-known for her No.1 hit of a few years back, 'Silly Games'.

● R&B guitarist **Roy Gaines**, a member of The Crusaders for several years, has his own album 'Gainelining' released on the Red Lightin label this week. It features half of The Crusaders' line-up which toured Britain in 1980, plus a couple of British sidemen.

DEVIL POSSESSES MAIDEN!

RELEASE of Iron Maiden's new EMI album 'Run To The Hills' has been put back from this weekend to March 22, due to unexplained equipment malfunctions, which the band insist are connected with the lyric contents of the songs. The title track (which is also the new single) is about the 666 symbol by which the devil's emissary may be identified — and while they were recording it, Steve Harris' bass stack blew up and Dave Murray's guitar kept cutting out, even though the gear had proved totally reliable on their eight-month world tour. And after mixing the track, producer Martin Birch was involved in a car crash on the way home — for which the repair bill was £666.66! By the way, if you can still face buying the LP, there'll be a limited number of picture discs available!

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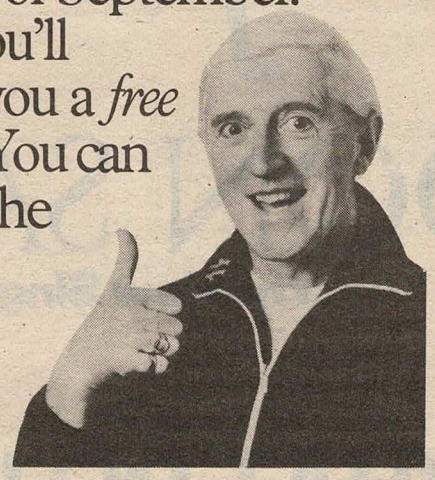

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the B.M.T.'s

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DAVE EDMUNDS
+ From New York City
THE dB's
+ Special guests
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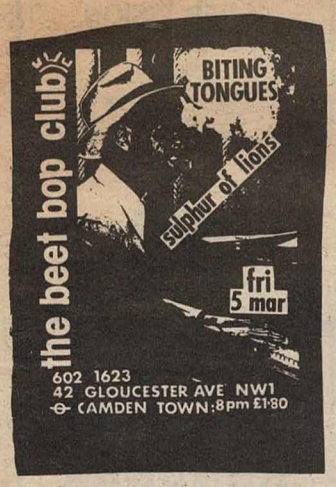

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Saturday 6th March £1.00
JOE 90
+ THINGS IN BAGS

Sunday 7th March £1.00
5th INCIDENT
+ WHITE NOISE

Monday 8th March £1.00
DELUGE
+ RAW DEAL

Tuesday 9th March £1.00
SHEFFIELD NIGHT OUT
THE PROCESS
+ THE QUICKIES

Thursday 11th March £1.50
THE BOOBIES
+ ROOM 13

The Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441

Doors open 7.30pm Main Band on at 9.30pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 4th March £3.00
SPIZZ ENERGI
+ N.A. Pop 2000

Friday 5th March £3.00
BIRTHDAY PARTY
+ Cocteau Twins

Saturday 6th March £3.00
BUZZZ

Sunday 7th March £3.50
SUNDAY COMEDY CAPERS
with Chris Langham, Arnold Brown, Hee Bee Gee Bees & Ben Elton

Monday 8th March £2.00
THE SMART
+ THE STIFFS
+ PASSION POPETS

Tuesday 9th March £2.00
TUXEDO MOON
+ PINSKI ZOO
+ SEX, SEX, SEX

Wednesday 10th March £3.50
QUEEN IDA AND THE BONTEMPS ZYDECO BAND

Thursday 11th March £4.00
TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS

COMING SOON

Friday 12th March £4.00
TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS

Wednesday 17th March £2.50
MORRISEY MULLEN

Thursday 18th March £2.50
DEPARTMENT S

Friday 19th March £3.50
SNIFF 'N' THE TEARS

Monday 22nd March £3.00
COLIN NEWMAN + The The + Five or Six

Friday 26th March & Sat 27th March £3.50
Q-TIPS

Free brochure included in ticket price

Dreams never end when
the Soul Kitchen presents
NEW ORDER
plus early entertainment
THE WAKE
in the Mayfair Suite
Newgate St., Newcastle upon Tyne
Thursday 11th March 8.00pm - 1am
Tickets £2.50 adv £3.00 on night
From record shops
FANCY NEWCASTLE NOW?!

THE MAN WHO BROUGHT YOU "THE COMEDY STORY" PRESENTS
"THE NEW VARIETY SHOW"
EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM MARCH 10th

★ Live Music
+ Two Bands on Stage
DOCTOR FANTASIES
FALLOUT DAREDEVILS
(30's 40's, Jazz, Swing Fun!)
★Special Guests
London's Hottest New Act
THE COURGETTES
(Vocal, Verbal Gymnastics 11.2.82 NME)

Live Comedy
Half Day of Best New Wave Comedy around compered by the Brilliant
BEN ELTON
★ 1am OPEN MIKE SPOT,
Do you want to sing, dance, juggle, be a comic, magician?

STOP PRESS!
ALL DRINKS 50p BEFORE 10.15
"THE LAST LAUGH"
(at The Barracuda Club, 1 Baker Street, W1)
Every Wednesday from March 10th.
Doors Open 9.30am
Entrance £3.50.

BROADWAY

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 4th March £1
THE FLOSS ROCK SHOW
+ Guests LA Hooker

Friday 5th March £1.50
24 HOURS
+ King Kurt

Saturday 6th March £1.50
SHEA RAMAH
+ Civilization

Sunday 7th March £1
3P SWEET
+ Empty Vessels

Monday 8th March £1
DAWN PATROL
+ Dervo

Tuesday 9th March £1
LONDON SECRET
+ The Extras

PCLSU presents
A BLUE ZOO
BAMBI KINO
Friday 5th March
32-38 Wells St, W1
Doors open 8pm. Bar.
Nearest Tube Oxford Circus
Adv tickets 636 6271

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

Please phone before setting out! check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

SPECIAL VIDEO SHOW with THE GAS
THUR 4 MAR. Live and on film plus Lots more mega stars.

G.B. Blues Co
FRI. 5. Brass and Blues outfit which really swings and delivers effortless sweet entertainment + ROOT JACKSON on vocals

RIO + ROBOTS
SAT. 6. Modern pop group with a sure emphasis on catchy songs. Going to their gigs is heaps of fun. *Wrote Record Mirror.*

TON TONS MASSAI
Existentialists? Not us John. Quoth Bass Guitarist

SUN. 7. RESULTS + BOOBIES
MON. 8. THE TRIAL + AS HEM SYRUP + VENDETTA
TUE. 9. SOULS VALIANT + JEALOUS GIRL + DUPHORA'S LAST DANCE

ARTERY
WED. 10. Articulate songs powerfully presented. If you haven't heard them, you haven't lived.... Zig Zag.

AIRPORT & DEAN
THU. 11. High tech pop on Polydor. Comes over as a cross between Jethro Tull and Depeche Mode.

THE DOORS OPEN 7-30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF K[illegible] ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1929 PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

KINGS HEAD
4 Fulham High St SW6 736 1413

Thursday 4th March £1.50
BASILS BALLS UP BAND
Friday 5th March £1.50
S.A.L.T.
Saturday 6th March £1.50
RICHIE COOL AND HIS BAND
Sunday 7th March £1.00
RYE & THE QUARTERBOYS
Monday 8th March £1.00
GINGER + Stingray
Tuesday 9th March £1.00
PLEASURE DOME
Wednesday 10th March £1.00
POLITICAL SHEIKS

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100 CLUB
100 OXFORD ST. W.1
★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★
Thursday 4th March
TRIUMPHANT RETURN
BO DIDDLEY
with the **B.M.T.s**
£4.00 on door.
★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★
Tues 9th March
CHARGE
ACTION PACKED
+ Special Guests

LINDSAYS
DISCOBAR
26-30 Newland, Lincoln (Tel Lincoln 26533)

Monday 8th March
FLASH
Admission Free Anytime

Monday 22nd March
THE DIKS
Admission Free Anytime

Monday 15th March
STATIC DISTORTION
Admission Free Anytime

Monday 29th March
6TH SENSE
Admission Free Anytime

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

MARCH
4 Emmylou Harris
6 Mike Harding
7 Bo Diddley
12 UB40
14 Theatre of Hate
15 Dave Edmunds
16 Pigbag
16, 17, 18 Earth Wind And Fire
18 Buddy Rich
19, 20, 21 Van Morrison
20 Iron Maiden
22, 23 Maze
25 The Fall
25 XTC
26–29 Motorhead
28 Thompson Twins
31 Haircut 100

APRIL
4 Anti-Pasti
4 Mighty Diamonds
7 Elkie Brooks
9-12 Country Music Festival
11 Graham Parker
11, 12 Carole King
17 Classix Nouveaux
21, 22, 23 Sky
23 Scorpions
23-27 Elkie Brooks
27 Blackfoot
30 Meatloaf

MAY
1 The Cure
2 Shakatak
3-9 Status Quo
4 Gladys Knight
13 Girlschool
17 Nick Lowe
24 Judie Tzuke
27, 28, 31 Ry Cooder
30 Level 42

JUNE
2, 3, 4, 5 Diana Ross
25, 26 Toyah

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
OUTLAW and FRONTLINE ENTS present
The Fall
THE BIRTHDAY PARTY
+ THE ROOM
THURSDAY 25th MARCH
7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £3.50
TICKETS FROM BOX OFFICE AND USUAL AGENTS ROUGH TRADE, HONKY TONK & THE VENUE, VICTORIA

QMCSU presents
MARI WILSON
WITH
THE IMAGINATIONS
Thursday 11th March (not March 10th)
Great Hall, Queen Mary College,
Mile End Road, E1.
Tickets £2.00 Adv. £2.50 on door.
NEAREST TUBES MILE END AND STEPNEY GREEN

TOP RANK SUITE BRIGHTON
BRIGHTON ROCK presents
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
LINTON KWESI JOHNSON
Emma Sharp and the Features
FRIDAY 5th MARCH 8 pm
TICKETS £3.00
FROM BOX OFFICE, VIRGIN, POLYSOUNDS, FINE RECORDS, RECORD CENTRE WORTHING, CLOAKS CRAWLEY.

DIVERSEN at the BARRACUDA
1 BAKER ST, W1 (903 2062)

Monday 8th March
PRIVATE LIVES
+
DANGEROUS BANANAS

Monday 15th March
MAXIMUM JOY
+
DIVERSEN

Tuesday 16th March — **CUBAN HEELS**
9.30pm-2.30am
The best dance music in town spun by Parody 75 — "a double act"

MARSHALL ARTS & CAPITAL RADIO 194
PRESENTS
TOM BROWNE
PLUS SUPPORT AT THE
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRIDAY 2nd, SATURDAY 3rd APRIL at 8pm
TICKETS: £5, £4, £3 FROM ODEON BOX OFFICE 01-748 4081 AND USUAL AGENTS
AGENCIES TICKET SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES

MCP presents
The JAM
BRIXTON FAIR DEAL
MONDAY 15th MARCH 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £4.50 Available by post only to: MCP Ltd, P.O. Box 124, Walsall West Midlands, WS5 4AP, enclose P.O. and S.A.E. N.B. No cheques and Alexandra Pavilion Sold Out and Keith Prowse, Shaftsbury Ave, Cornhill, Southampton Row and Knightsbridge.

Spuming Out Ectoplasm
presents
CALLING HEARTS
Jay Lazer +
The Phantom Orchestra
Map Of Africa
Friday 9th MARCH
Adm £1.75, 7.30pm
at the City of London Poly, Whitechapel, High St, E1 (opp Aldgate East Tube)

MARTART
PRESENTS
THE NOTLEYS
AT
KORKS WINE BAR · ·
POTTERS BAR 9-3-82
THE STARLIGHT. NW6.
13-3-1982
THE ROCKGARDEN
WC2 14-3-1982

THE CLINIC
Gossips,
69 Dean St. W1.
10th March —
THE SOFT BOYS
17th March
THE BARRACUDAS
24th March
PASSION PUPPETS

CHELSEA PROMOS PRESENTS
JOHN PERRY
WITH DECLINE & FALL
+
THE GUILTY INNOCENTS
AT THE
CLUB EXCLUSIV
7 MARGARET ST, W1
(Formerly Speakeasy)
MONDAY 8th MARCH 10-2
ADMISSION £2

THE GREYHOUND
900 High Road,
Chadwell Heath, Essex
Nearest B/R Goodmayes or Chadwell Heath.
No 98 Night Bus to Central London

Thursday 4th March £1.00
8pm – 12pm
THE STRIPES
+ The Notleys
Friday 5th March £1.50
8pm –12pm
Heavy Rock
ANGELWITCH
+ After Dark
Saturday 6th March £1.50
8pm – 12pm
CUDDLY TOYS
+ Nobodys Heroes
Sunday 7th March £1.00
8pm – 10.30pm
RUBELLA BALLET
Monday 8th March £1.00
8pm – 12pm
Heavy Rock
MONTAGE REAL ESTATE
+ Burn
Tuesday 9th March £1.00
8pm – 12pm
60's NORTHERN SOUL
Wednesday 10th March £1.00
8pm – 12pm
Kosmik Rock
INNER VISION
+ Wild Dogs
Thursday 11th March £1.00
8pm – 12pm
60's R 'n' B
FAST EDDY
+ Support

Friday March 5th
9pm - 1am
DANGEROUS BANANAS
THE
TECHNO TWINS
with Guests
+ Rockin' DJ
Royal College of Art
Kensington Gore
London SW7
Tel. 584 5020
£2.50 on the door £2.00 in Advance

MEZZAFORTE (Nottingham) **PRIVATE I.D.** (Aberdeen) **THE CREAMIES** (London)

BATTLE OF THE BANDS
ROCK POP COMPETITION FINAL
WEDNESDAY 24th MARCH
DOMINION THEATRE
Doors Open 7pm
Tottenham Court Rd (Box Office 480 9562)
Hosted by Radio One's
MIKE READ and RULA LENSKA
Special guest appearance of **DOLLAR**
Celebrity & judges include
PHIL LYNOTT
PAUL GAMBACCINI
STUART COLEMAN
HAZEL O'CONNOR
JOHN ENTWHISTLE
SUZI QUATRO
NODDY HOLDER
Tickets £3.00 £3.50 from Box Office and usual agents
(Show to be recorded for television)

THIN EDGE OF THE WEDGE (Liverpool)
THE CRACK (Cheltenham)
SHOOT THE MOON (Glasgow)

Scala CLUB CINEMA
KINGS CROSS 278 8052 / 0051
Thursday 4
ERASERHEAD
1.15 4.25 7.35
+ UNION CITY
2.50 6.00 9.10
Friday 5
AMERICAN GIGOLO
3.15 7.00 11.15
+ DAYS OF HEAVEN
1.35 5.20 9.05 1.15am
Saturday 6
Bogart: THE BIG SLEEP
3.10 7.00
+ MALTESE FALCON
1.25 5.15 9.05
11.30 All night?
Sunday 7
Visconti's THE LEOPARD / THE LACEMAKER
4.00 7.35
+ SPIRIT OF THE BEEHIVE
5.50 9.10
Monday 8
JAZZ SHORTS:
Calloway, Bassie, Holliday, Louis Jordan, Armstrong etc.
1.30 4.30 7.30
Tuesday 9
DETOUR
2.20 5.00 7.40
+ D.O.A.
Wednesday 10
JUBILEE
3.25 7.05
+ Sex Pistols in
GREAT ROCK'N'ROLL SWINDLE
1.35 5.15 8.55
Thursday 11
Hawks' BRINGING UP BABY
4.15 7.40
+ STAGEDOOR
6.05 9.20

Cinemas

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC 1 & 2 SHAFTESBURY AVE.
Sep Perfs. SEATS BKBLE last perf. Mon–Fri. all wknd perfs. Bar, pkg nearby
1: RAGTIME (AA) 1.30 not Sun. 4.30, 7.50
2: GALLIPOLI (A) 2.0 not Sun. 5.0, 8.0

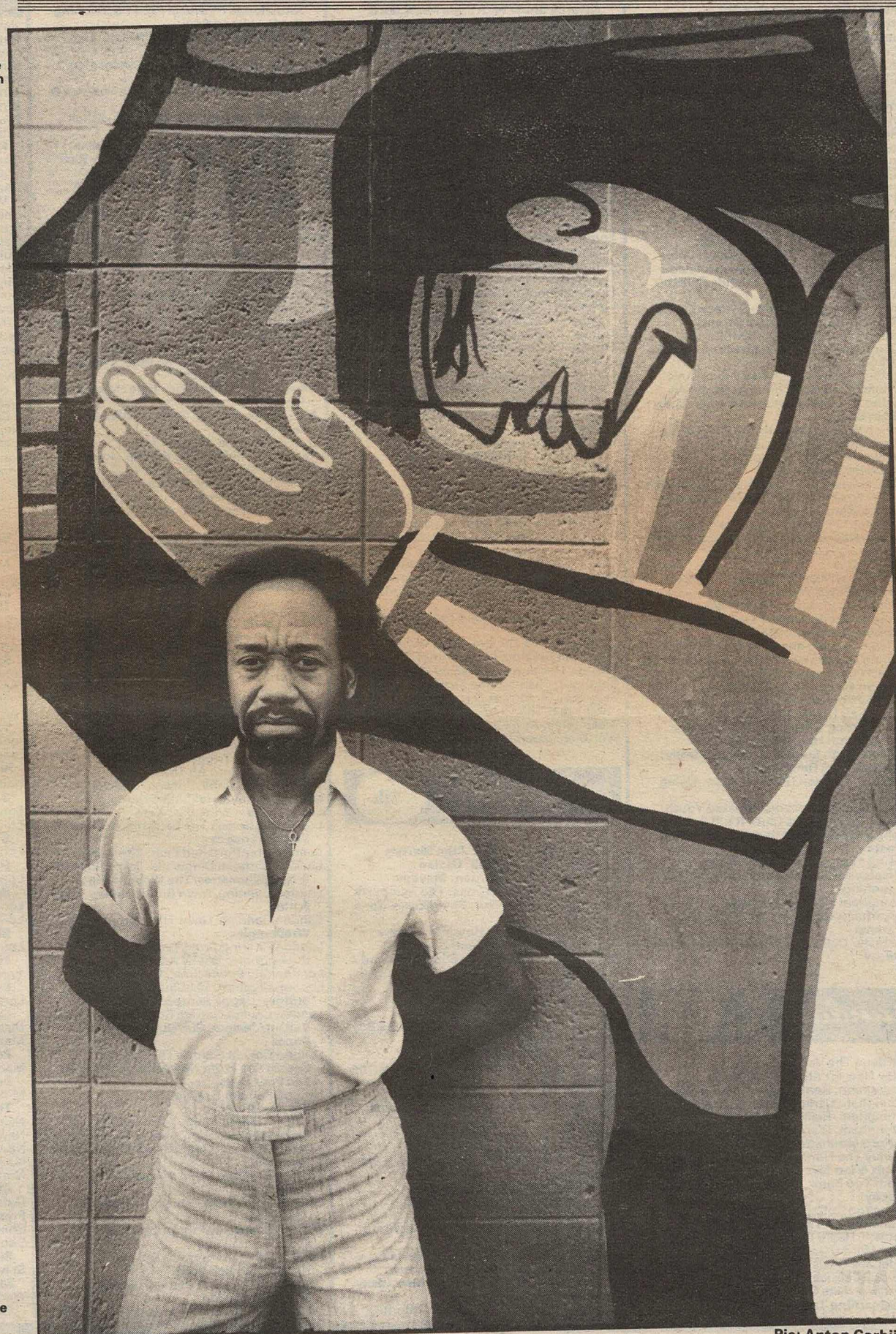
ABC 1 2 3 4 & 5 FULHAM RD.
Seats Bkble Last Sep Progs. L'cnd bar Doors open 15 mins prior
1: REDS (AA) Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 7.50 Feat. 2.15, 8.05
2: BODY HEAT (X) Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.40
3: ARTHUR (aa) Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 2.0, 5.0, 8.30
4: GALLIPOLI (A) Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 1.45, 5.0, 8.45
5: RAGTIME (AA) Sep Progs. Wk. & Sun: 1.45, 5.0, 8.30

ABC 1 2 3 BAYSWATER (OUT LANSWAY)
1: REDS (AA) Progs. Wk. & Sun: 3.0, 6.50 Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.00
2: MAD MAX 2 (X) Progs. 2.45, 5.20, 7.55 Sun: 5.15, 7.50 Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.15
3: RAGTIME (AA) Progs. 1.30, 4.30, 7.35 Sun: 4.30, 7.30 Late show Sat. 11.00

ABC 1 2 3 & 4 EDGWARE RD.
1: MAD MAX 2 (X) 1.25, 3.50, 6.20, 8.50 Sun: 3.50, 6.20, 8.50 Com. Progs. 3.10, 5.35, 8.05 Sun: 5.35, 8.05 Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.15
2: HALLOWEEN II (X) 1.25, 3.55, 6.20, 8.55 Sun: 6.20, 8.55 Progs. 3.05, 5.35, 8.05 Sun: 5.35, 8.55 Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.15
3: BODY HEAT (X) 3.05, 5.45, 8.35 Sun: 5.45, 8.35 Progs. 2.30, 5.10, 7.50 Sun: 5.10, 7.50 Late show Sat. 11.15
4: LADY CHATTERLEYS LOVER (X) 3.10, 5.50, 8.30 Sun: 5.50, 8.30 Progs. 2.30, 5.05, 7.40, 5.05, 7.40 Late show Fri. & Sat. 11.15

ENQUIRIES for all ABC West End Cinemas & Greater London RING TELEDATA 01 200 0200 (24 HRS) | Progs at all cinemas subject to late change

nationwide GIG GUIDE



Maurice White — EWF

Pic: Anton Corbjin

thursday 4th

Basildon Racquel's: **Rio & The Robots**
Bath Moles: **Buzzz**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Birmingham (Selly Oak) Station Hotel: **Another Dream**
Blackburn The Regent: **Whammer Jammer**
Bolton The Gaiety: **Demetrius**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Macondo**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **Apocalypse/Choir/Nik Toczek**
Brighton New Regent: **Boys Own**
Bristol Granary: **The Troggs**
Bristol Stonehouse: **The Review/Bikini Mutants/Terminal Revolt**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Here & Now**
Cambridge Legal Aid Benefit: **The Waves**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Stripes/The Notleys**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Colchester Essex University: **John Cooper Clarke/Linton Kwesi Johnson**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Revillos**
Derby Blue Note: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
Dublin McGonagles: **The Belle Stars**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Bad Manners**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Gonzalez**
Edinburgh Caley Hall: **Diamond Head**
Gateshead The Honeysuckle: **The Urbs**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Special Guests**
Glasgow Jamaica Inn: **Red Ellis**
Glasgow Ultratech: **Haircut 100**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Meanstreak/Magneta/Freebird**
Hull College of Higher Educaiton: **Q-Tips**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Meteors**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool The Pyramid: **Stun The Guards /Vox Arcana/Blue Poland/Wild Weekend**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Kristo Hughes**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Zeitung Da**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Nick Garvey**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **John Watts**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Skank Orchestra/The Crying Shames**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Gas**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Alan Glenn Blues Band**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Pauline Black in *Trojans* (for four days)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Addicts/Dawn Patrol**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Winston-Salem Sneakers**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Frogs**
London Marquee Club: **Magnum**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Parallel Bars**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Tangent**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Bo Diddley**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Whitenoise**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Putney White Lion: **Jeep**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate (four four days)**
London Strand King's College: **Mud/RSVP**
London University College: **The Beatroots**
London Victoria The Venue: **Spizz Energi II**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **The Dubliners**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Troops For Tomorrow/North**
London W.1 Club Left at the Whisky A-Go-Go: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Le Beat Route: **Flex**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Iron Maiden**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Tim Whitehead's Borderline**
Manchester Gillies II: **Dawn Trader**
Manchester Golden Garter: **David Essex (until Saturday)**
Manchester The Dancing Weasel: **Catwax Axe Co**
Manchester UMIST: **The Thompson Twins/King Trigger**
Norwich Flixton Rooms: **The 4 Stanleys/Carl Gustav & The 84's/Creative Chairbending/The Milans**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Humanity/A.M. Gems/The Perfect Party/Society's Victims**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Rhythm'n'Booze**
Perth College of Further Education: **Black Market**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **The Shout**
Preston Warehouse: **Dolly Mixture**
Scunthorpe Baths Hall: **Gaskin**
Sheffield City Hall: **Mike Harding**
Stroud (Minchinhampton) The New Lodge: **Artists And Lovers**
Swansea Baron Club: **Shakatak**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Wokingham Angie's: **Larry Miller Band**
Worksop Town Hall: **Ossian**

friday 5th

Aberdeen Community Centre: **The Insane**
Aberdeen University: **Black Market**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Babylon Rebels**

PLENTY of action on the circuit again this week, with several major outings already in full swing — including THEATRE OF HATE, THE TEARDROP EXPLODES and HAIRCUT 100 — and they're now joined on the road by three interesting new tours:

● PIGBAG are playing the most important set of gigs they've yet undertaken, tied in with the advent of their debut album 'Dr Heckle And Mr Jive'. First dates are at Sheffield (Friday), Bradford (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Liverpool (Monday) and Newcastle (Wednesday). Alternating support acts include Mouth and Pinski Zoo.

● PETE SHELLEY is touring for the first time since The Buzzcocks folded a year ago, and — armed with a battery of tapes and computers, plus a drum machine — he emerges into the arena at Glasgow (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday) and Kirklevington (Wednesday).

● DAVE EDMUNDS also returns to the fray, following the disbandment of his previous outfit — in his case, Rockpile. Now, with a brand new group, he kicks off at Aylesbury (Saturday), Brighton (Monday), Birmingham (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday). As a bonus, special guests are US band THE dB's who, before the tour opens, headline in their own right at London Dingwalls on Friday.

Flying in from the States to play a string of big-venue concerts are EARTH WIND & FIRE, and they start dispensing their own distinctive brand of fervour and frenzy at London's Wembley Arena on Tuesday and Wednesday — though, be warned, there's little hope of getting a ticket at this late stage.

BAD MANNERS are back on stage again, beginning a new tour in Dunstable on Thursday . . . The same evening, Q-TIPS embark on their farewell tour in Hull . . . Also on Thursday, DAVID ESSEX starts a five-week schedule of club and college dates in Manchester.

London's The Venue houses two of the week's most intriguing one-off shows, with a comeback by Spizz (Thursday) and the return of 'Frisco band TUXEDO MOON (Tuesday). Also in London, JCC and LINTON KWESI's joint tour arrives at the historic Old Vic (Saturday and Sunday), while RICHARD JOBSON sheds not a tear for The Skids when he teams up with RICHARD STRANGE at the Surface Club (Saturday).

Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham University: **Bad Manners**
Blackburn The Regent: **Whammer Jammer**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Adrian Henri & Friends**
Brighton Top Rank: **John Cooper Clarke/Linton Kwesi Johnson**
Bristol University: **The Revillos**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Calling Hearts/Fox In Socks**
Canvey Island Gold Mine: **Animal Nightlife**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Angelwytch/After Dark**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Dawn Trader**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Deke Leonard Band**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Theatre Of Hate**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Mike Harding**
Darlington Trades Council Club: **Major Accident/Illusions Of Reality/The Nosejobs**
Dublin Stadium: **The Four Tops**
Dudley College of Technology: **Strata/In The Evening**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Wasted Youth**
Galway University: **The Belle Stars**
Gateshead The Honeysuckle: **Splatterband Bluesband**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Grip**
Guernsey C.I. The Savoy: **The Pulse**
Haywards Heath Taverners: **Second Image**
Keele University: **Cuddly Toys**
Kirkcaldy Abbotshall Hotel: **Room 78**
Knaresborough Borough Bailiff: **Ossian**
Lancaster University: **Here & Now**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Iron Maiden**
Leicester University: **Orange Juice/China Crisis**
Liverpool Dale Inn: **The Chase**
Liverpool Tom Hall's Tavern: **Tim Whitehead's Borderline**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Rock Band**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Dr. Funk**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The dB's/Risk A**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Road Apples**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Civilization/Heads Of Agreement**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Root Jackson & The G. B. Blues Co**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & His Uptown Rhythm/Will Gaines**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Richard Digance/Brian Cookman**
London Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice/The Sharks**
London Hammersmith Charing Cross Medical School: **John Watts**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **24 Hours/King Kurt**
London Hampstead Westfield College: **A Bigger Splash**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Venigmas/The Classics**
London Isleworth West London Institute: **13 At Midnight**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Waves**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lee Kosmin**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Marquee Club: **Magnum**
London N.W1 (Gloucester Ave) Beet Bop Club: **Biting Tongues/Sulphur Of Lions**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Clive Chaman's Santrax**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphorias Last Dance**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Evil Minds/The Ambivalent Pilots**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Troggs**
London Putney White Lion: **Sound Gallery**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Tony Bennett**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **The Papers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Eyewitness**
London Twickenham Black Dog: **Michael Chapman**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Birthday Party/Artery**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Dana Gillespie**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Skank Orchestra**
Lowestoft College of Higher Education: **Screen 3**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Oduduwa**
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight: **The Gift**
Manchester Unity Club: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **The Meteors**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Haircut 100**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Q-Tips**
Newport Harper Adams College: **The Set/Bizarre Unit**
Northampton Black Lions: **The Finishing Touch**
Northampton Nene College: **C-Saim**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Linda & The Limpets**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Thompson Twins/King Trigger**
Nottingham University: **The Higsons/Bikini Atoll**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Splash**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Nine Below Zero**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Glen Lawson**
Penarth Paget Rooms: **Moira & The Mice/Eric Bloodaxe & The Vikings**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Cuban Heels**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Pigbag/Mouth**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Dinner At The Ritz**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **The Dubliners**
South Shields Legion Club: **Passion Trade**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **B Movie**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **10c.c.**
Stourbridge College: **Natural Mystique**
Street Crispin Hall: **The Androids Of Mu/The Review/Bikini Mutants**
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **Vice Squad**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Shakatak**
Tolworth Recreational Centre: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Warwick Red Lion:

☐ *CONTINUED OVER*

nationwide GIG GUIDE

☐ *FROM PREVIOUS PAGE*
Collapse/Withdrawal/Third Circle
Widnes Ditton Community Centre: **Wild Weekend/405 Lines/Seiben Minuten**
Wokingham Angie's: **Brunel**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **OK Jive**
Worcester Labour Club: **Wrathchild**

saturday 6th

Aylesbury Friars: **Dave Edmunds Band/The dB's**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **C-Sain**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Carlton Cinema: **The Au Pairs**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Babylon Rebels**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Iron Maiden**
Bognor Ocean Bar: **Shakatak**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Dubliners**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Tim Laycock**
Bradford University: **Pigbag/Mouth**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Fred Wedlock/Brian Cookman**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Theatre Of Hate**
Cambridge Ida Darwin Hotel: **The Agents**
Cambridge Sound Cellar at Raffles: **Huang Chung/Pure Thought**
Cambridge Technical College: **Robyn Hitchcock Band**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Screaming Lord Sutch/Rock Island Line**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Cuddly Toys**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chippenham Rock Theatre: **Bad Manners**
Coventry Warwick University: **True Life Confessions**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Magnum**
Dublin Stadium: **The Four Tops**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Mood Elevators**
Edinburgh George Square Theatre: **Here & Now**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Nine Below Zero**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Q-Tips**
Gravesend Woodville Hall: **The Nashville Teens**
Guildford The Royal: **Second Window**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Horsham Horse & Groom: **Jodo Main**
Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk: **Red Ellis**
Lancaster University: **Haircut 100**
Leicester Kirby Muxloe Community Centre: **Mandela**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Meteors**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Radio City Battle of the Bands**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Revillos/Terry & The Time Bandits.**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Dana Gillespie Blues Band**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Book 'Em and Risk It**
London Brixton George Canning: **The Skank Orchestra**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Boys Own**
London Brixton Town Hall: **Ruts DC/Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/The Outskirts**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Top Secret/3.P. Sweet**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The 45's**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Mad Shadows/Radio Moscow**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Second Image**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Ivory Coasters/Dance Hall Style**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rio & The Robots/ton tons m'assai**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Ivan Chandler Quintet**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Blondes/The Mets**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Shea Ramah/Civilization**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Macondo**
London Hampstead Starlight Rooms: **Go Ninety/Things In Bags**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **First Priority/Dance On A Telephone**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Frogs**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Chris Biscoe Quartet**
London Marquee Club: **Dolly Mixture**
London N.W.1 (Gloucester Ave) Musicians Collective: **Zone Endz**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Cayenne/Sanity Clause**
London Putney White Lion: **Tony McPhee's Blues Band**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Ray Fisher**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Tony Bennett**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Mike Harding**
London University Union: **Skat/The Creamies/The Swells**
London Victoria The Venue: **Buzzz**
London Waterloo Old Vic Theatre: **John Cooper Clarke/Linton Kwesi Johnson**
London Wimbledon Southlands College: **Man Ray**
London Windmill Theatre Surface Club: **Richard Jobson/Richard Strange**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Community Centre: **Repercussion/Take It/I.U.D.**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Praxis/Vaguely Divine/Ian Ferguson**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.9 Zigzag Club: **UK Decay/The Dark/Dead Mans Shadow**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Kabbala/Bee Vamp**
Milton Keynes Starting Gate: **Spiteful Child**
Newcastle University: **The Thompson Twins/King Trigger**
Northampton Rectory Farm Hall: **Groovy Underwear/Laser Chic/Rare Experience**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Nightclass**
Nottingham (West Bridgford) The Test Match: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Moontier**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Peter Symonds**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Mercedes**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Language From Memory**
Reading University: **Pookiesnackenburger**
Retford Porterhouse: **Orange Juice**
Rushden Wheatsheaf: **Tobruk**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Coil**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **10c.c.**
Southampton University: **Screen 3**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Dolly Mixture/The Questions**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Flying Objects**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **Wasted Youth**
Whitley Bay Mingles Club: **R'n'B Spitfires**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Woking Percy Street Warehouse: **Displayed/Pushmepullyou/Burst Out Laughing**
Wokingham Angie's: **Torpedo**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Victorian Parents**
Worcester College of Higher Education: **UK Decay**

sunday 7th

Aberdeen The Venue: **Q-Tips**
Batley New Frontier: **David Essex**
Birmingham, Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Carlton Cinema: **Shakatak**
Birmingham, Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham, (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Theatre Of Hate/UK Decay**
Carshalton Cottage of Contennt (lunchtime): **The Shattered Dreams**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Rubella Ballet**
Chelmsford D.J.s Club: **Ossian**
Clydebank Oasis Club: **The Venetian Blinds**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **10 C.C.**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Thompson Twins/King Trigger**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Moscow**
Glasgow Maestro's: **Pete Shelley & The Machine Band**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Hull Pike Club: **Asylum**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Tony Bennett**
Irvine Amanda's: **H20**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Playhouse Theatre: **Tim Whitehead's Borderline**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station (evening): **Volunteers**
Leicester Black Swan: **Butisit Art/The Midnight Circus**
Little Sutton Municipal Golf Club: **Therapy**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Arts Centre (evening): **The Papers**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Roadworks (lunchtime/Rodeo (evening).**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **Black Echoes Awards Show with Papa Michigan & General Smiley/Ranking Dread/Carroll Thompson/Lion Youth/Cool Notes.**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bo Diddley**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Roy Weard's Last Post**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Drama/Who Said Charge?**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Results/The Boobies**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Jan Ponsford Quintet**
London Finchley Torrington: **Dave Kelly**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Chip Shop Show**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **3.P.Sweet/Empty Vessels**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Dance Hall Style**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Survivors**
London N11 Standard Sports & Social Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Maddy Prior**
London Putney White Lion: **Quick Gill & The Chasers**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Bo Diddley/The Meteors/Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Tottenham Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **Limelight/After Dark**
London Victoria The Venue: **Chris Langham/Arnold Brown/The HeeBeeGeeBees/Ben Elton**
London Waterloo Old Vic Theatre: **John Cooper Clarke/Linton Kwesi Johnson**
London Wapping The Autonomy Centre: **The Replaceable Hedz**
Manchester Rotters: **Pigbag/Mouth**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Commodore International: **The Four Tops**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Plymouth Ark Royal (lunchtime): **Canyon**
Preston Moonraker: **Moscow Philharmonix**
Southport Theatre: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Club: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
Wokingham Angie's: **Quayage**
Worthing Assembly Hall: **The Dubliners**

monday 8th

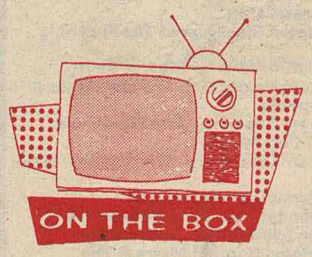
Belfast Grosvenor Hall: **John Martyn**
Beverley Memorial Hall: **Ossian**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Night Out: **David Essex (for a week)**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Brighton Conference Centre: **10 c.c.**
Brighton Top Rank: **Dave Edmunds Band / The dB's**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Four Tops**
Bristol Locarno: **Theatre Of Hate**
Bristol Top Rank: **The Meteors**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Montage Real Estate / Burn**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Q-Tips**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **Pete Shelley & The Machine Band**
Exeter University: **Shakatak**
Gateshead The Honeysuckle: **Stu Burns Band**
Harrogate Royal Hall: **Mike Harding**
Hull Tower Ballroom: **Haircut 100**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds University: **Here & Now**
Leeds Warehouse: **Orange Juice / Dislocation Dance**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Leicester The Horsefair: **Bop With M'Cow**
Lichfield Civic Hall: **Victorian Parents**
Liverpool McMillans: **Afraid Of Mice (daily at lunchtime until Friday)**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Pigbag / Mouth**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Stolen Pets / Bonsai Forest / Short Commercial Break**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Strop's Hop**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Devotion**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Podkadots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Lix Helix / Restless Eyes**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Trial / As Hem Syrup / Vendetta**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Cousin Joe From New Orleans / Will Kelleen**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Jam Today / She's Moved**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dirty Strangers / 5 Pliers**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Dawn Patrol**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Cook The Books**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Lack Of Knowledge / Vertical Hold / Screaming Babies / Dead Soul**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Barney Kessel (for a week)**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Schell Shock**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bo Diddley**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Buddy Rich Orchestra (for a week)**
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: **A Bigger Splash**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Cannibals**
London W.1 (Baker St) The Barracuda: **Private Lives / Dangerous Banana**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 (Old Burlington St) Legends: **Language From Memory**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Whitehouse**
Luton The Mad Hatter: **The Agents**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Balcony / Send No Flowers**
Manchester (Clifton) Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Dollar (for a week)**
Oxford Scamps: **Huang Chung**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Bad Manners**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Iron Maiden**
Preston Moonraker: **Moscow Philharmonix**
Stamford Danish Invader: **Blush**
Watford Bailey's: **The Stylistics (for a week)**

tuesday 9th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Locarno: **Dave Edmunds Band/The dB's**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Chippenham Gold Diggers: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**
Durham Brewers Arms: **The Stingrays**
Durham University: **The Thompson Twins/King Trigger**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **All The Rage**
Glasgow Jordanhill College: **Red Ellis**
Harrogate Royal Hall: **Mike Harding**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The BMT's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jools Holland & His Millionaires/The Wealthy Tarts**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Easy Action**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London City Polytechnic: **Calling Hearts**
London Clapham 101 Club: **These Bridges/Happy Refugees**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Souls Valiant/Jealous Girl/Duphoria's Last Dance**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Cousin Joe From New Orleans/Willy & The Poor Boys**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Kokomo/Redeye**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **London Secret/The Extras**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Feelers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The 45's**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **Red Shift**
London Victoria The Venue: **Tuxedo Moon/Pinski Zoo**
London Wembley Arena: **Earth Wind & Fire**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Paint/Specimen**
London W.1 (Old Burlington St) Legends: **Sad Among Strangers**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Howard Riley**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **B Movie**
Olney Youth Club: **C-Saim**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Iron Maiden**
Reading University: **Shakatak**
Rochdale Lamplighter: **Arabesque**
Sheffield University: **Haircut 100**
Stafford Gatehouse Theatre: **The Dubliners**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **Chris Sievey/Beau Leisure**
Wokingham Angie's: **All That Jazz**
York University: **John Cooper Clarke/Linton Kwesi Johnson**

wednesday 10th

Bath University: **B Movie**
Batley New Frontier: **Martha Reeves & The Vandellas (until Saturday)**
Birmingham, Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham, Quinton Punchbowl: **Teaser**
Birmingham, Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham, (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford University: **Haircut 100**
Bristol Granary: **The Androids Of Mu/The Review/The Mob/Terminal Review**
Burslem The Bowler Hat: **Mightier Than Kong**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Inner Vision/Wild Dogs**
Cheltenham The Plough: **Roadsters**
Corby Strathclyde Hotel: **The In Line**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Iron Maiden**
Dublin McGonagles: **Theatre Of Hate**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Red Ellis**
Guernsey C.I. The Savoy: **The Pulse**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Kinklevington Country Club: **Pete Shelley & The Machine Band**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds University: **John Cooper Clarke/Linton Kwesi Johnson**
Liverpool University At Mountford Hall: **Dave Edmunds Band/The dB's.**
Liverpool (Woolton) Coach and Horses: **The Chase**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Tom McConville & Kieran Halpin**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Mixtures**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Cool Notes**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Little Sister**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Visa/Va Va Voom**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Artery**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Cousin Joe From New Orleans/Willy & The Poor Boys**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Funhouse/Jump Squad**
London Fulham Peterborough Arms: **John Spencer & Johnny G/Steve Tilston**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **10c.c.**
London Harlesden Ye Olde Crown: **A Bigger Splash**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **3.P. Sweet**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Bob Guthrie**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Dali's Car/Oxy & The Morons/Seething Wells**
London Poplar Brunswick Arms: **Mischief**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate**
London Vauxhall Bridge Rd. The Surprise: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Queen Ida & Bon Temps Zydeco Band**
London Wembley Arena: **Earth Wind & Fire**
London W.1. (Bond St) Embassy Club: **The Blondes**
London W.1. (Dean St) Gossips: **The Passion Puppets**
London W.1. (Old Burlington St) Legends: **Brown Zero**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Ray Shields Combined Services Orchestra**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **The Dubliners**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **D.T.'s Blues Band**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **The Thompson Twins/King Trigger**
Neath Rock Club: **The Troggs**
Newcastle Tiffany's: **Pigbag/Pinski Zoo**
New Romney The Seahorse: **The Feel**
Norwich Jacquard Club: **Vital Disorders**
Nottingham Admiral Duncan: **Butisit Art/The Pantry**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Four Tops**
Preston Polytechnic: **Shakatak**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Q-Tips**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
St Ives (Cambs) Leisure Centre: **Bad Manners**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Passion Trade.**



MONTY SMITH sizes up the small screen

Friday March 5

Mister Moses (Directed by Ronald Neame 1965). Robert Mitchum would be the first to admit he's made some bum movies, but this is more insulting than most: Joe Moses, an itinerant quack doctor and small-time smuggler, proves there's a heart of gold behind that gruff exterior by leading a tribe of hapless darkies to the promised land of Kenya. Required viewing for insomniac imperialists and people who like close-ups of elephants. **(BBC1).**

Dan Candy's Law (Claude Fournier 1973). Originally released as *Alien Thunder* in North America, this handsomely mounted Mountie drama has Sgt Donald Sutherland relentlessly and, it has to be said, tediously tracking down a murderous Cree Indian, lugubrious soul-searching getting in the way of the basic man hunt. **(BBC1)**

The Woman In Green (Roy 'Bill' Neill 1945). Henry Daniell as Moriarty is the only diversion in the seemingly endless Sherlock Holmes 'season' of duffers; 'fraid it's thumbs down for this thumbs-off murder mystery. **(BBC2)**

Saturday March 6

Magnum Force (Ted Post 1973). One of those films that would have been infinitely better handled by its writer(s) — in this instance, take your pick from co-scenarists Michael *Deer Hunter* Cimino and John *Dillinger* Millius. As it stands, journeyman Ted *Hang 'Em High* Post turns 'Dirty' Harry Callaghan into a one-man Starsky and Hutch as he flushes out an in-house vigilante squad (curiously enough, led by David Soul). Confused? You will be, by a botched job that entirely lacks the brilliant dynamics of Don Siegel's original, seminal cop thriller. **(ITV)**

. . . and now IAN PENMAN takes the armchair

Still Saturday March 6

Mr Skeffington (Vincent Sherman 1944). Two hour's worth of staunch soap opera. Bette Davis was recipient of an Oscar for her four decades' worth of adultery, betraying Claude Raines' dowdy stockbroker until the poor chap is half blind, when she finally decides he's OK after all, he really *does* love her, and all that. The money-grabbing hussy!! **(BBC2)**

The Haunting (Robert Wise 1963). Lots of fun and frights. A midnight menagerie (do I get the *Daily Mirror* job?) of weirdos, spending the weekend in a supposedly haunted Boston mansion — and no, it wasn't directed by a Roger Corman acolyte. Claire Bloom plays lesbian assistant (the ghosts — all four of 'em — are women) to mad scientist Richard Johnson (who wouldn't say BOO!! to a Levi-Strauss), other sceptics and seers congregate. Unusual and unusually effective spooky-domicile movie by Val Lewton's prize pupil. **(BBC2)**

Sunday March 7

Private's Progress (Roy Boulting 1956). And yes, folks, they keep on coming — those Sunday afternoon British comedies with encyclopeadic cast lists. This dated Boulting Bros. satire on Army life features (take deep breath): Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, Richard Attenborough, Dennis Price, the great William Hartnell, the infamous Thorley Walters, the spit-showering Kenneth Griffith and the incomparable John Le Mesurier. Watch *Crooks Anonymous* last week? Good, wasn't it? **(BBC1)**

The McKenzie Break (Lamont Johnson 1970). Boring P.O.W. 'suspense' story (does anyone really ever get wound-up by these predictable hack-jobs?), distinguished only by the fact that it's Germans escaping from Scotland (whose fans — like all those little Japanese chaps on desert islands — still seem to be waging World War II against the whole world) and not out-of-work English actors escaping from Nazi-occupied Pinewood. **(BBC1)**

Executive Action (David Miller 1973). Speculative thriller about the JFK assassination, variously considered painstakingly awful or unbelievable but engaging. Burt Lancaster and Robert Ryan have the plum parts — right wing fanatics beating everybody else in the world to the punch. **(BBC2)**

Monday March 8

Dance, Girl, Dance (Dorothy Arzner 1940). Maureen O'Hara and Lucille Ball in soapy but tough career-girls story; sometimes condescendingly analysed as 'feminist' because of director's gender (although few know that in fact it was written and directed by John Ford as a complete send-up!) **(BBC2)**

The Oscar (Russell Rouse 1966). Counter culture hipster hero Harlan Ellison was one of three scriptwriters responsible for this unmitigated poultice of a movie, which is completely redeeming qualities. A cast of Hollywood millions (most of whom should know better) participate in gruesome portrait of their own community's meaningless annual prize-giving. **(ITV Thames)**

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DAVE EDMUNDS
+ The dB's

Wednesday 17th March £3.00 adv
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+ LINTON KWESI JOHNSON

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IN THE CAN

MONTY SMITH sorts out circuit releases

Alligator (Directed by Lewis Teague). Amiable hokum from the smartarse team of Teague and John Sayles, the eponymous 'thing' wreaking satisfactory vengeance on an uncaring society, man, and the rotten vivisectionists too. Reviewed 13.2.82. **(Alpha)**

Chanel Solitaire (George Kaczender). Marie-France Pisier as Coco Chanel in a chocolate-box biopic of the sweet-smelling fashion queen. Rather more ridiculous than rivetting. Reviewed 20.2.82. **(HandMade)**

Deadly Blessing (Wes Craven). Right out of the rut yuk-mongering from a master exponent of nightmarish fears and fancies, and a kick up the Hittites for Reagan and the Moral Majority. Definitely odd and oddly cherishable. Reviewed 6.2.82. **(Barber International)**

Death Wish 2 (Michael Winner). Implausible and (for some) unpleasant sequel and since it's seven years since Charlie Bronson first tried out his vigilante antics on unsuspecting New York muggers, and since it's seven years since either Bronson or Winner had a sizeable hit, perhaps your guess as to why this film was deemed necessary would be as good as the Columbia accountants'. Not much kiss kiss, lots of bang bang. Reviewed 20.2.82. **(Columbia)**

Dragonslayer (Matthew Robbins). Thinly disguised anti-Communist propaganda as sword and sorcery nonsense. Should do well in Poland. Reviewed 13.2.82. **(Disney)**

Fort Apache, The Bronx (Daniel Petrie). The policeman's lot is not a happy one but neither, surely, is it a cross between *Hill Street Blues* and *Soap*. Still, Paul Newman's uniform sets off his eyes a treat. Reviewed 30.1.82. **(Rank)**

Hell Night (Tom De Sine). A haunted house on the edge of Cliche City provides the novel setting for a low-budget horror flick in which — *quel* surprise! — a bunch of gormless students get bumped off one by one. Phew! Who'd've thought it! Well I never! etc. **(Miracle)**

It Only Hurts When I Laugh (Glenn Jordan). Not so much a movie, more a Neil Simon party piece. The extraordinarily prolific (some would say profligate) playwright and scriptwriter has saved some of his best gags for this, a sweet and sour study of theatrical folk beautifully played by Marsha Mason ("It's not morning yet — the world might blow up and I'll be off the hook"), Joan Hackett ("It's my fortieth birthday — so let's just drop the subject and order our fucking lunches *please*") and, best of all, James Coco as a faggy fusspot ("So don't tell me your troubles, girls — do you know what it's like to be turned down for a haemorrhoid commercial?") **(Columbia)**

Priest Of Love (Christopher Miles). Welcome to the wacky world of fun-loving novelist D. H. Lawrence, as envisaged by the Sunday supplements. But don't take my word for it — see the review in last week's *Silver Screen*. **(Enterprise)**

Ragtime (Milos Forman). The transition from page to screen has not been smooth for E. L. Doctorow's fanciful novel; Robert Altman was sacked after a year's work and Milos Forman, doubtless still reeling from his *Hair* experience, has fashioned a patchwork quilt out of the American mosaic. Reviewed 27.2.82. **(EMI)**

Reds (Warren Beatty). The sequel to the phenomenally successful *Beds;* after seeing what went on between the sheets, we now find out what's going on under the springs. Almost as long as *Dr Zhivago;* and about as exciting. Reviewed 20.2.82. **(UIP)**

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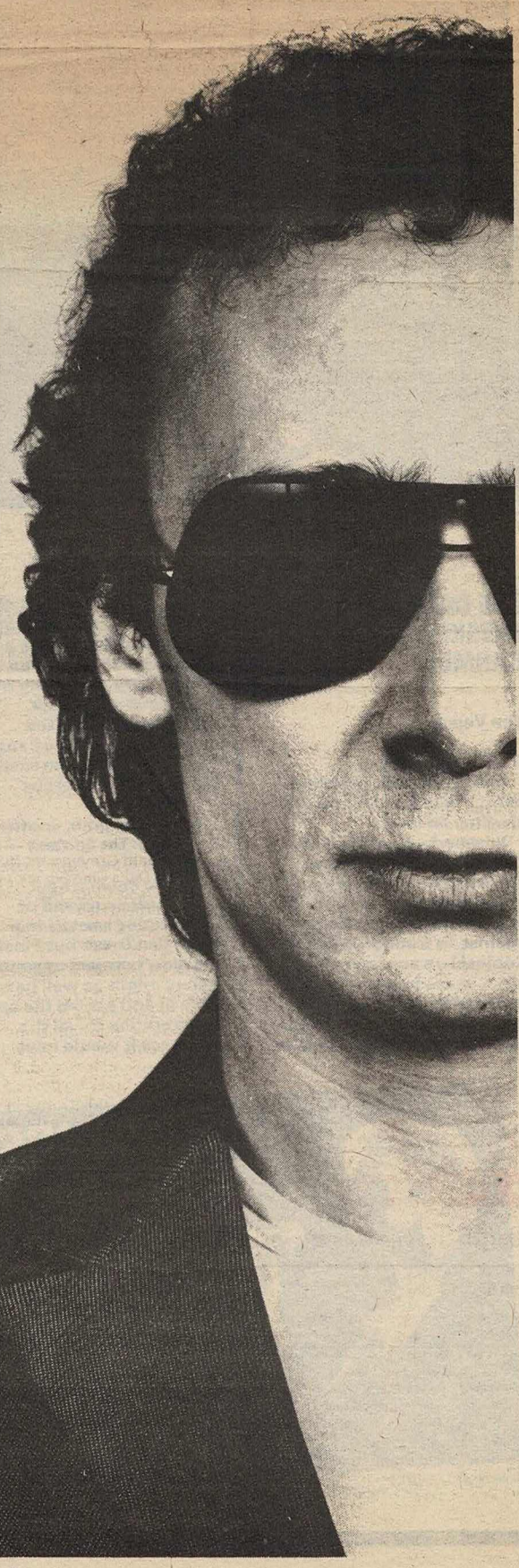


LIVE!

Pete and the pout

Murphy and Mann by Peter Anderson

POWER AND THE GORY

BAUHAUS

The Old Vic

DUST

BEING of the Bauhaus protective sacking means being prepared to do a lot of pretending, defending, disguising and exaggerating. Bauhaus find an idea, dust it off, lick it dearly, stretch it, tear it, drench it in perfume, burn it, colour it darkly, splatter it with luminous green dots, take it for a walk through a waxworks of horror, lead it into safe temptation, feed it obscure and diluted hallucinogenic drugs, paint a crazy face on it and then — only then — consider it fit and pretty for the public airing.

Sometimes they do all this without having an idea in the first place. Their bass player . . .

CHEAP

. . . is weedy and could be a Stiff session musician. The drummer is a plain Ron and could have played with The Chords. The guitarist is a lewd little sweety whose portrayal of an accident victim is far too extravagant even for Wasted Youth. The singer has an outrageous pout and the pout's name is Thomas Mann. Bauhaus are staining the Old Vic stage, opening wide their cheap and greasy macs to belligerently flash their dismembered pretensions. Beli Lugosi is pronounced dead, the Bauhaus members are mildly intoxicated by their own assumed audacity, the man with the Thomas Mann stalks the stage refining his own insignificant arrogance, the whole show drowns slowly and selfpiteously in the 'muck' and 'sick' and 'shit' of the groups carefully rehearsed melodramatic and sentimental vileness.

THORNY

I found time, stood close to the wreckage, to feel saddened that such hysterical surface scratching, this excremental idiocy, could be taken seriously as a unit of guidance, as an exceptional entertainment, or as blue blue glorious blue flashes of inspiration and illumination. Bauhaus plunder and blunder like bullshitters in fine art shops: drag themselves backwards through the tangled thorny foliage of rock styles: join together a few of the dots of pop-art with snidy smug baggy abandon. Bauhaus are one of the most confused groups I have ever crashed into, they are not even capable of being authentically disgusting, or evocatively crude, or disconcertingly scatalogical, or even vaguely sinister, and their loose change act just poured out at me like a melted plastic substitute vomit. And yet . . .

WICKED

. . . I would go and see them again. *Hardly* because I sympathise with those who place faith in the group as a serious, sophisticated, accomplished set of wicked messengers, as it will take a great amount of subtle persuasion to convince me that Bauhaus do anything but make cretinous judgements about their own ability and potential worth whilst chained to inanity by their own inarticulacy. I would go and see them again . . .

MOUTH

. . . because of Pete Murphy's mouth. I would like to think that Pete Murphy is the undisputed *Zig-Zag* God, champion of all the heavens, because of the suggestiveness and generosity of his mouth, rather than the sub-dued-sleazy stuff that he throws up out of it. Because of his mouth, the blatantly erotic and icily exciting relationship that it forms with his eyes, the sensuous fullness of it and the basic conspicuousness . . . because of Thomas Mann my choice of paper Gods would be Pete Murphy. The mouth of Murphy transmits the joy and intrigue, the drama and sensitive awareness, that is so manifestly missing from Bauhaus music. Murphy's mouth helps to light up his sexual majesty, and not even his unnecessary accommodation and initation of previous sex-heroes' devices can soften his own sexual impact. The fugitive bliss of Murphy as pure object of desire should be amputated immediately from Bauhaus' diseased ludicrosity. How can a man with such a mouth operate within and compound such a silliness as Bauhaus, and why must he insult the natural, brutish, revitalising energies implied through his mouth by complacently copying the physical speculations and contortions of other sex-favourites?

But what interests Bauhaus fans is stale bread, not cake. I would say, obviously, that they are getting an unnecessary mess flung into their faces, that groups such as Bauhaus offer a form of protection from the coarse extravagances and untidy monotony of life with the illusion of 'protest' and 'rebellion', that Bauhaus add much to a disastrous catalogue of negativity and apathy, encouraging nitty tribalism and the narrowing down of experience. But . . . if Pete Murphy paid as much disciplined attention to the songs, the stage show, his presentation — and introduced as much genuinely provocative idiosyncrasy — as he did compiling his Consumers' Guide I would feel that Bauhaus fans are being truly encouraged towards greater findings. I only hope Bauhaus fans appreciate the mouth of Murphy and so know enough to wipe the sick that Bauhaus stuff there out of their eyes.

Paul Morley

THE DANCE
PINSKI ZOO
CARMEL

The Venue

IT WAS cold out. . .

Inside, Carmel, thawing out hearts, was first UP; others shuffled on later. . .

Somewhere inside, Pinski Zoo build up what sounds more like a solid wall than an intriguing maze to me — an approximately funk bass — against, in front of which, Jan Kopinski on soprano and tenor saxes blow with hard, undeniably joyful vigour. I felt, influenced by my sterner jazz associates who remained perfectly unimpressed, that Pinski Zoo present something like an acceptable face, a limited dimension, of an intimidating, liberating free jazz, anchored in funk repitition; without the streamlined attack of, say, Pigbag, let alone the exciting friction of adventurous originators.

In another time, another place, another context — with an eye on New York Times film critic Pauline Kael — I would accuse myself of condemning something which I enjoyed; but Pinski Zoo didn't project or connect — they might as well have come in and played the set in the afternoon for all the difference it would have made.

Carmel — new age chanteuse *Photo by Andrew Luckhurst*

So, in the considerate light shed by Gavin Martin's tastefully understated review, I feel obliged, authentically bound, to write about the inspiring Carmel and the shaking, stiring difference she makes. Without being tempted into the futility of description, I can say that she was accompanied by drums, congas, a bass and an occasional saxophone.

She had made the right choice and decided to be confident, for a while disdaining the microphone altogether, or using it to provide contrast, in favour of direct connection with those drawn closer, to the front. It was a fearless, fearful performance; glowing, exploring rarified places, sometimes in the spellbinding spaces between Tim Buckley's *'Starsailor'* and the early, earthly Mavis Staples.

"I'll fight you like a man. . . I AM NOT SATISFIED. . ." In silk-gloved amusement she laughed and chilled. Stinging salt, careful, careless, with an affirmative smile, sometimes she landed shakily, sometimes stars came crashing down. She said "Ssshhh. . ." (All you fans of Freudian psychoanalysis out there will doubtless have recognised a prisoner of love by now.)

The next giant steps. . . disruptive, supremely subjective. . . I'm wondering how these heart-rending hardfacts, this timely provocation, this unique vision, will translate into precise vinyl and celluloid artifacts. Those cogent pellets of decisive emotion to set the nation alight. . . Still, without the comfort of certainty, there are rumours, suggestions; she'll come, she'll go, absurdly like Nina Simone, to places Siouxsie may have dreamed about; sublimely sensual, like Asha Puthli on Ornette Coleman's 'All My Life' — soon crossing thresholds and hearts.

Miss fortune smiled: present, distant, coy, knowing, low, rejoicing; most are loitering behind the possibilities brought into becoming by Carmel's improbable bravura. Later still there was a group called The Dance, who didn't stand any kind of a chance, partly because they immediately struck me as the sort of thing anglo-envious New Yorkers call 'new wave', mainly because when your images are being altered, your life is being changed, you don't need to be told what time it is.

Carmel's high glamour in glittering heat melted the in before credible, the ghost of Simon Puxley says hello in passing, and if I were you, and you were me, I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Mark Cordery

LOVE LOST IN A COLD CLIMATE

AU PAIRS
CODE BMUS

North London Poly

FIERCELY self-conscious before a forbiddingly large crowd, local Islington heroes Code BMUS soon demonstrated their clumsy apprenticeship in the dangerous trade of improvised music. Cheerless gear-grinding and a couple of near-songs throttled at gory birth is not the stuff of my extemporised dreams; nor, I must point out, is whumping a horizontal bass on an ironing board or (another) misapplied filmshow — though a sequence of a hog's head being hacked up probably fitted the music as well as anything.

But it's a welcome back to the Au Pairs for their first metropolitan gig for some time. Straight up and into a blade-edged blitz of a song, the twin guitars of Lesley Woods and Paul Foad amped up into a scrupulously regulated killing machine — sceptics at fifty paces — and strafing a beat of intimidating terseness, the opportunity of playing again unceremoniously rough-and-tumbled: really *tough*.

And on they went, throwing out the occasional title — new things like 'Intact', road-tested sureties like 'Inconvenience' — going faster and still tightening the rhythm inside until it peaked at a white-knuckled tautness that — wait. Let me catch my breath a moment.

I will not be steamrollered by this, which is what the Au Pairs seem to aim for. To give up to their funk — Au Pairs make a white dance music that is so hard it feels like trampolining in a room with a very low ceiling, SKRUNCH SKRUNCH — is to miss something else curdling at the centre of the beat. The emotive pulse of the Au Pairs' rockasoul is driven by a cold scorn.

It emanates — there! — from the undeniably interesting personage of Lesley Woods. Woods' icy disdain for her audience is not difficult to discern: a sneer is forever on her lips, whether at the microphone or curling balefully at their followers. She is well on the way to growing into a great white soul voice: sometimes it swoops down a phrase so compelling your ears are caught on that moment and the rest is lost, for a while. Most of the hardest guitar parts are played by Foad though Woods doesn't miss a beat when the tempos sweat.

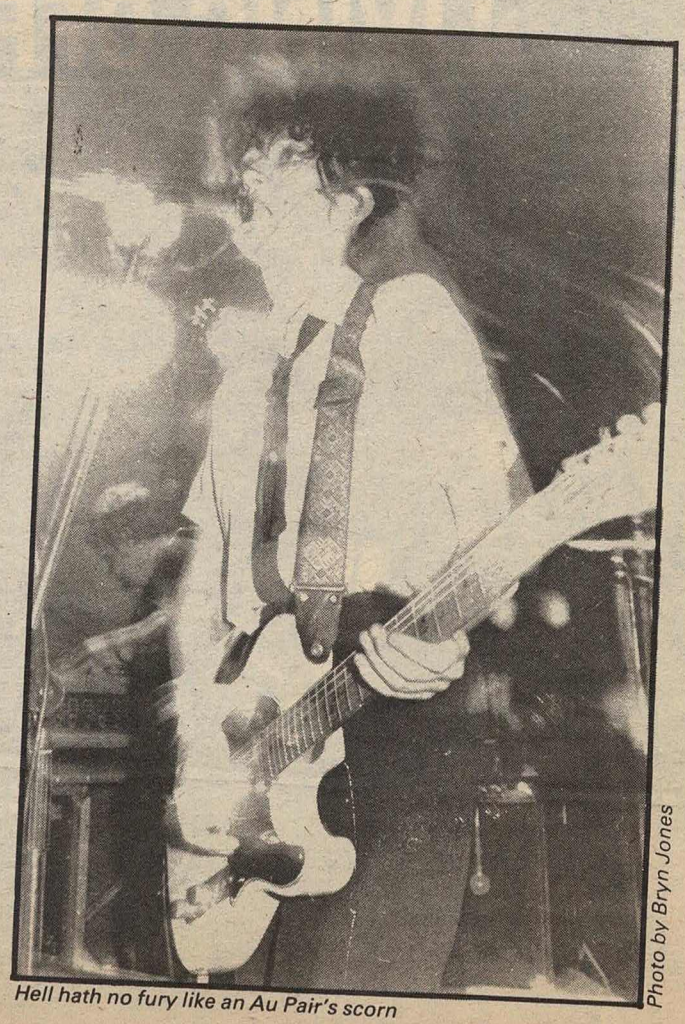
It may be here that the Au Pairs come unstuck. Theirs is such a viciously disciplined view of the dance that it simply brutalises the attention. Try and get close to an Au Pairs song and it either cuts you down or bounces you off its brick-hard surround. The proficiency of the playing has led to a martial obsession which permeates guitars and drums alike, a ruthless bam-bam approach that suffocates the slightest hint of looseness. Only bassist Jane Munro, endlessly pacing up and down an invisible box, allows any space into her playing.

Lesley Woods metes out this punishing music with a humourless relish. Her curt refusal to participate embodies the Au Pairs' distance from their listeners. When straying into real-time politics the points made hit stuffily obvious targets like *"bosses in control"*, an artless hammer compared to Defunkt's brilliant dissective mixing of emotional and state secrets. When their vaunted exposure of socio-sexual frustrations and jealousies comes forth it speaks only of Lesley Woods' wasted bitterness. Blokes are like little kids, eh Lesley?

Au Pairs look stuck; with a hit record behind them and a second album crisis looming they have compensated their anxiety with a guitar band white noise tightness that is excluding and finally exhausting. *What do you . . .?* say Au Pairs songs — what do they want? What does Lesley Woods want? What do I want?

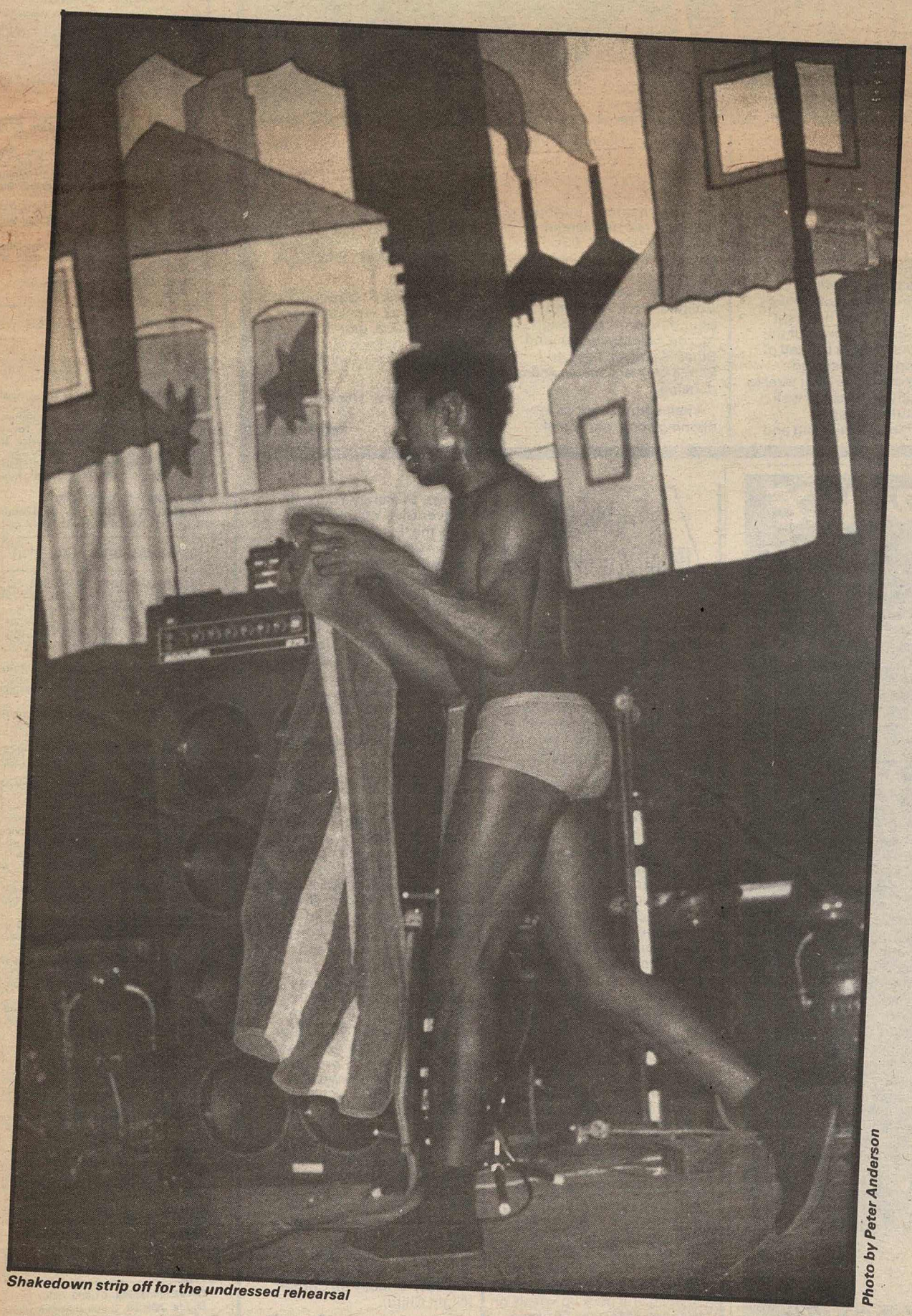
I want to go home. It's cold. There's no warmth in here.

Richard Cook



Hell hath no fury like an Au Pair's scorn

Photo by Bryn Jones



Shakedown strip off for the undressed rehearsal

Photo by Peter Anderson

DRESS DOWN TOWN

URBAN SHAKEDOWN
ANIMAL MAGIC
DIVERSEN

University of London

AN EXTREMELY low-key evening at the subsidised bar at London University. Diversen — so named I think because they all patronise the Barracuda — were on first, outnumbering the audience by at least two to one, and playing underneath a washing line decorated with, er, 'smalls'.

For the first few minutes they sound moderately attractive; and they start playing *slowly,* which is something of a relief, but they soon slide into a prolonged dirge. Then they get up some yelping funky noise pre ty much as I expected. Trumpet player Melanie Milburn has a smooth, cool tone, though.

Animal Magic, like Johnny Morris and his uncle and everybody else these days, are from Bristol. Again, I have to admit that they make an intermittently attractive noise when heard from a distance, but their highly competent, frenetic alto-led Beat music didn't surprise me once. If they strike it populist they could represent the final Hampsteadisation of all Pigbag derivatives.

After Animal Magic's tacky gothic horror of the void — fill *all* those spaces, people — the spareness of Urban Shakedown (the re-surfaced rhythm section of Basement 5) was a welcome sound. They play constant and tough, while always respecting space. Their sound is presently limited in colour and variation, but their textures are engaging enough, and as a trio of drums, drums and bass, they are definitely starting from a sound foundation.

I can't honestly, or otherwise, say too much about them; it was only their second performance, and given the huge gaps where the audience was supposed to be, they were quite entitled to treat the whole thing as something of a dress rehearsal, which they did. Check them out when they take their gloves off.

Mark Cordery

BLITZ

Skunx

A NIGHT to stare at the band onstage and get stared at in the bar. A night of cramped floorspace / cramped mentality in Skunx, the new nightspot, Oi! the Club, situated at the Blue Coat Boy by the Angel tube, Islington. 'Zwept, all this talk of London nightclubs, all this talk of Blitz . . . yeah, well this is what I saw:

A night for the boize to throw themselves about in while Blitz slammed around, attacked and fed-back on the beer-crate-of-a-stage hiding ir the corner behind the lurching frames of the lumpen hordes.

A night when the meatheads were considerate enough to keep all the fuss and straight arm waving down to the bare minimum necessary to sour the atmosphere — Blitz were careful not to annoy and played safe with friendly overtures to London Town so this time Carl, one of the lads, didn't make the mistake of singing songs from the Stretford End. Last time he was carried from the stage on a stretcher but tonight . . .

A night when Manchester's latest won London's Sta-Prest clientele with a wall of noise.

A night out with the lads, pissed and smug, throwing the right poses, and Blitz coming it with the Rejects impersonations (throwing the right poses) and looking suitably braincelled. Course, they're better than the Rejects (not exactly hard) but then the luvable wooden tops were never more than a youth club aggro-Sham, which brings us back to aggro-Blitz — the only thing soft about these lads is their politics. So listen, if all these bands are so working class, John, how come they're such wally liberals? Sure, the Throbbing Gristie noise-assault may be catchy but the dance - soundtrack's unimportant — one nightclub's as good as another — it's the attitudes there that matter and the ones here stink.

That's East Endertainment.

X. Moore

LIVING OFF THE FRONTLINE

UB40

Belfast

IN THE LAND of shooting straight and thinking crooked that hoary old coming of age celebration, a live album is being planned and recorded. These boys want a LIVE album, not the usual pack of audience apes adoring their fleas under the arc lights. But where do they get that sort of enthusiasm? Mainlanders have seen it all these days, gig is a four letter word in some parts . . . except, *except* in Northern Ireland! Why, over there they go wild for anything, ask Ian Dury — there's only an odd major goes over every once upon a star. Hunger strikes aren't in it — these people are STARVED!

UB40 LIVE IN BELFAST. Great title, good but subtle Burden of Shame angle (I'm a human being, not proud of it, coz of all that Original Sin). UB40 do for Belfast what the Clash did for El Salvador . . .

What's getting on our nerves over here is this sort of thing: UB40 bassist Earl saying: "We could buy a load of M16s and go out killing coppers but we'd only last a week". UB40 guitarist Robin saying: "If we're sending thousands of pounds to the IRA . . . we certainly wouldn't tell you, that would be commercial suicide." (Both quotes from Graham Lock's article). It's all so implicit, and if I'd only got the above crud to reflect on I'd say that UB40's presence in Belfast was about as useful as DeLorean's. Actually, I think they're worth more, but I won't close my eyes and ignore the fact that UB Roi are perilously close to becoming not so much a band as a pl(atitude).

I see it in their astonishing pronouncements, I see it in their ennui-inducing dub frottage, I see it in their rockist use of audience clapalongs and double encores and I see it in the overbearing live sameness of too many of their songs. All for only £4 in a province where unemployment is sometimes as high as one in three.

And yet there's much about (D)UB40 that is obviously admirable. Tonight, their breathtaking *Close Encounters* like light show reveals the positive side of the technical spectacle and, for a while, it seemed as if the climactic build up of their Peter Gunn-in-dub theme stage intro would set the running for the evening. That it didn't, reflects the need for an across the board review of material that just doesn't compete with their single spangle.

The UB forte lies somewhere between their unstoppable bowel shifting bass and the mysterious affection they so effortlessly elicit from the crowd, and if they could capitalise more intelligently on the sort of radical charisma that Astro flourishes then they'd be half way to ridding the set of its more vapid tendencies.

But what to conclude from Pere UB's backhanded Belfast recording compliment? Try this — UB40 are pearls round the neck, but stones in the heart.

Adrian Maddox

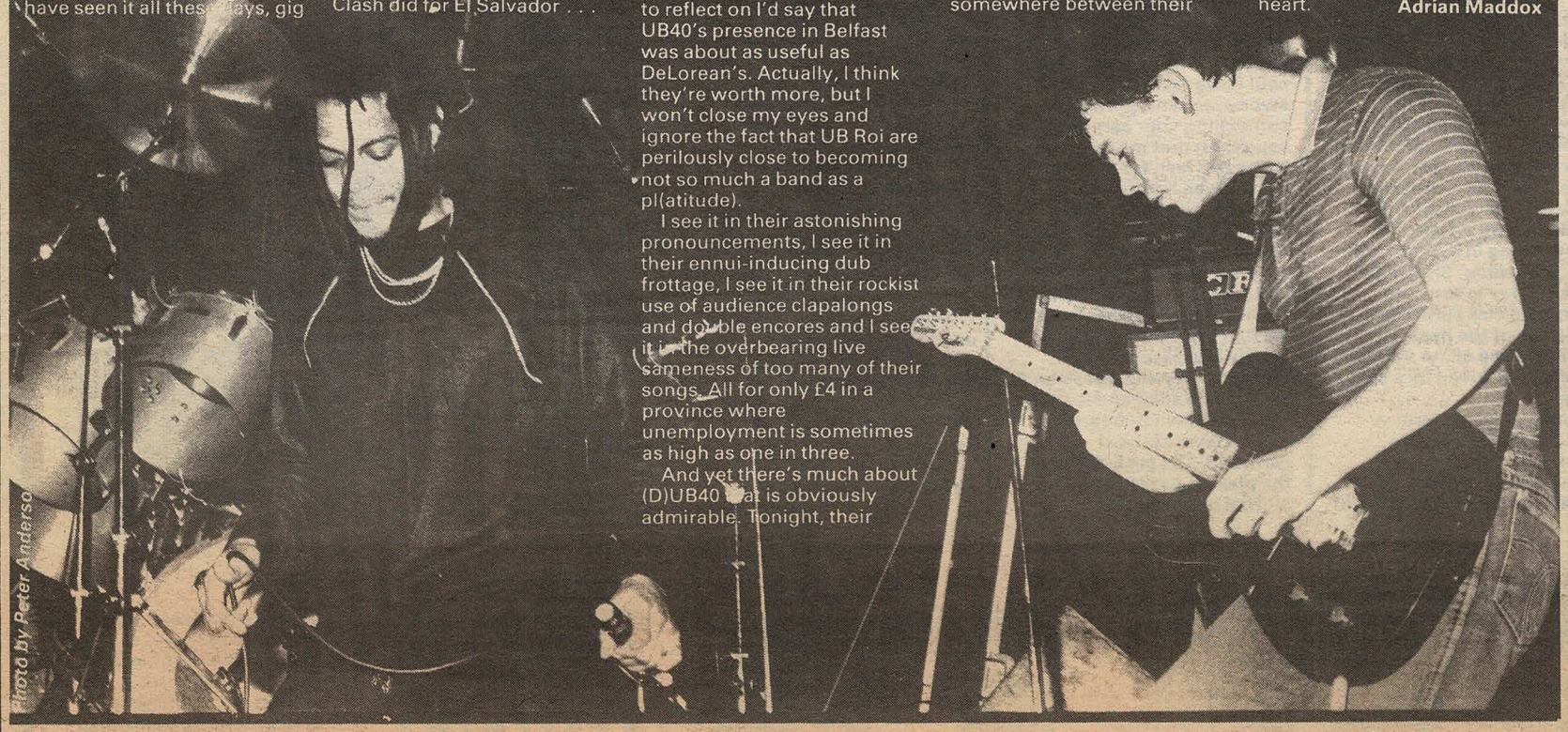


Photo by Peter Anderso

THOMPSON TWINS KING TRIGGER

Warwick University

THE ECONOMY Of Dance Music.

Lesson 1 : You CAN have too much of a good thing. The Thompson Twins have remained blind to this most basic of lessons, and as a result their potentially stimulating and danceable music sinks in a quagmire of noise noise noise. There are just TOO MANY INSTRUMENTS ON STAGE.

Any semblance of spontaneity is lost in the murk, only re-emerging in a handful of magic moments during their performance ('Perfect Game', 'In The Name Of Love', 'Make Believe'). It is only then that the Twins go any way towards proving that they are anything more than dabblers, like little kids stuck for choice in a sweet shop. African, Chinese, Indian, Swindonian (Swindonese?) even, they are tempted by them all but never really turn them into anything more than token nods at second-hand ideas.

Maybe it was just because they were blown off stage by their support group, King Trigger.

Remember Lesson 1? Well disregard it. You can NEVER have enough of King Trigger.

A five-piece with two drummers. Sounds familiar? OK lets get the Ants comparisons out of the way (sort of). If Adam had kept with the sheer power of the 'Cartrouble' Ants instead of buckling his swash and setting off in search of pirates and princes, he could well have stumbled onto something as daunting and potentially brilliant as King Trigger.

These boys (and girl) are kings of their own wild frontier; rhythmic, swooping, trance music that screams "Dance with me!". But enough of the pigeonholing. King Trigger's sound is unique and very, very exciting, from Trudi and Ian's pounding drums, through Martin's choppy guitar and Stuart's twitchy bass, to Sam's buoyant vocals and fab dancing.

Their soundcheck-cum — opening song, really just (just!!) a forceful, irresistible Burundi beat, won the audience over from the start. The love affair was consolidated with such gems as 'It Shouldn't Happen To A Dog', '29 Ways' and the totally wonderful 'River'. A success and a half.

One of King Trigger's song titles not only sums them up, it also provides us with Lesson 2, a lesson that the Thompson Twins will have to learn.

It says 'Don't Think About It, Do It'.

Paul Mathur

REGGAE RUNNINGS

THE SECOND co-operative **Singers & Players** venture for On U is released this week under the aegis 'Revenge Of The Underdog' (SITU 4). Produced by Adrian Sherwood the set features an eclectic selection of dub exaggeration in lieu of a drum foundation provided by Style Scott and vocal contributions from **Bim Sherman, Prince Far I, Lizard** and **Jah Woosh.**

Of the latter Bim Sherman remarks rendition of the doomy Glen Miller 'Dungeon' plus two compositions of his own 'Jah Army Band' and 'Too Much Work Load', and other uncredited work. The Prince croaks four lyrics: 'Merchant Ship', 'Prodigal Son', 'Water The Garden' and following his rebuke of vile Vernons Yard turns his attention Wardour way with 'Cha-ris-ma', to which Viv Albertine adds guitar.

Former Studio 1 stalwart Carlton Manning emerges with his first album since leaving the Brentford Road atelier: 'This Heart Of Mine' (QRL 001). Credited to **Carlton And The Shoes** and issued on the Quality label of Retirement Road, the LP is a nine track recording with the Barrett brothers supplying bass and drum foundation, Earl Chinna on lead guitar, and keyboards from Studio 1 sessioners Pablove Black and Richard Ace. Mr Manning sings both lead and back up vocals on variations of former Shoes songs 'Sincerely Yours' and 'Never Give Your Heart Away', plus the 'Better Days' song originally recorded for Upsetter as by The Carltons. Similar diasporic theme is also dispensed in the previously unheard 'Arise Abraham', 'I'm In Chains' and 'Send Us Moses'.

Two new Castro Brown productions released on the discomix label of his own name: **Eleta Homer,** 'Never Gonna Let You Go' (CB 010); **Wilson Price,** 'Forward And Pyaka' c/w 'Martial Law' (CB 011).

Other new 12" include: **Pat Kelly,** 'One In A Million Girl' (Thunder Bolt) — produced and arranged by Ossie Hibbert; **Tipp A Ranking,** 'Apprentice Dentist' (Federation Of Reggae Music FORM DO21) — produced by T Spence; **Sandra McFarlane,** 'My Kind Of Guy' c/w 'Never Love Again' (Paradise PDIS 100) — backed by Reggae Regulars and produced by Patrick;

Latest 7" JA pre release include two titles from **Reggae George** (Daly) with 'Three Wicked Men' (Fifty Six Hope Road) and 'Trodding Along' c/w **Observer Style,** 'Two Thousand Ver' (Observers); two also from toaster **Toyan,** 'Just Love' (Germain Revolutionary Sounds — emerald vinyl pressing) and single release of 'Pants And Blouses' (Grimm Ben); plus also **Delroy Williams,** 'Idrins Feel Nice' (Message); **Bingy Bunny,** 'We're In This Love' (Mor Well Esq); **Junior Brown,** 'Forward Up' (Jahbless); **Danny Dread,** 'Bible Connection' (Thrillseekers); and **Gailads,** 'Dance Pon Corner' (Night Child).

Penny Reel

RECORDS FOR SALE

ACR, BAUHAUS, Cabs, Doors, Echo, Fall, Josef K, Joy Division, Kraftwerk, New Order, Orange Juice, Pig Bag, Rip Rig, Talking Heads, TOH, 23 Skidoo, Velvet Underground, etc, etc. Large S.A.E. for 8-page list, many rare items. Eddie Wolfram, 38 Albion Road, Manchester 14.

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ALBUM HIRE S.A.E. details. Dianne, Taw Records, Calver, Via Sheffield.

BEE GEES COLLECTORS. Send now for huge list. Hector Cook, 36 Glencairn Drive, Glasgow, G41 4PW.

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THE MISERABLE myth limps on, staggers about the 'street' fakes a little suicide, and waits to be admired. First on, The BMTs, all malevolence and sulks, dredge the depth of Mink DeVille's dustbin ostensibly to provide some soured soul, but pre-empt their intention with their miserably misanthropic words.

Lords Of The New Church never empty their ashtrays and they're proud of it. Something of a punk 'supergroup', the Lords exist to act as nursery-group Hercules to the most tired and worthless of the culture's facets, Glorious Degradation. Romantic squalor and deified self-abuse. It doesn't tax the grey stuff too much, supporting this sorry vision; 'establishment' mentality defined it years back, and here is absolute conformity with Fleet Street's blueprint for the rock 'n' rolling folk devil.

We've got pallid skin, disintegrating trousers, and mannered, sub-satanic bravado. It's only a pose.

Period. Stiv Bators emits the strangled Noo Yawk whine, slumps about and hams it up; and of course, he wrecked the drum kit. It's such a *waste* of Kermit, Stiv and Brian James, who seem content to just make routine movies of themselves, entirely consistent with all we would expect. They've embraced the softest options that their reputations offer.

Not only have they accepted that scenario, they shed no new light on it, not even caring to concoct a clever cartoon from it. And most of all, they are not inspired or extreme enough to make the persona *stick*. As a living spectacle in an admittedly notoriously indifferent location, they uneventfully evaporate into the faded old canvas of exhausted rock and roll.

Bill-toppers, The Lightening Raiders were just a bicep-fixated variation on the same basic theme, an efficient bike-boy rock machine. They seem to be fuelled by the most glibly thoughtless rape and pillage mentality I've itnessed in months. Cruelty is not my pleasure, but frankly I've known dogs leave nicer things on pavements.

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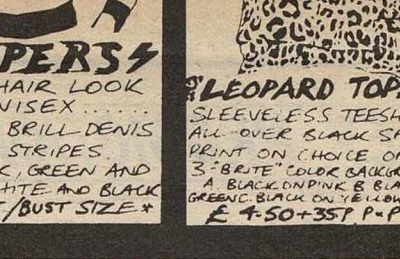

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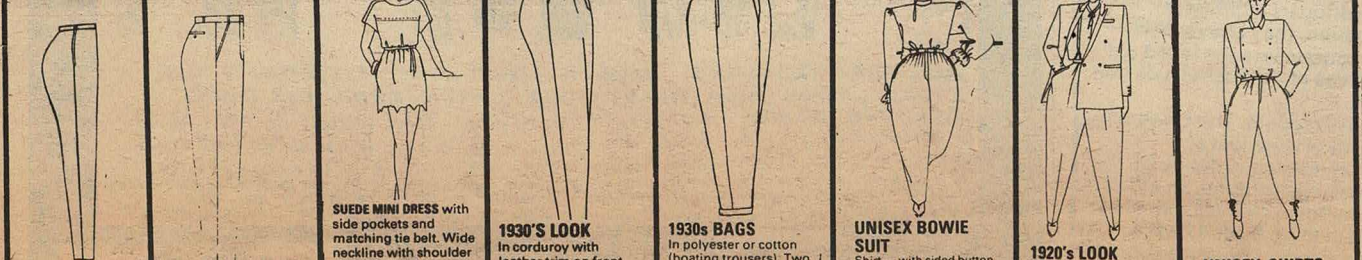

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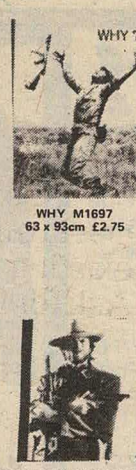

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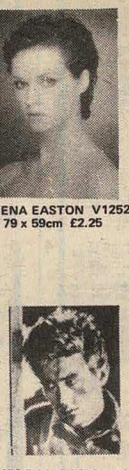

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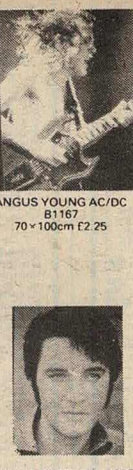

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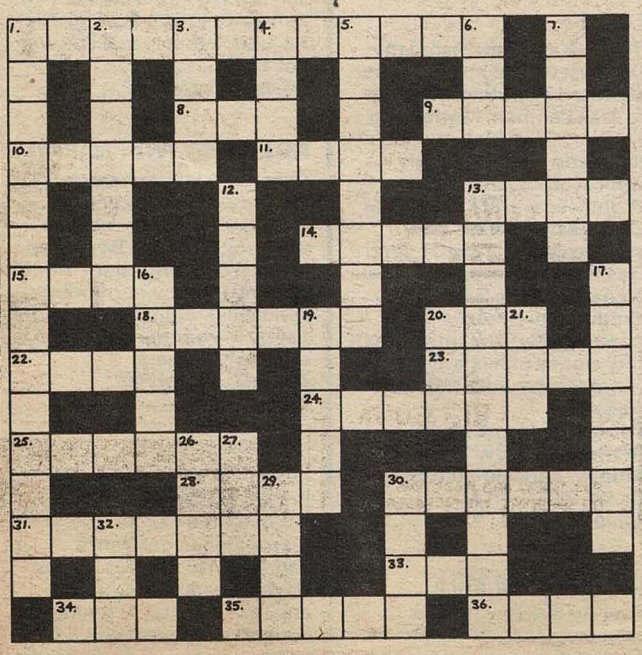

ACROSS

1 Bowie's epitaph. (5,2,5)
8 Word for revival, as in fascist, gothic or romantic. (3)
9 U.S. band droning about Sharona. (5)
10 Big Ear's friend in Slade. (5)
11 See 29 Down.
13 On the trail of the lonesome. (4)
14 Those wonderful people on 45. (5)
15 American serialized answer to *"Carry On Cabby"*. (4)
18 See 5 Down.
20 Alan "Bam" King's band featured four times in the average deck. (3)
22 Alice's Restauranteur, Woody's son. (4)
23 Fascist groove object. (5)
24 Underground material. (6)
25 The giant's temperament. (6)
28 Bands, groups etc. (4)
30 See 16 Down.
31 A Little Ron from Spector. (7)
33 Fi, not Hi. (3)
34 Cramped petit digits. (1,1,1)
35 Wire want to know if they can do it here. (5)
36 One of the rabbiting pair. (4)

4 Not quite oink, oink. (2,2)
5 & 18 DAF having aqua nookie. (3,5,6)
6 The house in New Orleans had a rising one. (3)
7 Nth image. (6)
12 See 16 Down.
13 Cramps' jungle. (11)
16 UB40 remain sighted. (1,4,5,2,4) + 12 + 30 Across
17 Anglo settlement. (7)
19 Costello nicked Presley's. (5)
20 Alternative box, abbrev. (1,1,1)
21 Dog mange Dog. (3)
26 The tardy Show. (4)
27 What did Murphy in, in "Cuckoo's Nest". (1,1,1)
29 & 11 Across. Destructive Uhuru. (4,2,2)
30 Monster jive. (4)
32 Something's missing from Bill Son. (3)

DOWN

1 Where to be sad. (5, 9)
2 Mr. Are-you-experienced? (7)
3 Those cashing in on Walkmans. (4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Across: — 8 Hits, Hits, Hits, 9 Live, 11 Fall, 12 Article, 13 Addict, 16 Genesis, 18 Davies, 20 Ray, 21 Pop, 23 Speeds, 24 Rainbow, 30 Amazon, 31 Fingers, 32 Mick, 33 Real, 34 'Mirror Mirror'.

Down:- 1 *The Face*, **2 Strats, 3 Finale, 4 K-Tel, 6 Virgin, 7 Delite, 10 'Bedsitter', 14 Jeans, 15 Diana Ross, 17 Jams, 18 Door, 19 Skins, 22 Poseurs, 26 Safari, 27** *Gasbag*, **28 Cinema, 29 Record, 32 Mail.**

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DAVID COVERDALE

North Winds (EMI)

LOU GRANT'S LAST CASE

I WASN'T in the mood for company but I needed a drink, badly. This two dime piss-pot one horse town didn't offer much in the way of variety and I soon found myself hiding at the end of a biker's dive bar, somewhere in the land of squandered hope and forgotten promises.

The barman poured a stiff whisky, I eyed up the surroundings and couldn't help hearing the music from his rickety stereo, either.

He was playing the new David Coverdale album, man. You remember Whitesnake, man, and Deep Purple at Grimsby Town Hall or was it Clacton, or Sheffield, or Skegness. Just before Reading it was anyway and Jeee-eez what a gig! And then there was 'Smoke On The Water' and that LP with a bleeding orchestra, if you please. Yer actual classical musicians — it takes friggin' brains to do something like that, bloody genius mate.

My eardrums ached with the sound of clodhopping ham-heart on a brain drain and I wondered just what the hell was going on.

I mean . . . don't cop out on yourselves gang! All those drooping heads seeking solace in flat cider — the atmosphere was more like the sort of bar where all the boys carry motorcycle helmets but still catch the last tube home. The sort of place to go for a bender, if you get my drift.

What gives, I thought, is that the new Coverdale album has too many of those manky maudlin melodies that groan under the strain of their own inadequacy and beg for your sympathy like an old criminal's memoirs in *The Sunday Slush*. I was quite pleased that my thoughts were imbued with such clarity at such an hour in such a place.

But I'd forgotten a simple golden rule — watch your back and beware of the obvious. Too late, no sooner had I begun filing *that* one away than all the old trademarks came up for a roll call. The one that goes I'm-so-hot-and-hard-and-burning-baby, the guitar that goes whee, whee, whee, the beat that goes wham blam bam and the one that goes every-pot-bellied-no-hoper-must-someday-find-his-dream.

I stared despairingly into my drink but before my mind could picture something more cosy a barman began to make smalltalk. I wished I was someplace else.

"What do you do?" he asked.

There was no wriggling out of it, I gave him a straight delivery.

"Aren't you going to review the new Coverdale album then," he asked, "it's a long time since he's been in the *NM-wotsit*."

"I might," I admitted, beginning to sweat.

"I suppose you'll slag it off?"

"Well I don't like to think of it like that," I could envisage the hordes turning angry, my armpits were streaming and my legs were turning to jelly, "I just give an opinion and try to mind my own business."

But I sagged; on the record Coverdale was taking refuge in the fatalism of the scoundrel. *"For the lord will take it all on judgement day,"* he sang.

How profound, I thought. Not being a metaphysical expert I had to be alone to ponder this one. So I made my excuses and left; taking my thoughts into the fresh night air.

There were those who reckoned that when we died The Lord would take us to heaven, others reckoned we went to hell and some said we would just rot. Like I say, I'm no expert in these matters but I reckon some of us took the latter option long before the big sleep set in.

I also had a deadline to meet and I sure as hell couldn't see an awful lot in the new David Coverdale album to disprove my theory.

Lou Grant
p.p. Gavin Martin

L plates, the new bike law, and you.

If you ride a bike or scooter on a provisional licence you will be affected by changes in the law from March 29th.

These changes give riders of machines over 125cc until October 1st to pass either the existing 'L' test or a new two part test. And soon you'll be unable to ride a bike on 'L' plates indefinitely.

EXISTING 'L' TEST OR NEW TWO PART TEST?

To take the existing 'L' test your application must be received before March 29th, otherwise you will have to take the new two part test.

WHAT DOES THE NEW TEST INVOLVE?

Part I tests your ability to handle and manoeuvre your bike.

Part II is much the same as the existing 'L' test and can only be taken once you've passed Part I. (If you drive a motorcycle or a scooter with a side car you will only have to take Part II.)

You'll stand a much better chance of passing if you've taken a course with one of the training bodies appointed by the Department of Transport.

Your local Road Safety Officer will give you the details.

HOW ELSE MAY THE NEW LAW AFFECT ME?

If you hold a provisional licence and ride a bike which was first registered after December 31st, 1981, its maximum power output and power/weight ratio will also be restricted when the 125cc limit comes into force (scheduled for October 1st, 1982).* And soon all motorcyclists will have to pass both parts of the new test within a limited period (probably two years) or they may face a year off the road.

HOW DO I TAKE MY TEST?

Part I of the test can be taken with an appointed training body as part of the course they provide.

Part I can also be taken with the Department of Transport, who conduct existing 'L' tests and Part II of the new test. Ask for form DL26 at your Post Office.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT MORE ABOUT TRAINING AND THE NEW TEST?

If you want to know more about training schemes contact your Road Safety Officer at your council offices (or in Scotland, your Regional Council office or police station).

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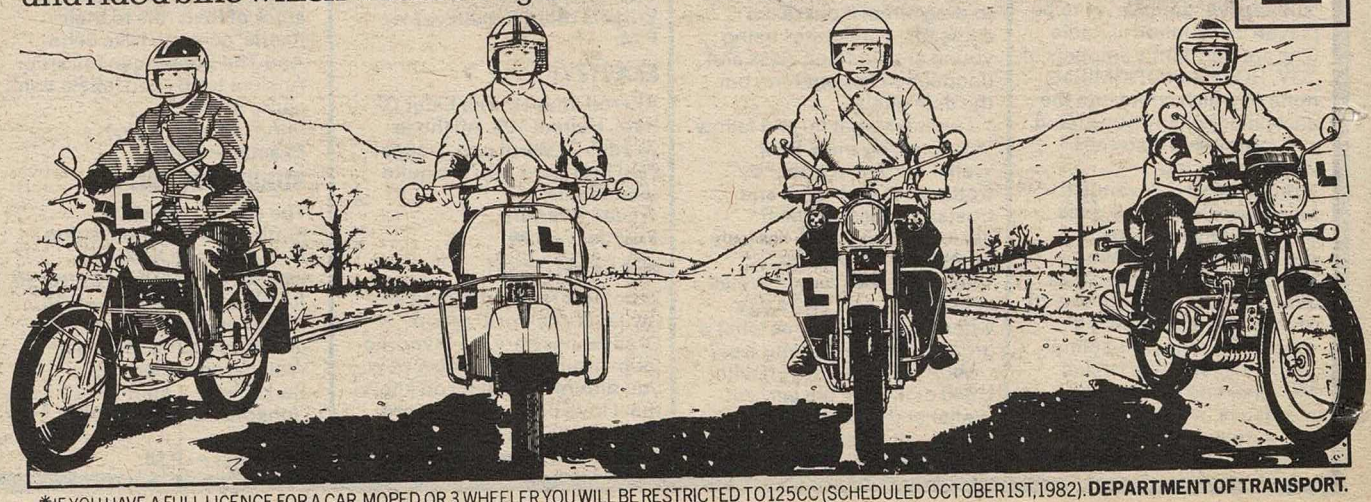

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PEARL HARBOUR

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NEW SINGLE

Gas Bag

Illustration by Jill Mumford

PAUL MORLEY gets in a clinch with readers' letters

Dispatch your epistles of desire to Gasbag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG.

CRASS FARTHING

A message to Penny Rimbaud, who asked "What more can we fucking do?" Well he can stop being so childish as to use bad language for its shock value for a start. Perhaps it cannot be denied that Crass are a hard-working band but what's the point when you are playing to the same limited audience, most of whom probably don't properly understand your ideals anyway? The solution I would suggest is to be positive.

Punk has revolved around an axis of negativity ever since Lydon's moronic "get pissed, destroy"; the one message, unfortunately, that permeated the skulls of most punks. The Jam are positive: they also reach people, because they are able to *use* the media. The most 'subversive' things ever to be played on Wunnerful Radio One are The Jam's snippets of JOY, HOPE and OPTIMISM, none of which come into the vocabulary of any punk band.

Mr. Rimbaud also sees virtue in playing 'non-commercial' venues. Is he a masochist? How does this help anyone? Crass makes less of the money which would in some cases allow them to be more true to their ideals (like allowing them to buy the non-animal product alternative to Doc Martens) and they get their messages (negative as they are) across to fewer people.

By the way Mr R, the 'real' punks are the ones who go round gobbing at people whose ideologies they cannot/will not understand. (Like mods: I know, I am one.) Telling X to piss off in the manner of a spoilt child helps nobody.
Ian Bennett, Romiley.
Exactly! — P.M.

OVER THE TOP

I write in reply to 'Dave' — is he serious when he talks of the 'sensibility' of a Wakeling for Christ's sake? Is this the sensibility witnessed on BBC television not so long ago when he sat around with a bunch of unemployed teenagers moaning about what 'they' had done to 'us' with their education and 'brainwashing'? What a hypocrite! He should be getting down on his knees giving thanks that someone of his mediocre talents was able to drag himself out of the slime that constitutes being young and working class and unqualified for anything but the dole queue.

I wonder what he and fellow 'angry young man' Paul Weller earned last year by trotting out their tried and trusted musical cliches? Jealousy, is it? Well, I'm only human, not a 'pop star'. Where was this famed Weller sensibility a few years ago when he was telling us what a great institution royalty was?

Who wants to nod off with UB40 or imitate the earnest Weller and Wakeling? Dismiss these guilt ridden bores and listen to Morley and Penman who entertain more and better with their typewriters than these clowns ever could with their tiresome guitars. Wouldn't you just love it if I were a stockbroker in the city or maybe a junior advertising executive? So sad then that I have to upset your carefully nourished liberal preconceptions and admit (should that be boast?) to being unemployed for the last year. Go get 'em Paul, give the boring liberal bastards apoplexy. (Is that how you spell it?)
I. Witness. The Real World.
I'm usually too busy patting my own back and Ian's front to bother with spelling. — P.M.

BACK UNDERNEATH

Paul Morley is fine by me. It's the people who believe Paul Morley that I can't stomach.
C.B. London W.11
What is there to believe? — P.M.

EXACTLY!

Altered Images, The Eater Of Hate, Haircut 100. All those words . . . about pop groups! Paul Morley — you are quite redundant!
Tristan, Watford.
Exactly! — P.M.

PEACE, PLEASE!

Echo And The Bunnymen are my favourite 'rock' group. Orange Juice are my favourite 'pop' group. I don't know how you differentiate but I do know that I love both groups more than words can express, and this initially was because Paul Morley wrote about both groups (it seems so long ago) before I'd heard of them. I bought their records on the strength of his pieces and I fell in love. The same goes for my favourite 'pop-rock' group Fire Engines. So, please, Barney Hoskyns, don't slag off Morley. Your Bunnymen piece would have been ten times better if you hadn't been so concerned with Paul. It's so hip to slag off Morley, and I thought Hoskyns wasn't concerned with hipness. The hipness, the labelling, the rivalry — it shouldn't matter.
Lindy, Shrewsbury.
Exactly. — P.M.

CEASE, PLEASE!

When the words 'rock group' are mentioned, I don't know why, but I immediately think of a bunch of HM toe rags, all session music and no original ideas, pillaging the same stock of R&B riffs to their hearts' content. I like Echo And The Bunnymen full stop. Ancient terms and labels don't come into it.
John, London S.W.1.
Exactly! — P.M.

BURIED TREASURE

The answer to Penny Rimbaud's question is that five years ago X.Moore, whose real name is *(censored for reason of vanity — P.M.)*, was at one of Britain's most expensive public schools — Wellington College in Berkshire . . . ooohhhh!
Jonathan Coppin, Stoke Poges.
Oh, I say! — P.M.

SHUT DOORS

NME has now decided in its usual self important way that Diana Dors is hip and wonderful. Have you forgotten your articles back in '77 at the time of Presley's death pointing out the cheapness of this 'starlet' for writing trashy exposes for the *Sunday People* only five days after the man's death?
S. Partridge, Chester.
1977? You're talking about five years ago. What were you doing five years ago? — P.M.

I SAY!

If you're at all interested the simplest way to improve your standard of writing would be to sack Penman, Morley and X.Moore (the thinking man's thug, and *NME*'s tellingly cynical attempt to capture the slightly more ABC end of the Oi market — what's your version called, 'I say'?), send Gavin Martin on a vocational course with the Salesian Brothers (preferably permanently) and make about fifty clones of Richard Cook.
Hugo Hackenbush, Thames Valley.
Penman: gin and tonic.
Morley: Moscow Mule.
Moore: Yorkshire bitter.
Cook: milk. — P.M.
Miaow! — N.S.

COOKIES AND MILK

Paul Du Noyer — thanks for your singles reviews *(Feb 27)*. Each review concise, precise, accurate and informative — and you reviewed the RECORDS rather than the artists. Hell, even Godley and Creme got an objective write up. Wonder of wonders. You on drugs or something?
Glenn Evans, Maida Vale, London.
The diet is strictly milk and cookies. — P.M.

ZOOT ROOTS

Much as I loathe to bitch about other letters, I have to write in the face of a letter from Chris Gibb *(Feb 13)* which seems to represent a whole attitude. He writes complaining that he "can't afford Zoot suits". From his letter it seems that he wears jeans and perhaps an old leather jacket? Jeans now retail at around £20 for a pair that won't fall apart after a few months' use and a jacket of any kind costs in the region of £30 new or £50 for a leather one. I managed to buy a Zoot suit for £53. It is more comfortable than jeans and it doesn't cause sterility.

He seems to advocate rebellion but would seem to want to dress in the clothing of oppression, the enforced symbols of poverty that the capitalist system inflicts on youth. The Zoot suit is the clothing of rebellion, emanating from '20s America where the excess of cloth was an active protest against governmental restrictions. It attacks the subconscious oppressions of uniformity. In photographs of 1920s IRA freedom fighters they wore Zoot suits, as did the Hungarian revolutionaries of '56. I'm quite sure that their oppressors weren't shooting them simply because they were pretentious posers.
Glenn, Class of '76, N.13.

CROSS

Starting yet another *NME* crossword it occured to me that I have never completed this rip off of the *New Standard* Quick Crossword. I soon realised why . . . I read all about Haircut and Altered Images and ToH and *Coronation Street* and Diana Dors and Poland and all those other modern music subjects, and then get faced with neanderthal clues such as the classic "The Hoople (4)" and "band formed in '73 associated with Zappa, Santana and Mayall (7)". Look, I'm only 19 and I haven't got any Dr. Strangely Strange albums!
F. P. Islington.
I know exactly what you mean. I think this letter reveals a lot about the 'yawning' chasm between rock and post-rock . . . oh shit, more exacting labels! — P.M. This from the man who wrote about Alice Cooper and Peter Hammill! — N.S.

'SATIRE'

It was very heartrending if not painful for me to read about a fellow sufferer's plight in a recent *NME*. I too have been in a coma since the winter of '73 and it wasn't until I read Rambali's article *Surfing The Recession* that I realised I was not alone. Thank you.
Norman Tebbit MP.

NOT HAPPY (WET NAPPY)

Dear Pamela Stephenson, I'll bet the sublime 'Happy Birthday' and even more wondrous 'I Could Be Happy' have sold a damn sight more than your pretty horrendous 'Unusual Treatment'. I wet my nappy in your general direction, Pamela.
Marcus, Hulme Hall, Manchester.

LUST

Do you realise that Bananarama can be rearranged to get 'ram a banana?' This obviously has strong sexual connotations and I think the three young whippersnappers should be taken over one knee and given a severe spanking. And I reckon I'm just the lad to do it.
Eric, Leeds.
Exactly, if you say so. — P.M.

FUSSED

Is there any hope for the cause of the women's movement in Britain while anaesthetists such as the BBC continue to rule the airways? On defending Radio One's decision to exclude Rhoda's 'The Boiler' from the regular play-list a spokesman for the station claimed that the record had 'no entertainment value'. If such sexist crap as J. Geil's Band's 'Centrefold' is considered by the Radio One morons to be 'entertainment' then God help the women in this country. J. Geils, in wanting to "take off your clothes in private", is a small step away from rape. Also the sight of 'dolly-birds' dressed in see-through nighties as shown in the video on *TOTP* makes me want to throw up. My view is that the record should be banned as sexist and therefore offensive.
Laura Booth, Leamington Spa.
It's best if you don't listen to the words. That's what they are there for — to ignore. If 'Centrefold' is 'sexist' isn't 75 per cent of all pop music? Exactly? — P.M.

FLUSTERED

I reckon you wankers (compliments already) read the *Sun's* gossip column and that's your *T-zers* done for another week. Go on, then, call me a liar — I thought you would.
Fraz, Nottingham.
Well, exactly. — P.M.

NAUSEA

Perhaps the most nauseating aspect of living in Britain — and probably all other western style democracies — is that one is constantly subjected to crap like *Panorama, Question Time, Choices, Guardian* letters, *Times* letters, *Gasbag* letters etc. There is, I'll admit, a desire for knowledge, clarification and understanding on the part of the participant, listener or reader, but also I think an underlying hypocrisy. Basically it's a case of "let's have a cosy middle class civilised party," without raising contentious issues "about the abhorrent obscenities and madness that absolutely abounds throughout the world".

Anyone with a modicum of *nous* and experience

understands fully that nothing will ever change and that the world is and always has been a crap heap run by people who are bent. Anyone who deludes him or herself that this is not the case is a naive fool. I conclude that people have three choices: 1/Suicide 2/Anarchism 3/Total apathy. (People say that I'm a nihilist but I'm much too sceptical to believe them.)
Stuart Wright, Hull.
You're pretty nauseating yourself, Stuart, a true product of a western style democracy. — P.M.

PEACE PAUSE

No jests, cynicism or crap . . . Just thanks to U2/Bono for articulating the feelings of many young Christians. Faith, hope and love remain . . .
Ben, Swindon.

PRESS BUTTON

I had a dream that the blast from a nuclear bomb interrupted a quiet night out at the pub. The only problem we found was that it made the beer very warm, but not as warm as some I had in a southern nightclub.
Saul Shipley, Leeds.
You should try saki — the warmer it is, the better. — P.M.

PICTURE PUZZLE

In the montage picture accompanying Paul Rambali's article on unemployment there is a rather handsome gentleman in a checked shirt eleventh from the back. His name is Mike Gordon, presently living in Bexhill doing a block release course at the London College of Printing and, dare I say it, he works for a living — as a compositor at a print firm in Bexhill. So what has he got to do with the ranks of the unemployed? Maybe he can sue for defamation of character?
Billy Bondage, Tunbridge Wells.

PHOTO: CONGRATULATIONS

I would like to congratulate your photographer Anton Corbijn on his fab pics which he did for the Theatre Of Hate interview, especially the full page print of Kirk Brandon. Remembering also his Adam and Bowie photographs it genuinely seems that Anton cares deeply about his work. He's very good: don't lose him.
Ken Furness, Sheffield.
For reasons of size and quality Anton would be very hard to lose. Actually, Anton's preparing for an exhibition in Sheffield of local groups — you can go along and meet the brute in person. — P.M.

PHOTO: CUT UP

Maybe someone can explain to me why the photographs of Haircut 100 in a recent *NME* were just absolute crap! Can't your photographer Peter Anderson do better or was he too busy propping up the bar with Errol?
Suzan Tyne, Chelsea.
You can't blame Peter. At the time he took the photos I was perched on his shoulders trying to see the stage. — P.M.

LISTENED

Roll over John Lydon and tell Ray Gosling the news. (This must be the hippest letter of the week.)
Lawrence, Radio Four Land, Sweet Surbubia.
For once, funnily enough, the hippest letter of the week isn't to be found in *Gasbag*. It's in *The Listener (Feb 25)*, written by *NME* contributor Simon Fellowes about Gosling's *Crooning Buffoons* programme, during which Gosling got away with a lot of inappropriate crap. Fellowes' letter ends: "Rock'n'roll est mort, finished, kaput. Today's rebels realised that five years ago and are quietly going about their business in a far more insidious manner. Gosling ought to stick to poring over his photo-albums, and leave it at that." Exactly. — P.M.

Illustrations: Serge Clerc

T-ZERS

LEAD ITEM this time must go to spindly, half-starved **Gilbert O'Sullivan** (real name **Doyly Cart**. Yes, it's going to be one of those caring 'real name' weeks). Gilbert has been in the high courts threatening to jump off if he doesn't get what's owed to him. It is alleged that during his hey-day (Wednesday July 8, 1974), he was given but a measly £10 a week by his manager **Gordon Mills** (nee **Bennett).** What's more, he's after winning back the copyright to his songs from his company. Hits like 'Oooh Waka Do Wacka Day', the anthem that united this troubled and strife-ridden isle with its eponymous wisdom. Said Doyly, "£10 a week! Can you imagine? Of course I'm bitter. My lawyers have advised me to sue for a complete remuneration of all back-pay which involves a figure, I believe, in excess of one pound fifty. I shall not rest until my case is won." (Mr O'Sullivan's case has been offered as first prize in Acton's Celebrity Raffle) . . .

Fast becoming runaway winner of the Carnaby Street Creep Of The Year is whimpering snob **Julian Lennon.** Not happy with boring us all with his wretched heartbreak tales on every page of the scummier press, Julian (real name **Julian)** has just been found guilty (pronounced "gwilty") of being drunk and setting fire to things. He told the *Express:* "I live a goldfish bowl existence. I just wish I was **Joe Average** sometimes." We contacted Mr Average at his Redditch home. "I just wish Julian bloody Lennon would stop dragging me into these things. Everyone wants to be me, but why I'll never know. I'm just a home insulation salesman. What's so attractive about that?" Lennon later said he "wasn't rolling in money. I'm modelling suits at the moment." First on show was Jules modelling the O'Sullivan vs The Crisp Tenner suit currently running in court four, The Old Bailey . . .

Flying Doctor: **Adam Ant's** manager **Don Moffatt** caused the A's flight to California to be delayed some half-an-hour when he developed ghastly and unsocial gastro-enteritis. Don, last surviving member of the **Will Hay** team, was stricken as the plane taxied for take off, possibly yelling something like "OH CHRIST!" and clutching his surprised behind. Later that evening, a prawn madras was being questioned in connection with the crime . . .

Modern Romance lead singer **Pip Stenchcloth** was interviewed on London's LBC and asked what he thought of all these here groups getting hits by plundering old songs. Pip, hackles obviously aroused, said he did not think much to it and said originality was *all.* He went on to define his band as basically "a songwriting proposition". Just like 'Oooh Waka Do Wacka Day' really. We need more like Pip, his jib was well cast. Mr Stenchcloth's income is reported to top £520 per annum . . .

Judge Simkin Pules sat on the bench and pumped his gavel last week unaware that everyone's favourite Sons Of Fun **Throbbing Gristle** were performing an impromptu 'gig' at the Vinyl Solution record shop in London's busy West End. Band leader **Porridge G. Enesis** — christened **Dale Tomatoes** over forty years ago — played a most queer instrument. It was the femur of a Fijian murderer. Fact! Quite how you play the femur of a Fijian murderer is unclear but play one he did. We tracked down the actual Fijian who told us: "Is that where it is? Well, I want it back — I'm bloody freezing. He hasn't got my **St Christopher** as well, has he? I lost it when I went swimming in the Styx." **Cosi Fan Tuti** is a turgid opera some thousands of years old . . .

IT'S STILL only Tuesday morning here but we're having trouble not counting off the minutes until the fabulous **David Bowie** is on our screens as the pale recluse **Herbert Beerbohm Baal.** Bowie, who lost a stone and five teeth especially for the part, told us, "Herbert was a fascinating man. A wandering banjo repair-man of no fixed dentures. I look like a scruffy old tramp in the part but it's only make-up and I plan to wash it off sometime in 1985, possibly over two nights at Earls Court, hurry hurry book now." By the time you read this you have either viewed the farce or spent the time engaged in some form of sexual contact. There is no middle ground . . .

The dreadful pop column in the *News Of The World* tells us that when **Cliff Beerbohlm Richard** played a concert in Bangkok, the local papers enjoyed it but thought he "didn't tell enough jokes." Quite right, fellow Bangkokians. If a chap is going to sing *"It's so funny that we don't talk anymore"*, the least you can expect is a few laughs along the way. Concert attendee **Ron Buddhist** had this to say, "As a monk I didn't talk for over nine years and it didn't strike me as humorous in any way. I guess you have to be Christian to see it" . . .

The Glittering Prizes: At the Grammy awards in LA **Sheena Easton** surprised everyone by carrying off most of the awards including the **Phil McNeill** Golden Spectacle Frames for Most Exciting Thrills Article Written By An Ex-Member Of **Slow Dive Dancer.** Sheena was too overcome to give us a quote but later **Yoko Ono** usurped all when receiving a tin trumpet thing for her late husband's 'Double Fantasy' LP. "Thank you," she began, "you know, I think **John** is here with us tonight . . ." After much examining of ash-trays in seat arms, the ol' rocker was uncovered in Row 26 . . .

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH! **Beatle** men and Beatle ladies — the BBC are to air previously unheard material they uncovered in their vaults in a special show on March 7. Songs include 'Give Me Back My Comb', 'Soldier Of Love' and 'Everybody Salsa'. No hold on . . . the last one is open to interpretation and questions by one Pip 'The Dip' Stenchcloth. The session was recorded pre-'Love Me Do' for the *Teenagers Turn* show. It includes a thorough interview with a falsetto **Harrison** who says, "Gear fab. My ambition is to earn more than eighty pounds and then regress into a tramp-like figure something akin to the late great Herbert Beerbolm Baal as portrayed by **David Jones** currently of **The Lower Third.** My favourite food is chips in brown gravy". Hooray . . .

Back to the super *Daily Express* where **James Johnson** is writing a ridiculous piece on the current ridiculous value of pop records. (Proprietor and holder of all copyrights: **Roy** 'I keep turning up in *T-Zers'* **Carr).** Top of the list is something called 'Goodnight Sweet Josephine' by someone called **The Yardbirds** (£125). But it's the second one that's a beauty. It's down here as simply 'Love Me Do' by **The Beatles** on Parlophone with no specification about label colour (which, of course, is the grave crux in these heavy matters). Now then, 'Love Me Do' is *still* available. *Still* on Parlophone (black). The thought of two million bozos digging out their 'as new' but worthless heirlooms in order to claim their 'as advertised' £20 is far more entertaining than even the recent *Mail* Casino whopper. Happy Days . . .

Now to the rilly 'mazing **Pigbag** and their latest sales-gimmick. It seems that 9,500 copies of their new LP have been printed with the dozy 'Home Taping Is Killing Music . . . And Its Illegal" puff on the cover. This legend is something the people's band are definitely 'not into'. Polygram, the printers, say it was unintentional and have recalled and re-covered all but 750 of the offending sleeves — thus a collector's item is born. How on earth they intend to sell the original 9½ grand is beyond the more 'un-people's people' up here . . .

But wait! Flash! Gilbert O'Sullivan is to re-issue his epic 1975 monster waxing. 'Oooh Waka Do Wacka Day'. Says Gilbert: "Oh no! Apparently the first twenty-five million have come off the presses with the song on *both* sides. Hey, look, I hope none of you buy this because I jolly well want to recall them all. Tut, how could this have happened?". Well, happened it has. And now it's over. Bub-Bye! . . .

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4	(8)	JOY DIVISION Still 1"
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6	(-)	BLITZ 1"
7	(-)	THE PARTISANS 1"
8=(3)		THE JAM Buhroom 1"
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